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AS WE SEE RUSSIA

*By Members of the
Overseas Press Club of America*

INSIDE STORY

EYE WITNESS

DEADLINE DELAYED

AS WE SEE RUSSIA

As We See Russia

by MEMBERS *of the*
Overseas Press Club of America

MADE IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, INC.
NEW YORK • 1948



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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
BY THE WILLIAM BYRD PRESS, INC.
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*This book is devotedly dedicated
to the memory
of those courageous men and women
who gave their lives
to the cause of covering
World War II.*



THE ARTICLES in this book were selected by an editorial committee of the Overseas Press Club of America composed of:



JOSEPH B. PHILLIPS, *Chairman*

CRAIG THOMPSON

HESTER E. HENSELL

W. W. CHAPLIN

WILLIAM M. DOERFLINGER

A portion of the royalties on the book goes to the Overseas Press Club and its Correspondents' Fund.

PREFACE

THE U.S.S.R. and its direct effect on the peace and welfare of the United States and on the free peoples of the world is the most imperative problem confronting mankind today.

This is a book which boldly accepts that premise. It could not have been produced by any other group of writers in the world today. Its twenty-five authors have lived and worked in Russia and Russian zones and individually won imposing reputations throughout the realm of journalism as painstaking, honest, courageous American reporters. These men and women constitute a unique group. The composite impact of their words is a genuine contribution to free peoples whose governments' foreign policies appear often to waver and tack. Herein, the essentials about Russia and Russians are nailed down securely by able hands. This is a book whose sum of information—while arrived at by twenty-five different processes—is not beset by the din of grinding axes nor rendered obtuse by the presence of too many hands. These men and women covered Russia in the best sense of that predicate. They blanketed it and its environs. Theirs was no hit-and-run mission to Moscow. Reduce these articles to their basics by the sharp alchemy of your critical scrutiny and you will find that each springs from that most priceless ingredient of any well-written observation: the honest sweat of leg work. You will not find even one rewrite of a mimeographed publicity release in this book. Thoughtful, concerned, and bewildered Americans and others most certainly will use it as a future guide to their viewpoint on Russia, or a staunch raft in a sea made especially turbulent by the contradictions of both the Kremlin and the White House.

The Overseas Press Club of America is made up of more than six hundred American writers who have devoted much of their active lives as journalists to the considerable task of reporting or interpreting the news from abroad. Of these, dozens worked at one time or another in the Soviet Union or in countries which have been politically or economically consumed within the spreading Soviet periphery. The twenty-five finally invited to write this book and fill a

much needed void in our thinking were chosen not with any eye to their personal ideologies in respect to Russia. They were selected simply because they had abundantly demonstrated in the past, and continued to display, the fact that they knew what they were writing about.

The writers follow no ironclad political line. They are primarily reporters. The diversity of their individual natures, instead of making of this book a bit of mercury which dropped on the hard hide of a linotype machine and scattered in every direction, has miraculously succeeded in giving the book a depth which not even the greatest of these men and women could have achieved alone. Where their topics overlap, the reader is afforded the benefit of an unintended but arresting system of checks.

The book is well compartmentalized. It is, indeed, four books in one: it engages separately Russian aspirations, the Russian people, the Russian system, and Russian delusions. The diligent women among its authors, Oriana Atkinson, Paula LeCler, Tracey Phillips, Sonia Tomara and Edith W. Thompson, may forgive the use of what is to every worthwhile woman journalist the most unpardonable grouping of three otherwise inoffensive words, "The Woman's Angle." Yet it is a blessing to the book that these women did become contributors, for they have probed nuances of Russia and Russians which could never have been discerned by the men, and this has lent good leavening to the over-all effort.

This foreword cannot concern itself with the twenty foreign correspondents whose material makes up the remainder of the book. For this is only a foreword, and to give these men their just due would make of this preface a book in itself. But there must be room left to state that the Overseas Press Club of America is proud to embrace as colleagues and friends such strikingly competent reporters on, and interpreters of, the most compelling topic of these edgy times—Soviet Russia.

ROBERT B. CONSIDINE

President

OVERSEAS PRESS CLUB OF AMERICA

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ASPIRATIONS

A Mission for Zhdanov

TWO OBSCURE Soviet writers were banished from the literary profession on August 14, 1946, by the Central Committee of the Communist Party. In itself, that fact might long since have been passed over as insignificant, particularly in a country where purges are chronic, and this one cost no one his life, but only the practice of his chosen profession. But the Leningrad literary purge, of which those two were the first victims, spread throughout the entire intellectual life of the Soviet Union.

The date of August 14, 1946, unmarked at the time even in the Soviet Union (the full impact of the purge was not felt in Moscow until a month later), became certainly an important one in the history of the postwar world. It was the open, official affirmation of a campaign that had already been reflected in the Soviet press, in Soviet activity at the United Nations, in the work of the Council of Foreign Ministers, and in direct relations between the Soviet Union and the United States. It culminated, pending further peaks of tension, in the creation of the International Communist Information Bureau at Belgrade.

The cold war had begun, the ideological conflict in which the objectives were the minds of men, and the eventual result might well be military conflict.

It must be left to later historians to determine the reasons for this declaration of ideological warfare. There is no more thankless, no less useful task than trying to establish what is in the minds of Russian leaders when they suddenly and mysteriously change their line. It must also be left to others to tell where the new line may lead. But it is up to us contemporaries to record the facts of our time.

The decree of the Central Committee of the Communist Party seemed provincial in import. It was addressed to two Leningrad magazines, *Zvezda* (Star) and *Leningrad*. It contained four conclu-

*Biographies of authors will be found on pages 303-316.

sions: 1) *Zvezda* must take steps for "unconditional elimination of the errors and weaknesses of the magazine"; 2) *Leningrad* to cease publication; 3) *Zvezda's* editor-in-chief to bear "full responsibility for the ideological and political direction of the magazine"; 4) Comrade A. M. Egolin, acting chief of the propaganda administration of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, appointed editor-in-chief of *Zvezda*.

The preamble to these conclusions was much more illuminating. The decree selected a woman poet, Anna Akhmatova, and a humorous writer named Zoshchenko as its scapegoats. Among Zoshchenko's mistakes was to write a short story, "Adventures of an Ape," in which the hero escaped from his zoo, took a look around at the life of humans in the Soviet Union, and returned willingly to his cage. Anna Akhmatova wrote nostalgic, pessimistic, aristocratic poetry that was denounced for its atmosphere of "the boudoir and the chapel."

Both of them were forbidden access to Soviet publications.

The decree said the effect of publishing the work of Zoshchenko and Anna Akhmatova was to "introduce elements of ideological disjunction among Leningrad writers," and to cultivate "a spirit of obsequiousness to modern bourgeois culture of the West, a spirit which is not characteristic of the Soviet people."

More specifically, the magazine editors were accused of forgetting the thesis of Leninism: "Our magazines, be they scientific or artistic, cannot be politically indifferent."

The decree said, "The strength of Soviet literature, the most advanced literature in the world, is that it is a literature in which there are not and can not be any interests other than those of the people and of the state. The task of Soviet literature is to help the state to bring up the youth properly, to answer its needs and to educate the new generation to be brave, to believe in its cause, to be fearless before obstacles and ready to overcome all barriers.

"For this reason," said the decree, "any preaching of lack of ideas, indifference to politics or 'art for art's sake' is alien to Soviet literature, pernicious to the interests of the Soviet people and the state, and can have no place in our magazines."

It remained for Andrei Zhdanov, secretary of the Communist Party for the Leningrad region, and Stalin's personal proconsul for the second city of the Soviet Union, to make perfectly plain the

significance of the literary purge. To a meeting of Leningrad writers in August, 1946, he delivered an oral report on the decree of the Central Committee. Considering his preoccupation with affairs of the state, party, and army, he demonstrated an astonishingly minute knowledge of the literary situation.

Zoshchenko he called a "bourgeois and a Philistine" with a "complete lack of modern ideology," who had "no place in modern Soviet literature." Anna Akhmatova, he said, was "representative of reactionary obscurantism in art and politics," and "remarkable for an empty aristocratic poetry" that had "nothing in common with the Soviet people and their activity."

Reproaching the Leningrad magazines for publishing their work, he said the root of the editors' evil was to have forgotten the "basic conditions laid down by Leninism for literature."

"Many writers consider that politics are a matter for the government and the Central Committee, and not for them," Zhdanov said. "On the contrary, these writers should be guided by politics and educate the youth in a spirit of cheerfulness and revolutionary ardor."

He expanded his criticism to a more general attack on modern Soviet authors, saying: "Too much attention is paid to the bourgeois literature of the West, and there is a departure from the contemporary Soviet theme to empty, worthless subjects." Finally, he translated his theme to the international field.

"The bourgeois world does not like Soviet successes both at home and abroad," he said. "Our literature, reflecting a more lofty structure than any bourgeois democratic structure, a culture many times more lofty than bourgeois culture, has the right to teach others a new humanitarian morale. Where will you find such people and such a country as here?"

The answer to that question, both inside and outside the Soviet Union, for differing reasons, could honestly be: Nowhere. But Zhdanov, feeling his cause to be right, had a final point to make:

"We have changed and grown up together with those mighty reforms which have radically altered the face of our country. It is the duty of every conscientious Soviet writer to reveal these new high qualities of the Soviet people."

In conclusion, he said: "The time has come to raise the ideological work to a high level. Soviet writers and all ideological workers are now in the front line of battle, because the tasks of the ideological

front, and of literature above all, are not diminishing under conditions of peaceful development, but on the contrary, are growing.”

There was the declaration of ideological warfare on the West. The Zhdanov report was published in all Moscow newspapers on September 21, 1946, more than a month after its delivery in Leningrad.

For all the local concentration on Leningrad, the details about literature and the ideological clichés, the high political importance of the statement was immediately apparent to every literate Russian and to foreign observers. From that moment, the wartime co-operation between East and West, cautious and limited as it had been, was ended. The conception of One World was dissolved. The existence of Two Worlds was confirmed.

The personality of the man who spoke in Leningrad made the significance of what he said all the greater. For if there was one heir-apparent to the place of Stalin, and the question could be debated seriously on both sides, he was Andrei Zhdanov.

The first time I saw Zhdanov was at the session in the Kremlin of the Supreme Soviet, legislative branch of the Russian government, in August, 1940, when the three Baltic states of Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia were incorporated in the Soviet Union. Around his shoulder was the friendly arm, for all the politicians to see, of Stalin.

The first uncensored article I sent from Moscow, soon afterward, predicted that Zhdanov, when the time came for a successor, would follow Stalin. Although he has had his ups and downs, nothing has happened since then to make me want to change my mind. One of the few Russian officials I have ever known to speak freely on such a subject, and I shall identify him *no* further than to say he is *not* a member of the Press Department, once told me he thought Stalin would be succeeded by a triumvirate: Zhdanov for the party, Molotov for the state, and Beria for the police. But such a distribution of power would lead inevitably to conflict among aspirants to complete control. I still think the winner, if conquest of such a role can be called winning, will be Zhdanov.

Zhdanov, when Stalin publicly embraced him on the podium of the Supreme Soviet in 1940, had already made the worst blunder to date of his career. The military campaign against Finland the previous winter, based on his Leningrad district, had gone contrary to his calculations. He had expected the Red Army, marching behind

bands and banners, to walk in and take the country easily. Instead, it encountered the strong, courageous Finnish resistance of the Mannerheim Line, was forced to reform, and fought several serious battles before the Finns finally surrendered. But it was still possible to make one mistake and survive in the Soviet hierarchy. Despite his miscalculations, having won the hard way, Zhdanov was back in Stalin's favor by the following summer.

It was a place that had been his for nearly a decade. One of the new generation of Soviet leaders, the son of a school teacher, with more education than most of his colleagues and the smooth appearance of a cultured man, he had worked his way up quietly through the party organization. When Sergei Kirov, then the ostensible successor to Stalin, was assassinated in 1934, Zhdanov was given his place as boss of Leningrad, second only to Stalin's post of secretary-general, in the Communist Party.

It was given to Zhdanov to call off in 1939 the political purge that followed Kirov's assassination and his own rise to power in Leningrad. It was his 1939 speech, denouncing exaggeration of the purge, that ended the wholesale arrests, exiles, and executions. But in the same year, it was Zhdanov who gave the tip, then generally disregarded, of the forthcoming fateful Soviet-German pact, when he openly accused the British and French of lacking serious intentions in negotiations for their mutual assistance pact with Russia.

After the pact was made with Germany and the faltering campaign in Finland was finally brought to an end, came the cataclysmic event that, among so many other portentous results, was to confirm Zhdanov in his position of pre-eminence—the German invasion of Russia. As the enemy approached and then encircled the vulnerable border city of Leningrad, Zhdanov was left in absolute command of his fief. This time, he did not disappoint Stalin. After two and a half years of siege, Leningrad and Zhdanov emerged victorious.

I visited Leningrad immediately after the Red Army had broken through the German ring in the winter of 1943-44. Already, the inevitable museums and monuments to the victory had been raised. The statues of Zhdanov were as heroic, as large, as those of Stalin. Zhdanov, I thought, was the only living man in the Soviet Union for whom that could be done, or who would dare to permit that to be done for him. When the war ended, he became the chairman of the Finnish Control Commission.

From the pinnacle of importance that he had now reached, there was no reason to wonder that the report he made on Leningrad literature in 1946 should be considered significant. He who had ended a bloody purge in 1939 had begun a bloodless but none the less serious one in 1946. And a year later, it was possible to transmit through Soviet censorship a dispatch saying that in retrospect his speech marked a turning point in the history of Soviet literature.

By then, the campaign against the influence of the West had gone far beyond the sphere of literature. It extended to philosophy, education, painting, music, motion pictures, and even folklore. The Soviet film producer Sergei Eisenstein entitled an article on postwar Hollywood, "Peddlers of Spiritual Poison." A review of current English literature called it "marked by decadence and dissolution." The Soviet government newspaper *Izvestia*, analyzing modern Anglo-American philosophy, described it as "the servant-girl of reaction."

The campaign had an incontestable effect within the Soviet Union. The relentless ideological struggle against the West, as evaluated by foreign observers, had convinced a large segment of the Soviet public that Western art, literature, and thought were evil-smelling cesspools of venality and decay, and the bourgeois world was conceived of as approaching a spiritual crisis as grave as the economic depression that the Soviet press was sure would soon come to the United States.

It was one thing to convince themselves of the weakness of the West, but another to make the rest of the world think it was really so. There, again, was a mission for Zhdanov. With Georgi Malenkov, the Communist Party secretary in charge of administration, he left in September, 1947, for a secret rendezvous somewhere in Poland. The others called to the meeting were party representatives of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Italy and France. Out of their sessions, after another report by Zhdanov, came the creation of the Communist Information Bureau, the new Cominform, to take the place of the old Comintern, dissolved during the war when its existence was embarrassing to the supposed Allied co-operation.

The announcement was made simultaneously on October 5, in the Communist press of the nine nations involved, of the formation of the Cominform. The resolution recognized that "experience has proved that a lack of liaison between the Communist parties is highly damaging, and cannot be justified." An accompanying statement said,

"Two camps have been formed in the world: on one side, the imperialist and antidemocratic camp, whose essential goal is the establishment of world domination by American imperialism and the crushing of democracy, and on the other side, the anti-imperialist and democratic camp, whose essential goal consists of sapping imperialism, reinforcing democracy and liquidating the remains of fascism." The conclusion was the establishment at Belgrade of the Information Bureau, with the task of "organizing exchanges of experiences and, in case of necessity, co-ordination of the activity of the Communist parties on a basis of free consent." All that comprised a natural extension, on an international scale, of the domestic purge and the war on the West that had begun a year before in the Soviet Union.

A number of questions were exposed to argument. What was a democracy? The Russians said they were, since they were trying to liquidate fascism and prevent a new war. Who had taken the offensive? The Russians charged we had, by trying to dominate the world. Had the Comintern been revived? The Russians said *no*, since the new Information Bureau was based in Belgrade, rather than Moscow, was devoted to exchanges of views and possible co-ordination of action, and was confined to nine nations of Europe, rather than to the entire world.

I happened to be instrumental in clearing up at least this third point, although the other two may be argued as long as two worlds continue to exist. Stationed then in Paris, I wrote on October 13 to Jacques Duclos, secretary of the French Communist Party, and one of the founders of the Cominform, to ask him what should be the role in the Bureau of Communist parties in countries not represented at the conference in Poland. This was a device I had used twice in Moscow in 1942 to extract from Stalin his views on the then moot subject of a second front. After two weeks of hesitation, Duclos replied politely:

"The Communist parties not represented at this conference have, of course, the possibility of making any intervention that they may judge necessary to the Bureau of Information, both concerning the eventual co-ordination of such-and-such an action on a basis of free consent, and in connection with a request for admission to the Bureau of Information."

In other and plainer words, the Cominform was open to applica-

tions for membership from other countries, and even without actually joining the Bureau, the parties of other countries could already co-ordinate their activity with that of the Bureau. The Comintern might be dead, but the Cominform bore a striking likeness to its forebear.

The purge that began in Leningrad spread rapidly through Central and even Western Europe. Its most bitter manifestation, up to that point, appeared October 24, 1947, in *L'Humanité*, official organ of the Communist Party of France. Its entire back page of that day was consecrated to a headline reading, "America Degrades the Spirit," and to a series of articles criticizing and calling for a boycott of American literature and films.

In the traditional nation of liberty, equality, and fraternity, the demonstration was disgusting to its American readers and revolting to most of its French audience. It made me think of a day during the war in the park of Kuibyshev on the Volga:

A group of Russian boys were walking down a quiet path, beside which I sat in the pale winter sun. Suddenly, unaccountably, they began fighting. One of them went down under the blows they rained indiscriminately on each other. All the rest turned on him, punching and kicking. He struggled, almost senseless, to his feet and backed instinctively against a wooden fence. They slugged his head, his chest, his body, until he doubled over backward, bleeding and unconscious. Then, nonchalantly, they left him dangling on the fence. Before I could reach him, he recovered consciousness, wiped his face on his sleeve, and he, too, walked away through the park.

That was the way of their ideological fight against the West—fierce, merciless, animal-like. But would the words lead to blows?

The Russians, apparently honestly, felt they would not. In the manifesto accompanying the announcement of the Cominform it was said: "The peoples of the entire world do not want war. The forces attached to peace are so great and so powerful that it would be enough for them to show tenacity and firmness in the struggle for the defense of peace for the plans of the aggressors to undergo a complete fiasco."

The Western world, with a different identity for the aggressors in mind, might well subscribe to that manifesto.

Soviet Unpreparedness for World Leadership

DURING the six wartime months which I spent in the Soviet Union in 1942, the year of Stalingrad, I probably had as many surprises as those sustained by the Nazi invaders. For one, I had never suspected that the Russian people and the American people, quite regardless of extremely different systems, possessed such an impressive number of personal characteristics in common. As between Russians and Americans there is a confusing clash of similarities and dissimilarities.

Unexpected likenesses between remote races can sometimes be as provocative as their obvious, widely recognized contrasts. They may even be more provocative because the like is usually so much less advertised, or less easily explicable, than the unlike. As my observations accumulated, I became increasingly aware that certain Russo-American similarities are not confined to the personal sphere of average citizens. In the realm of national position and world leadership, the Soviet Union and the United States also have at least a few very important things in common.

These are likenesses in the elements of power, and in the requirements for the successful practice of world power. Of course the U.S.A. possesses certain political and power assets which the U.S.S.R. lacks notably. In some other elements the reverse is true, favoring the Soviets. But these are the more obvious, chiefly because they represent striking advantages for one nation or the other. On the other hand, both Americans and Russians are equally human. We tend to disregard or to play down those liabilities which handicap or jeopardize our national policies. Yet the weaknesses in America's elements of power and the weaknesses in the Soviet's elements of power in the long run may prove more decisive or more disastrous than their respective self-acknowledged advantages.

This alone is a compelling reason for attempting to analyze the explosive problem of Soviet-American relations with the greatest possible amount of objectivity. Any emotional approach will only

fog the mind as well as the political atmosphere. While trying to be fair, it is necessary to be realistic if one would reach reasonably accurate conclusions. You may regard these remarks, then, as neither a challenge, a defense, nor an indictment. They are simply a limited diagnosis from one inquiring spectator.

Everyone knows that the United States and the Soviet Union are the two paramount powers in the postwar world. But what is equally true of these two vast federations is far less generally understood. In addition to their common supremacy in world power, America and the Soviets have another and closely allied similarity—their serious unpreparedness to practice world leadership. This hard fact merits infinitely more attention and thought than it has yet been given. Certainly, the unhappy and discouraging course of East-West negotiations and relations since V-J Day has been caused or accentuated, in very large measure, by both Soviet and American mistakes. Both Moscow and Washington have often floundered or fumbled beneath the unaccustomed weight of dominant world responsibilities.

How to meet the acute, present-day requirements of a major world power? In reality this is equally a tremendous problem for the U.S.A. and for the U.S.S.R. It is a common and critical risk for both. It is caused by the mutual unpreparedness of Washington and Moscow to assume adequately the paramount roles imposed upon them by the defeat of Germany and Japan. Just as America and the Soviet Union stand head and shoulders above all other nations in physical power, so they also loom head and shoulders above their contemporaries in lack of experience as dominant political forces. Inevitably the Soviet-American common lack in the exercise of global leadership has been accentuated by the stark rivalry between the two systems and their respective philosophies.

The Soviets have an appalling paucity of high officials who have any prolonged, first-hand knowledge of Western Europe and North America, or of Asia. But the United States is also painfully short of outstanding career diplomats or other authorities on many aspects of world affairs. If the Politburo has no other member with even the limited foreign experience of Molotov, the number of highly qualified candidates available for the post of American Secretary of State likewise remains pitifully small. And even though Americans have

had greater opportunity to participate in international negotiations over the past thirty years, the United States—until now—has failed signally to enlist its best brains in such activities. In both the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. the lack of first-class men with broad international backgrounds and training is painfully pronounced. Between the two there is some slight difference of degree in America's favor, but not nearly enough to justify any star-spangled self-congratulation.

On the American side, we have trained thousands of able citizens as international traders—but only a handful as diplomatic horse-traders. On the Soviet side, Moscow has trained large numbers of Frenchmen, Italians, Hungarians, Yugoslavs, and other nations' political exiles as Communist party organizers—but only a handful of Soviet citizens for the role of diplomatic negotiators. In the United States there has been almost no deliberate education for international leadership. In the Soviet Union only education for political party activities has been on an international scale. In neither country has there been anything like adequate preparation for international exchanges on the basis of broad knowledge, cultural respect, and specialized training in various languages.

Whatever their differences of method or of final purpose, one fact remains. Both Russia and the United States, in this crucial postwar period, are condemned to play a most dangerous international game with a distinctly "spotty" first team—and with an indifferent hodge-podge of reserves for special assignment. If we are to arrive at any balanced conception, this needs to be understood at the outset. Once an American has admitted this much, he might investigate further and discover that Uncle Sam suffers from several other noteworthy liabilities as a nation catapulted suddenly, and unseeking, into the position of a foremost world power. But for present purposes I am chiefly concerned with a more detailed examination of the quite similar situation of the Soviet Union.

As a paramount world power, bursting into the front rank almost overnight, the Soviets' first handicap then, lies in its *international* inexperience. Its second handicap might be called the economic ball-and-chain which holds back Soviet internal reconstruction and industrial expansion. This economic brake was created, first of all, by conditions inherited from Czarist Russia. Between 1917 and 1939, the U.S.S.R. registered stupendous achievements in industrialization and increased production—at fearfully heavy costs. But the destruction

suffered during World War II severely reduced many of these economic gains. The first postwar Five-Year Plan must be devoted largely to rebuilding what was lost or to recovering what was retarded.

In a vast Soviet system which covers one-sixth of the world's surface, and in a federation where the reduced living standards of nearly 200,000,000 people are involved, the problem of the economic ball-and-chain is truly enormous. It is almost as if the United States had been compelled to assume its present heavy international responsibilities at the depth of our depression in 1930-31. Admittedly, our democratic freedoms of debate and dissent would have constituted an additional obstacle which Moscow does not know. But the Kremlin, even so, in any international exchange today cannot lead from a position of economic strength and solidity at home. In the minds of Soviet policy-makers, the extreme need for swift recovery and steady progress in the domestic economy must be ever-present. The element of fear, fear of external attacks and of internal retrogressions, rises from the Soviet economic problem as much as from other factors. That this situation exercises, and will continue to exercise, a very considerable influence on Soviet international policies and actions must be self-evident.

From the viewpoint of the Kremlin, the Soviet Union has become a foremost world power many years before its domestic economy could be prepared adequately to support such a load. This may be an accident of circumstance, a trick of fate, or what you will. No matter how you interpret it, the magnitude and pressures of the Soviets' economic handicap remain. Soviet spokesmen at international conferences cannot divorce their stupendous economic tasks at home from their political moves on the international chessboard. This may have consequences which are destructive or constructive, fortunate or unfortunate, according to where one sits when he reaches his conclusion. What is indisputable, however, is a fact perhaps more important to recognize: Soviet Russia is politically a foremost world power while still remaining only half a world power economically. This reality must severely limit or sharply orient many Soviet political choices in international negotiations. If this limitation ought to provide our Western diplomacy with certain significant advantages from time to time, the democracies seem to have shown little skill at exploiting them since August, 1945. In any event, I be-

lieve it is accurate to say that the Soviets' economic handicap is an inescapable element in Moscow's unpreparedness for her postwar role. It will continue to be a considerable factor for another decade or more.

When the Red Army drove the Nazis out of all of Eastern Europe, Soviet policy-makers suddenly enjoyed an unparalleled opportunity—and they proceeded to muffle it very badly. What happened in the satellite countries, and why it happened, clearly reveals a third handicap of the Soviets as big power leaders. It is a handicap of large dimensions and many implications: the handicap of the present Soviet psychology.

During the latter half of 1946, I spent five months in Eastern Europe, chiefly in countries of the Soviet zone. Verifiable facts and personal observations piled up. At that time the "Iron Curtain" phrase was in many ways exaggerated. But the policies and practices of the Soviets and the satellite Communist parties were even more exaggerated. Since that transitional period, Soviet-Communist controls have been clamped down and nailed down. But even when the pattern was still incomplete and in process of development, there was no mistaking certain Soviet policies and how they had backfired.

Russia's economic destruction and home urgencies had obviously dictated certain policies. In collection of war booty (both real and alleged), and in collection of reparations and materials charged to occupation costs, the Soviets everywhere took virtually "all that the traffic would bear." Countries like Hungary and Rumania were almost denuded of livestock and of many categories of goods. By crediting the prices of reparations goods at a fraction of their current value, the Russians about doubled the actual amount of reparations they collected—to the tune of many hundreds of millions of dollars. In Danubian lands they had also set up monopolies of key resources such as bauxite, oil, Danubian shipping, timber, and commercial aviation—with half-Soviet ownership and complete Soviet control of administration. The benefits of economic "co-operation" were overwhelmingly one-way. If any partnership existed with the satellite countries, it was all in the slogans and on the surface. There was both stripping of their national economies and high-gear economic penetration. The extremism of the Soviets' actions antagonized and completely disillusioned most of the people in these smaller nations.

Simultaneously, the Yalta promises of "free elections" and broadly representative governments in Eastern Europe had first been circumvented, then ignored and broken. Local Communist parties began with "key controls" and finally maneuvered themselves into absolute control of their governments. In the political as in the economic field, Soviet policies refused to exercise any self-restraint. Even the most democratic and staunchly anti-Nazi political groups in Bulgaria, a friendly and Slavic nation, were suppressed and their leaders eliminated.

One common characteristic of Soviet-Communist actions was their ruthless aggressiveness. But aside from justice, morality, or any considerations of fairness, freedom, and recovery for the peoples concerned, this extremism raised still another vital question. Could the Soviets and Communists possibly gain as much in the long run as they were losing and would lose in these satellite countries? Why had they seemingly gone far out of their way to make permanent enemies of the great majority of the people in Eastern Europe?

Soviet actions in the satellite nations certainly constitute a major political blunder. Even though they served to consolidate Communist power, they achieved this end at irreparably high cost. Where the Soviets might have won the friendship of most of Eastern Europe's 100,000,000 people, they appear to have alienated from 70 to 85 percent of these people permanently. Economic and political policies of some moderation would have created a vastly different situation; a situation which, in the long term, would have spelled much more security for the Soviet Union than will ever again be possible in Eastern Europe.

One may say, as some do, that internal economic urgency and external political opportunism dictated the Soviet policies. This may be an accurate interpretation. But behind the Soviet-Communist record in the satellite countries there also lies a great psychological error. It is the error of Moscow's policy-makers in completely misreading the psychology of their neighbors in Eastern Europe, and in seriously misunderstanding the repercussions of their policies upon world public opinion everywhere.

This brings us to the great handicap of what may be called "the Bolshevik psychology." This is a subject which can and should be considered without recriminations or emotionalism; and above all without any self-righteousness. For, after all, a considerable part of

the Bolshevik psychology was created by Western, capitalistic nations when they resorted to every device to thwart and smother the Bolshevik Revolution. By intervening in Russia's civil war, the Western powers thrust the Soviets into isolation from the world. For many years they sealed this isolation by refusing diplomatic recognition to the youthful U.S.S.R. For many years the outside world treated the Soviets as "inefficient bureaucrats," "wild-eyed visionaries," and "Bolshevik barbarians." How much or how little of this was justified is beside the point. When the leaders of a mighty portion of humanity are treated as pariahs, obviously they are not being prepared psychologically for world co-operation.

So the Soviets had to go their own lone way and frequently indicated that they preferred it. But as a consequence they and their younger party members spent some twenty years almost completely cut off from all contacts outside. At first the West cut them off; then they retaliated by rigid measures to keep the world out. In this prolonged process the Bolshevik psychology had no opportunity to lose its rough edges, to soften or evolve. It hardened instead. The result cuts both ways, a double-edged razor. Soviet leaders and Soviet Communist party members today probably average to understand as pitifully little about the psychology of foreign peoples as—yes, as little as most foreign peoples, including Americans, understand about Soviet psychology.

At this point the psychiatrists should take up the job. But for our immediate purpose we may pause to note a few things of pertinence to the Soviet Union's new role as a world power. The Bolshevik psychology contains a strong element of fear; fear that capitalism or imperialism or fascism may yet conspire to overthrow their system; fear which insists upon self-reliance and lone strength for survival; fear that no non-Communist can be trusted. Indeed, an almost universal characteristic of Soviet representatives is their fixed habit of "trusting nobody." If one studies the Soviets' thirty years of existence, one can understand how these mental attitudes began and why they developed. It is a far greater problem, however, to perceive how the handicap of the Soviet psychology can be dissipated, how it may gradually be revised.

But the psychology of a nation, as of an individual, does change under the persistent friction of events and under exposure to extremely altered environment and conditions. The prewar isolationism

f Americans has already evolved a long way since December, 1941. When the Japs blitzed Pearl Harbor they catapulted the entire American nation out into the unwanted, unhappy, revolutionary world. And when Soviet and Allied troops met in Germany and Austria in the spring of 1945, Soviet isolation—nearly twenty-eight years of it—came at last to a sudden, disturbing end. To be accurate, as well as fair, we must remember that the Soviets' isolation had been much more penetration-proof than our own had ever been. As champions of an uncompromising and hostile ideology, they inevitably have much farther to go and much more to learn. Like the Americans, the Soviets were gravely unprepared to become a Number One world power.

While they have been ruthlessly transforming the Iron Curtain from a glib Churchillian phrase into a radical Communist fact, the Soviets nevertheless have been totally unable to retreat into their old shells. Molotov, Gromyko, and Vishinsky have had many travails. They and their numerous advisers have been involved in every international negotiation and argument. Every time they came up against an outside or a Western-nation proposition, the policy-makers in the Kremlin had to readjust their glasses and consider another major problem. Suddenly, and for some time now, the bolshevik psychology—like our own American psychology—has been forced to live *in the world*.

These present paragraphs are merely an analysis and an exploration. I do not presume to know how long it will take for Soviet methods and psychology to be influenced by the outside world, or in what degree they may be influenceable, nor whether they can be influenced far enough in a short enough time to make possible final and tolerable peace. All that I know is what history demonstrates beyond dispute: that no nation's governing attitudes are static, and that no nation's psychology or policies are immune to time, tide, and circumstance.

For this reason alone there is considerable hope in the fact that partial equilibrium between East and West already exists, and that the Marshall Plan for European recovery offers good chances that this equilibrium will be consolidated. If this equilibrium emerges in the next two to four years, it will lay the foundations for a much more rational and much less hysterical interim with Soviet Russia.

It will create a considerable margin of time for negotiation—and also for the growth of mutual revisions of attitude and of a much greater degree of compromise. In such a margin of time, Soviet leadership, like American leadership, will take its most intensive course in the responsibilities of being a foremost world power.

Up to the year 1948, Soviet-American unpreparedness for world leadership has been, far and away, the greatest obstacle to the establishment of a peace settlement. The Russians, like ourselves, have had a tremendous lot to learn—and have sometimes shown distressingly little desire to learn. But every succeeding international negotiation is another harsh bit of mutual education. Governments, once again like individuals, often have to learn from stubbornly existing conditions many things which they would greatly prefer not to learn.

The responsibilities of the Big Two will not diminish in our lifetime. Momentous issues and imperatives will continually press themselves upon both American and Soviet leaders. For some years, undoubtedly, each of these governments will have to pay in various ways for its unpreparedness. But the present Soviet handicaps—in lack of international experience, in domestic, economic weaknesses, and even in psychological blindness or blockages—cannot possibly persist in the same degree and without any change. Stalin himself has admitted that even Marx could not foresee some important aspects of the existing world situation. Soviet responsibilities as a major world power are bound, so it seems to me, to point up quite a number of inescapable readjustments which the Marxist chart and theories utterly failed to anticipate. No one could claim that the Soviets have been able to remain strictly orthodox, or very close to that, throughout their first thirty years. It would appear equally impossible for Soviet diplomacy, policies, and attitudes to remain static and inflexible through this next decade or more.

Perhaps the Soviets, like the Americans, need a certain time to readjust themselves to the requirements of their exceptional and unaccustomed power. However slight or invisible, certain of these readjustments are already under way. Inevitably, many more will follow. And once an equilibrium between East and West has been consolidated, circumstances and conditions will dictate changes in Moscow's policies. Within the next three or four years, an East-

West equilibrium has better than average chances of developing. As it develops and crystallizes, a considerable evolution in Soviet policies can reasonably be expected; not so much in sweeping changes or utter reversals, perhaps, as in bowing to the inevitable and in meeting new conditions with revised methods. In this doubly revolutionary world, even the Soviet policy-makers cannot hope to remain obdurate to change.

In one sense, and until now, the Big Two have been the victims of past isolations. But in another sense, the crusts and residues of these differing isolations, Soviet or American, are being steadily subjected to the emery wheel of tremendous world events. In the United Nations, and in various conferences, both Russians and Americans continue to rub elbows—to take criticism or suggestions—rubbing ideas as well as elbows with their anxious and war-fearing neighbors. If the Soviets usually seem to be in the role of the off-horse, nevertheless they are no more absolutely immune to education and to evolution than they are immune to world problems.

The question, then, is not whether we or the Russians will change. It is whether the Americans and the Russians will change enough to find some common ground for an endurable society.

The question is not whether we and the Soviets will learn. It is whether both Americans and Russians will learn fast enough to meet the margin of time which is all we have.

You Can't Do Business with Stalin

LIKE MOST of the Americans I know in Europe, at the close of the war I suffered a deep disappointment over our relations with the Russians after the end of combat. There is no use trying to evaluate here the high policies that were developed on governmental levels at the various three- and four-power conferences. The newspapermen as well as the soldiers and diplomats had a lot more personal interest in the day-to-day surface relations with the Soviet soldiers, diplomats—and, more rarely, newspapermen—with whom we rubbed shoulders, and, less often, intellectuals, in such places as Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade, and Bucharest. We Americans had our faults in these relations. But they were more often than not those of naïvete and an overanxiety to cash in on what we thought was to be a continuing atmosphere of the hard-hitting but well-meaning co-operation we received from the Russians during the period of combat.

In return for our anxiety to please, we received, figuratively and actually, a tommy gun (American-made) in the belly. At times the trigger of that gun has been pulled. It's a menace to the diplomats as well as civilians and military, since it exists as strongly today as it did in the middle of 1945 when, a few months after the end of fighting, Berlin and Vienna opened up to newspapermen and we were to join our English, Russian, and French comrades in the administration of the conquered or "liberated" countries. Some of us had been in on those festive first meetings with Russian field troops and had seen the vodka parties, the back-slapping, and the exchange of medals among the high brass. Some of us had seen, along the Elbe, that underlying the garish cordiality of the Allies from the East was a cold, sharp edge of suspicion and hostility. What was more evident was that the Russians know little or nothing of the fact that anybody else had been in the war along with them. As late as the fall of Berlin, they seemed to remember more about

the long delay in getting the second front going than about its quick success when the Western Allies did get rolling in France.

I had been assigned to Vienna long after the end of hostilities and knew of no reason why the Americans, the British, and the French should not join the Russians in the occupation of Austria just as soon as the Yanks could be sent there. But what actually happened was that General Mark W. Clark and his U.S. forces in Austria sat on the Russians' doorstep in Salzburg in the American zone for some three months before the boys from Moscow made up their minds to open the gates to Vienna. During that long impatient wait, some of us correspondents used to drive up to the bridge over the Enns River which marked the end of the American zone and the beginning of the Russian. And there we had our first view of the Iron Curtain. At one end of the bridge were the affable American MP's trying to treat the Austrians like the liberated people the Moscow Declaration said they were. At the other end were surly Russian soldiers, hard-boiled and nasty, with American tommy guns hanging ever-ready from their necks. They shoved the Austrians around and they were just as unpleasant to the Americans who came up to the barrier on the bridge and tried to be friendly. But we were prepared to think of that only as surface manifestations by a few Russian GI's who had had trouble with foreigners. And we felt that when we got to Vienna everything was going to be as co-operative and pleasant as it had been during the war. We would go on to win the peace together with Moscow.

We arrived in Vienna on the first of August, in 1945, in a long American motorcade. It was more amusing than anything else when some Russian soldiers, admiring our motorized equipment, patted a jeep and a two-and-a-half-ton truck and explained through the interpreter with our party how pleased they were to learn that the Americans were using Russian motorized equipment.

Then a few correspondents in U. S. uniforms took a walk downtown to Vienna's Ring. We wanted to visit the Bristol Hotel, then occupied by the Russians, because we had heard that within there was an officers' bar. Certainly, we thought, Allied troops or Allied correspondents accredited to those troops were going to be welcome. But on the sidewalk in front of the hotel were a pair of Russian guards with the customary tommy guns. They shoved these guns quite purposefully into our stomachs and ordered us not only

out of the hotel but off the sidewalk in front of it. This, despite the fact that they well understood that we were "Amerikanski" and that our uniforms identified us as such.

That was the merest beginning of a long period of non-co-operation, hostility, broken promises, and a generally aggressive attitude on the part of our Russian allies. This attitude has extended from the top level of marshals of the Soviet Union right down to the Russian GI's on the streets and on the road barriers.

At the beginning we were inclined to attribute some of the surliness and hostility of Russian soldiers to the fact that they were undisciplined combat troops who had won most of Europe and who too often disdained even the control of their own officers. This was demonstrated by the fact that Soviet Marshal Koniev made an agreement with General Clark and the other Allied commanders that none of his troops would carry arms on the street except when on duty. But a month later, when the American military police were still picking up lots of armed Russians and the matter had been brought to Koniev's attention, he apologized and admitted that he had simply been unable to enforce his own order. Actually, it was a matter of some months before Russians noticeably began to diminish the carrying of off-duty arms. To this day it continues to a considerable extent.

That wouldn't make much difference if so many Russians weren't in a trigger-happy, bullying mood. This leads to the sort of incident which is forever taking place on the Trieste-Yugoslav border. The Yugoslavs are Russian-trained and Russian-controlled. Their army operates effectively as a unit of the Russian Army. It leads to similar incidents all over the Russian zones and frontiers between the Balkan countries, which, despite the existence of many agreements, are still guarded by Russian military and Russian secret police.

Every American who has lived in Europe during this period knows that wherever he meets a Russian he's going to meet hostility, pushing around, that machine gun in the belly, that ever-present feeling on the part of the boys from Moscow that today it's Europe and tomorrow the world.

Now I don't mean to say that this sort of thing exists without exception. I met courteous, pleasant, and intelligent Russians, too. But for the most part I met Russian officers, diplomats, and soldiers who were deeply inculcated with the idea that Americans were their

natural enemies, that America was out to destroy the Soviet Union but was going to be unable to because the Soviet Union was equipped to destroy us first and was going to do so in the bargain.

I don't pretend to say that because these Russians outside Russia talked belligerently, it is high Russian policy to invade the United States. It has certainly been made clear to me, and to every other American who has had any first-hand contact with the Russians in Europe, however, that they do mean to force us out of Europe and to run things there their own way, a way that means the spread on the continent of a totalitarianism very little different from that which the Nazis used to operate. In fact one of the curious phases of that totalitarianism is that the Russians have found it practical to use good earnest Nazi workers as good earnest Communist workers. In Hungary, for instance, the secret political police, who are the real bosses of the country today, under Moscow-trained Vice Premier Matyas Rakosi, are largely staffed and officered by exactly the same people who did the same kind of work for the Arrow Cross Hungarian Fascist organization, and later for the occupying Nazi Gestapo. The reasoning of Russian and Hungarian Communist leaders is frank and logical. If they were good secret police for the Nazis, they're all the better trained to be good secret police for us, they say. That's quite true. For in Hungary, and for that matter in Austria, in Rumania and all over Central Europe, exists today the sort of terror in which the Nazis used to specialize. But its end result is better concealed, for we don't hear much about concentration camps or gas chambers, and we are only starting to hear of the Soviet's giant slave labor system.

It is next to impossible for Americans who have never lived under such conditions to conceive of what it means never to be able to go to sleep at night without knowing that sometime—usually in the early morning hours—may come that fateful ring of the doorbell, heralding the arrival of some anonymous-looking secret police figures. The disappearance of a member of the family never to be seen, to be heard of, or to return again. But today that's happening all too often. Once in a while the Russians themselves publicize it. They say that someone has been arrested for "plotting against the occupying Soviet Army." On occasion, they have publicized the fact that they have sent such people—entirely outside the framework of any known international agreement—to exile in Siberia. Much more often, the

Russians (outside of their secret police), the civilian police in the countries concerned, and the other Allies, just plain don't know anything about it. Sometimes these seizures are made because the man involved—or the woman for that matter, for they are also seized—has been engaged in some sort of political activity distasteful to the Soviet. Sometimes they are made because the person has some specialized scientific or industrial knowledge that is wanted in Russia. Sometimes the reason is too obscure for anyone outside the NKVD to figure out. Austrian civil authorities recorded the "disappearance" of over 2,000 youths from the Soviet occupation zone in 6 months of 1947.

I don't think I'm straining any point when I say that the Americans tried their level best upon our first arrival in Austria and Germany, where we were to work side by side with the Russians, to get along with them and to win the peace with them. In return we were met with that tommy gun in the belly at every turn. The Russian attitude toward us—at least the attitude of those Russians outside Russia in Europe—is a peculiar mixture of an absolutely abysmal ignorance about the United States in particular and the world outside Soviet Russia in general, and a very highly colored and strongly prejudiced collection of arrogant beliefs about the United States, which has obviously been collected from the Soviet press and the Soviet political commissars.

And don't ever believe that the political commissars don't still exist in the Russian Army. Every Russian Army unit—from the largest to the smallest—contains its political, as well as its military, commander. And more often than not, in peacetime, the political man is able to overrule the military man. To the outsider it's hard to tell the difference. Usually the political commissar wears a uniform just like the military commander.

Take the case of the Russian command in Austria. The ostensible commanders there have been, first, Marshal of the Soviet Union Koniev, a distinguished Russian field commander, and later, Colonel General Kurasov. But Austrians and Allies alike have learned that the real boss there is a wrestler-necked, youngish and smart lieutenant general named Gregory Zheltov. He represents the political branch of the government in the Kremlin. He does plenty of dictating to the Russian military. It is he who sits behind his presumable military boss at the Allied Council meetings and whispers instructions in his

ear—these instructions usually consisting of flat rejections of all Allied proposals of almost every kind.

One of the things that has most irritated Americans on the higher level has been the fact that they cannot depend upon Russian agreements. Often, after long arguments over the council table, the Russian delegation will agree to some proposal and there will be a hearty slapping of backs and shaking of hands. Next day the Russians go ahead and do what they had intended to do unilaterally and without reference to the agreement reached beforehand. The process has been particularly true on the matter of so-called German property in Austria, which is the thorniest problem of all in that part of the world.

Switches in Russian high policy are made without apparent rhyme or reason, and we often never find out just why, except for the interesting fact that Moscow is sometimes, in the long run, responsive to American opinion. Take the case of the oil in Austria, for instance. Austria has, in the Zistersdorf oil fields, about sixty miles outside Vienna, enough oil for her own needs and quite a lot to export. But for more than the first year of occupation, not one drop of this oil reached the Austrian economy. Instead, Uncle Sam, at the expense of the American taxpayer, sent oil in tankers from Texas to take care of the Austrians. Meanwhile the Russians shipped Austrian oil to Czechoslovakia, exchanged it there for coal, and brought the coal back to Austria for use in seized plants within the Russian zone. The products of these plants—consumer goods of various kinds—were shipped to Russia and did not reach the Austrian economy either. The net result was that Russia got considerable quantities of factory-produced goods at the expense of the American taxpayer.

But after prolonged negotiations at the Allied Council table got precisely nowhere, General Mark Clark appealed through the U. S. press to the American people. Later, Mayor LaGuardia, at the UNRRA Conference in Atlantic City, raised so much hell about this situation that the Russians gave in and promised to take care of about one-third of the Austrian oil needs. Actually, they have never even delivered that much, and the Americans continue to ship in most of Austria's oil and gasoline and food products. But at least a principle was won through the pressure of public opinion.

On that point it's interesting to note what the Russians have set up in places like Austria for the mobilization of local opinion and

for news and propaganda operations in general. The Associated Press finds it possible to cover Austria with one American correspondent. But the Tass Agency maintains a bureau with about fifty workers in Vienna. These people work two ways, of course. They send news back to Russia, but more importantly, they fill up their time with supervision of the Communist press within Austria and with a general effort to spread the Russian doctrine wherever it's possible to get attention for it.

American newspapermen's relations in Vienna with members of the Tass Agency are an interesting story in themselves. When we first arrived there, we made a sincere attempt to mingle socially and co-operate professionally with the Russians. But it became quite noticeable that after one or two of the Russian newspapermen had accepted invitations to the American journalists' mess, they weren't seen any more around Vienna. They just plain disappeared, and their colleagues, when questioned, would act evasively and then say, "Oh, they're traveling somewhere." Then came a period when no Russian would be seen in the company of an American at all and, in particular, not in the company of an American newspaperman. Now it boils down to one or two formal parties a year. About once every six months, the Americans invite the Tass people *en masse* to a dinner and dance at the American mess, and a couple of weeks later there's a return invitation. Everyone's very polite, and the Russian correspondents are careful that they don't go any place where their boss doesn't go himself. But should an American ask Tass for some genuine information about a Russian operation in Austria or anywhere else, the double-talk, evasion, and the noninformation that is forthcoming is genuinely spectacular from an American point of view. Russians assume that all American correspondents are American spies. That's expected of their own journalists. They can't believe the Americans don't operate the same way.

But while Russian military strength, both inside and outside the Soviet Union, is being rebuilt to a technical peak probably higher than that during the war, American military strength is dropping down, down, and down. We've less troops, less money, and less good people to run our show than we ever had before. I remember very well the reply of General Mark Clark at a press conference in Vienna when he was asked why he couldn't have enforced the American demand that the Russians let alone some of the American-owned

plants they were seizing. The General said: "The Russians have about 150,000 troops in Austria. And here I am with my cocker spaniel." Actually we have between 10,000 and 15,000 troops in Austria. But they're young, inexperienced, and undertrained and underequipped. Hardly any unit is at anything more than half strength, and that doesn't make for an effectively operating military government, much less for an effective fighting force. For that matter, the only American unit anywhere on the European continent now at fighting pitch is the 88th Division in Trieste. They've had plenty of delicate as well as strong-arm work to do to hold their own against the Yugoslavs on the other side of the Morgan line.

Those of us who lived through the Hitler war of nerves before the actual outbreak of war see lots of parallels in the Stalin war of nerves. It's push, push, push, against the Americans. A little more, and a little more, and it's quite obvious to the Russians that they can get a lot without a fight. They count very heavily on the American unwillingness to fight, as well as on our present lack of ability to fight. The show has a long way to go yet before it reaches a conclusion. I haven't yet met any American who wants it to lead to war and I don't think the Russians want it to lead to war either. But I think they would probably rather have a war than resign themselves to anything less than dominance of all Europe, if not the whole world, in the future.

I won't maintain for a moment that we are without sin in our European policies. But the big difference is that while we've made mistakes and shown inexperience, the Russians are moving steadily ahead in a great pattern of conquest based on ruthless suppression of democracy as high policy, not as a mistake.

I wish I could arrange a few months' sojourn in the satellite countries, if not in Russia itself, for those in this country who parrot the Communist idea that we're doing Russia a great injustice, that we're forcing her to the wall. First-hand contact with Russians, high and low, ignorant and intelligent, would convince them that so far as the eye can reach at present—you can't do business with Stalin.

Soviet Policy in the Balkans

THE STORY goes that Commissar Molotov was talking on the long-distance international telephone in Stalin's office to some fascist-capitalist-imperialist spokesman of the Western democracies.

Molotov said "no . . . No . . . No . . . NO . . . YES!" and banged down the receiver.

"Why did you say yes, *Tovarish*?" cried Stalin, springing up in alarm.

"*Nitchyevo, nitchyevo*, take it easy," said Molotov. "He was just asking if I could hear him . . ."

Anybody who reads the newspapers will grasp the point of this fable without requiring footnotes. Molotov, Vishinsky, Gromyko, and other globe-trotting delegates of the Kremlin have made the Soviet NO as familiar as Wheaties at the breakfast table. But learning the facts of life about Soviet non-co-operation from press and radio is the easy way. The writer learned the hard way.

I spent eighteen months on the Soviets' home grounds. Not in Russia. Plenty of competent observers had been to Russia. I went to fresh Soviet territory, to the Balkans and Central Europe—"Russia's Europe." This was the part of the world which the Kremlin had won as a prize for its services in the war to save democracy from Hitler. This was the place where the Russians were operating as pioneers, exporting their own special brand of democracy, staging a preview of what the rest of us could expect if the Communists took power in any other part of the map.

In Russia's Europe, the Kremlin's answer was NO to all wartime Soviet pledges of Big-Power co-operation toward the establishment of free and representative governments for little peoples.

Supported by the two million bayonets of the occupying Red armies, Moscow ruled the eastern half of Europe as sole stockholder, not as member of a three-way partnership. The contracts signed at Teheran, Yalta, and Potsdam—and all the promises made to the

small countries held down by the Nazis—were filed on the “To Be Forgotten” shelf of the Soviet archives. We and the British sat around wringing our hands.

There was a time when we could have helped the hundred million people of half the European continent by talking up to Moscow. But we didn’t. We were afraid to irritate the Russians. We hoped that if we made concessions, the Russians would learn to trust us, abandon their suspicions, and come to terms on a square deal for everybody. But all we did was let the Russians dig themselves in so solidly that they didn’t have to come to terms. Finally, when we began flexing our muscles and bombarding the Kremlin with notes of protest, it was too late. The stock answer was No, debonair and contemptuous. Nowadays, the Russians don’t even bother to reply any more.

Stalin’s answer was also No to the native democrats in the satellite countries. Here the local Communists—insignificant in numbers but almighty because of the Red Army behind them—did the fancy footwork. All the top Communist bosses were “Moscow graduates.” The Rumanian chief had deserted the Army as a young lieutenant and ice-skated across a frozen border river into Russia. The Bulgarian head man had run his branch of the Comintern from Moscow for twelve years. Hungary’s Little Stalin had lived so long in the U.S.S.R., he acquired Soviet citizenship and the rank of general in the Red Army. Moscow, also, was where Yugoslavia’s No. 1 Communist was weaned—Tito the proletarian marshal, whose chest was now ablaze with fourteen medals and sashes, whose closets bulged with gaudy uniforms, and on whose fingers diamonds gleamed as large as the eggs of a Serbian hen.

These worthies, with assorted henchmen also steeped in Muscovite doctrine, turned up in the various capitals of the Balkans to lead the way to the New Democracy after “liberation” by the Red Army. The highway was monotonously similar in every region. It was studded with the bones of the real democrats—the men who had been fighting the prewar Balkan dictatorships. During the German occupation, they had resisted the quislings and the Nazis. When the Red Army arrived, they were in exile, in hiding, or in Gestapo concentration camps. Such anti-Nazi records, however, did not save them from the label of “fascist,” persecution by the Communists, arrest, imprisonment—even execution.

In every country, the Communists acknowledged as "democrats" only those who marched in Kremlin goose-step. Everywhere the first Communist move, by "parliamentary" methods, was to grab off the Interior Ministry (which gave them control of the police) and the Justice Ministry (which gave them control of the courts). This convenient stratagem enabled them to jail whomever they pleased, confident that Communist judges would make the verdict stick.

The next plum of power the Party swallowed was control of the newspapers, by taking over the various Ministries of Information (read "Propaganda and Enlightenment," as perfected by the late Dr. Goebbels). Non-Communist newspapers were gagged or suppressed. Opposition meetings were broken up by police or by armed Communist gangs patterned after Hitler's Stormtroopers. Bogus elections, also on the Führer's model of *Ja-oder-Nein* plebiscites, then gave the Communists and their stooge parties astronomical "majorities."

Later, it was easy to iron out all lingering folds of resistance by smashing the few surviving Opposition leaders and blandly outlawing their parties under ingenious charges of conspiracy, sabotage, treason, or "collaboration with the fascist West."

Through its Communist agents, the Kremlin also said No to the hopes of the little Balkan peoples for economic recovery.

Private enterprise, piously guaranteed by the Communists during the war in order to win underground recruits against the Nazis, today is groggy in some countries of Russia's Europe and out for the final count in others. Practically all of the new "people's democratic regimes" have a Plan—based on nationalization of factories, mobilization of workers, and regimentation of peasants—for maximum production to be wrung out of underfed, overworked, and totally terrorized proletariat and peasants. The only Soviet satellite which still lacks a Plan is Rumania—and at this writing Rumania is planning to have a Plan.

Everybody who wants a job—and opens his mouth only to cheer for the Government—has a job; but he can't change that job, and his wages, though they look bigger than prewar, don't do much beyond keep him and his family barely alive.

Everybody who wants to belong to a union can join one. (If he doesn't, he gets no ration cards for food and clothing.) But the

unions can't strike, except for political reasons. The workers are ordered on walkouts often enough, but only to march in "spontaneous" parades or demonstrate against the "capitalists"—never to raise their wages or improve their condition.

For the peasants, the big bait was land. Eastern Europe had long needed an agrarian new deal. The fantastically large feudal estates had to be broken up and the soil given to those who tilled it. Well, the Communists did divide the land. But they cut it into microscopic pieces. Their aim was to pay off—and win—as many political friends as possible. Solid economic benefit to the country finished a poor second in their calculations. The result was an anarchy of "dwarf" farms, too small to keep a family alive. Even in once-rich Bulgaria, where the Communists tried to sneak in a "reform" patterned on the Soviet collectives, the natives nowadays tell you wryly: "We're living in a real Garden of Eden. Everybody is naked—and everybody's eating apples."

The cruellest, most thundering NO in Russia's Europe was leveled against the Balkan peoples' plea for an end to their colonial exploitation by one or another imperialist power. Life had always been grim and hard in the Balkans, and foreign meddling had made it grimmer. Soviet promises of "economic democracy," coupled with pledges of sincere co-operation with the Western powers, offered hope of a bright new day. Instead, Communism and the Russians brought a darkness blacker than the suffering Balkans had ever known.

To begin with, the battle-drunk Red Army turned the conquered territory into one vast shooting-gallery. "Liberated" Bulgarians, Hungarians, and Rumanians performed as the clay pigeons. Long after the fighting ended, Eastern Europe was plagued by trigger-happy bandits in Russian uniform, in the manner of our old Wild West. For months following the Armistice, individual soldiers informally—and Soviet authorities officially—plundered rich and poor, shipping millions of dollars worth of looted private possessions home to Russia as war booty.

Simultaneously, the pay and upkeep of millions of the Red troops—largest occupation army in world history—were being wrung from the conquered countries' lean treasuries and leaner food granaries. Meanwhile the Russians were also collecting "reparations,"

assessed on a scale which looked more like super-grand larceny than a legitimate claim for war damages. And, to finish things off, the Russians tied Eastern Europe hand and foot by a system of "50-50" companies and barter pacts which has come to be known, with deadly facetiousness, as the Molotov Plan.

The "50-50" companies ostensibly were "joint" corporations between the Soviets and each satellite state. The two partners were to share equally in capital, management, and profits. Actually, the companies were strictly one-way affairs. The local regime contributed the bulk of the investments. The Russians withdrew the bulk of the dividends—and retained all the authority.

The Soviet "contribution" consisted mainly of "ex-German assets" in the partner country. Potsdam had awarded such properties to Moscow as reparations—but failed to define exactly what the term "ex-German" meant. Accordingly, the Soviets claimed everything in which the Germans had ever in any way been involved. This included properties "purchased" by forced sale from terrorized Jews; factories and shops confiscated outright from Jews and other anti-Nazis; banks and firms in which the Germans had owned a few shares—and even local installations which the Germans had operated during their occupation and from which the Red Army had driven them.

Thus, the major Soviet contribution to a "50-50" Russo-Hungarian aviation combine was the Hungarian airfields which the Russians had captured! To the Russo-Rumanian *Sovrompetrol*, Moscow gave tons of tubular and drilling equipment grabbed as booty from Rumanian oil-fields really owned by British, American, Dutch, and French companies. As their gift to a joint river-transport enterprise, the Russians delivered vessels which the Germans had seized from the Austrian-owned Danube Navigation Company.

By such devices the Kremlin managed, at practically no cost, to take over most of the key resources—bauxite, banking, petroleum, shipping, air transport, timber, and so on. In each combine, the chairman of the board of directors was a native, but the general manager was a Russian. This was supposed to be a division of authority—except that the Russian general manager could take any action he pleased without consulting the board of "directors."

Whatever remained was also ticketed for ultimate delivery to Moscow via the ingenious system of barter pacts—invented by the

Nazis, perfected by the Soviets. The Germans, at least, had been able to supply some useful manufactured goods for the raw and semi-processed materials they extorted from their Balkan satellites. The Russian economy, however, produced the same sort of things the Balkan economies produced. The Balkans needed tools, machinery, manufactures which the Russians did not have. The only place to get them was from the West. But the Molotov Plan generally barred traffic with the wicked democracies. The end result, therefore, was to drag Balkan living standards down even lower than prewar, to the abysmal level of the Russian.

This was incidental, however, to the main purpose: the enrichment of the USSR at the expense of its "brotherly" neighbors. What happened was that the satellites yielded up their best produce in exchange for Soviet goods either of inferior value or else obtainable more cheaply from the democracies. Such lopsided transactions nonetheless were rapturously hailed as proof of "motherly" Russia's benevolence by the local Communist leaders—who, as loyal and eminent "Cominternees," were vastly more devoted to Russian interests than to the welfare of their native lands.

In the early days of Red occupation, a few substantial economic deals with the West managed to slip past the Communist guard. The biggest was between the "new democratic Bulgaria" and a slow-speaking but fast-moving Virginian named Nathaniel Coleman. This long and lanky Southerner agreed to ship shoes and industrial supplies to Bulgaria, where they were desperately needed, in exchange for Bulgarian tobacco. The barter contract, totaling \$5,000,000 in value, was signed by a Social-Democrat who headed Bulgaria's Foreign Trade Department.

Promptly thereafter, the Social-Democrat was fired. His Communist successor set about fixing things so that the error of trading with the West would not be repeated. One pair of shoes in Coleman's shipment had been temporarily borrowed and worn by a Bulgarian dockhand. The new Communist Foreign Trade boss pounced on the slightly-worn shoes as a horrible example of American business perfidy. A nation-wide press campaign was launched to discredit in advance any further trading with the U. S. Keeping completely dead-pan, the Communists printed "dispatches" such as the following:

*"Washington—*In connection with the Coleman order, scientists

here are perfecting a synthetic shoe with fronts of old newspapers and soles of blotting paper. It is presumed that in Bulgaria, as in Tanganyika, the natives walk barefooted. . . ."

"*Chicago*—The Beggars' League today charged they had been forcibly deprived of their shoes in a raid by the Coleman agents. 'If it should become necessary to send clothes to Bulgaria, will we have to go naked?' the worried beggars asked. . . ."

Coleman, clinging bravely to his sense of humor, tried to stay in business. Bulgaria urgently required trucks. So, for more tobacco, Coleman offered Chevrolet and other U. S. makes at bargain prices. The Communists said NO—they preferred to buy ZIS trucks from Russia. Five hundred of these were in the auto graveyard within a year after delivery. Non-Communist Bulgarians quipped that the ZIS promotion slogan ought to be: "From Sofia to Varna [230 miles] without repairs!" As for Coleman, he packed his bags and departed for Greece and Turkey—in search of nonideological tobacco.

Northward across the Danube, the Rumanians put it another way. The wry wisecrack making the rounds of Bucharest's cafés defined the Molotov Plan as follows: "If we agree to give Russia all our wheat in 1948, then the Russians will agree in 1949 to take all our oil. . . ."

For anyone who cared to use his eyes and ears instead of locking himself up in a dimly lit room with the latest editions of *Pravda* and the *Daily Worker*, Soviet policy in the Balkans was as clear—and as cheerless—as the craters on the moon any sharp winter night:

(1) To harness the resources of Southeastern Europe to the Soviet economy.

(2) To regiment the peoples of Southeastern Europe into a coordinated (the Nazis used to call it *gleichgeschaltet*) bloc for the advancement of Kremlin ambitions.

(3) To use the mobilized half of Europe—Russia's Europe—as a take-off point for imperial expansion westward.

All the continent east of the Stettin-Trieste line bristled with Communist clenched fists. In Poland and Yugoslavia, armies equipped by the Russians (often with American lend-lease equipment) gobbled up money and manpower which otherwise might have been applied to economic reconstruction. Tito's "national defense" costs alone exceeded the total budget of the prewar Yugoslav monarchy.

In Bulgaria the Communist-dominated police militia—35,000 strong—had its headquarters in the same awesome building on Sofia's *Lyov Most* Square housing the Communist Party's private Secret Service, which honeycombed the country, and Soviet counterespionage headquarters for the whole of Eastern Europe. In Rumania and Hungary, more than 100,000 Red Army troops continued to occupy, and eat off, the famished land. Their ostensible purpose was to "defend" communication lines with Austria until a peace treaty could be signed with that unhappy country. Similarly, a dozen Soviet divisions remained in Poland to protect communications with Germany. The real purpose was obviously to fortify the native Communist hand against internal upheaval and keep a striking force available as a club over the heads of the "fascist" states on the other side of the Curtain.

What was there, after all, to "defend" Russia's Europe against Austria?—cut in half by the Soviets, who endlessly delayed a settlement there to squeeze the Austrians into trading their independence for relief from Moscow's merciless economic pressure. The Russians, Austrian Chancellor Leopold Figl told me, "offer us bread in exchange for the heart of the nation." Germany?—where the Russians demanded impossible reparations which would indefinitely cripple recovery, and in the same breath righteously advocated a strong central government which the well-organized Communists could more easily control. Italy?—into which Partisan muscle-men poured from neighboring Yugoslavia to reinforce a private Communist militia openly dedicated to "revolutionary direct action." France?—where Communist boss Maurice Thorez (a French Army deserter who had spent the war years quite agreeably in Russia) was dragging the workers into "defense" of democracy by sabotage of American aid. Or were the "enemies of the people" perhaps lurking in the war-mongering governments of Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Luxembourg or Monaco?

In the face of the facts, a likelier explanation of Soviet-Communist antics seemed that the Kremlin and its agents were not so much obsessed with defense as with attack. This certainly was the emphasis of the so-called "Cominform," a revamped, concentrated version of the Comintern, with its headquarters significantly advanced from Moscow to Belgrade. Yugoslavia was the westernmost Balkan prong of expanding Soviet empire. From that strategic point, the Comin-

form bluntly declared its intention to direct an all-out campaign against "capitalist" rehabilitation of the Europe which lay beyond Stalin's new "frontier." In place of recovery, Belgrade recommended revolution.

Despite all this, the Russians insisted that their only purpose in steamrolling Eastern Europe was security—the defense of the U.S.S.R. against hostile encirclement. This argument had seemed reasonable once, in the light of the Kaiser's and Hitler's invasions and Allied aid to the White anti-Bolshevik counterrevolution. But history and Soviet appetite had made Moscow's interpretation of "security" as elastic as a rubber band. It no longer convinced anybody except ardent Party-liners. Since when, for example, had Russian security resided in Vienna and the Ruhr? Security evidently now meant Soviet control of battery emplacements and airfields along the western Adriatic, the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. Russia apparently could now feel secure only if her ideological legions camped on the far coasts of Spain and Portugal, the shores of Tripoli, and the southern frontiers of Persia. Not even the old, ultra-imperialist czars had dreamed dreams of such magnificence. Non-Communist observers could be forgiven if they confused Stalin's yearning for security with the departed Hitler's yearning for "today Europe, tomorrow the world. . . ."

Certainly the Russians were entitled to "friendly" governments on their borders—much as Americans are justified in expecting good-neighborly treatment from Ottawa and Mexico City. But we enjoy security on the north and south precisely because the Canadians and Mexicans are masters in their own house, without benefit of armed dictatorships imported from Washington. The Russian idea of "friendship" was total subservience—achieved by terror, enforced by foreign agents, directed from Moscow.

As a result, the Soviets won neither the friendship of the border peoples nor security for their own frontiers. The Kremlin had its chance to get security by an enlightened policy of moderation. Instead, it tried to get security by an Oriental adaptation of the German technique of *Schrecklichkeit*. Terrorism established merely the outward appearances of loyalty: rubber-stamp Parliaments, mass demonstrations, and parades. Beneath this phoney unanimity, each country in Russia's Europe seethed with hatred. There was no possibility of

organizing these passions into a coherent underground; the "people's regimes" possessed the tommy-guns, the police, the courts, the army, the newspapers, the radio, all the levers of government and repression. An uprising against Communist totalitarianism was at least as hopeless as insurrection would have been in Germany against Nazi totalitarianism. But the potential Fifth Column now lying numb beneath the Soviet grip had a capacity for desperate retaliation which might some day make even Western Europe's anti-Nazi fight for freedom seem mild and mincing. Free elections in Russia's Europe were impossible, of course—but if one such election could have been held, it would have hurled the Communists out of power by a majority as huge as, but enormously more authentic than, the imaginary majority which "voted" the Communists in.

When I first went to the "liberated" Balkans, in the early rapture of Soviet arrival, the vision of democratic collaboration between democrats and the Kremlin was still new. Tried and battle-tested anti-fascists looked ahead hopefully to an era of unimpeded reform, loyally hand-in-hand with the Communists. About a year later, I went on a second tour of the same territories. This time, most of the leading anti-fascists were in jail, exile, disgrace, or the grave. The survivors, living in obscurity and spiritual desolation, were fanatically bitter. They were no longer calm, reasonable men. They lived only for the hour when Communism and all its works could be crushed by any means, no matter how ruthless and illegal. The extent of their transformation from conciliatory moderates into violent rebels was a measure of the persecution and brutality they and their ideals had suffered at Communist hands. One white-bearded Balkan liberal, who had dedicated all his long life to fighting royal dictatorships, told me less in triumph than in sorrow: "We could have campaigned against Communism for twenty years, and not done half as well as the Red Army."

Even less than the rest of us were the Soviets capable of seeing themselves as others saw them. The standard-bearers of Kremlin "culture," their minds hemmed in by a generation of humorless propaganda and intellectual inbreeding, could not conceive why they should be so despised by the Balkan peoples for their intolerance, instead of adored for the blessings of their "people's democracy." The Russians angrily explained the enigma away by branding their op-

ponents as "fascists" and "reactionaries"—and simply turned the screws harder.

There's an old story, going way back to an early Russo-Turkish war, which symbolizes this Muscovite insensitivity to the other fellow's feelings.

Young Ivan was leaving the village to join his regiment. His aged mother said:

"Now, my child, when you get to the front be careful not to tire yourself out. If you see a Turk, pick up your rifle, shoot him—and then have lunch. Then pick up your rifle again and shoot another Turk—and take a nap. When you wake up, shoot another Turk, if you must—but then have some tea. . . ."

"But, Mother," Ivan cried, "suppose a Turk shoots at me?"

"Don't be foolish," the old lady said. "Why should the Turks be angry with *you*!"

Bulgaria: in the Same Church

"THE PEOPLE's Republic of Bulgaria" is an object lesson in what Soviet Russia has done to Eastern Europe and is trying to do to the world. It is an illustration of the result of Soviet-imposed World Communism. In order to understand the U.S.S.R. one must understand the situation in such lands as Bulgaria, which Moscow has subjugated, as well as the situation in Greece and Korea, which Moscow is trying to subjugate.

The 7,000,000 people in Bulgaria deserve attention for their own sakes, just as human beings everywhere deserve attention, but I shall ignore that fact. Most Bulgarians are sleepy when they arise in the morning and weary when they retire at night: they sing love songs when in love, put their babies to sleep with lullabies, wail at funerals, abhor war, hate tax officials, give red apples to school teachers and revel in the flowers of spring. This means they are interesting in themselves. But here I am not treating them from that point of view. I am describing Bulgaria as though it were Bikini, and the Bulgarians merely political guinea pigs. This is a summary of what Moscow's "New Democracy" has done to one people. Bulgaria is an aspect of Stalin's Russia.

Bulgaria is selected, rather than Yugoslavia, Albania, Rumania or Czechoslovakia, because it is an especially simple, plain, clear case. The process of Soviet-Communist domination is more nearly completed there, and it is obscured by no special racial or religious complexities.

As a preliminary, one may recall that the Red Army entered Bulgaria at the beginning of September, 1944. A Communist-dominated regime was set up on September 9 and was immediately accepted throughout the country. It pretended to derive its power from a "People's Coalition" called the Fatherland Front. During the forty months following that nocturnal and largely bloodless coup, carried out under the impact of Soviet military might and political prestige, the Bulgarian nation has lost every vestige of freedom.

A small group of Soviet-trained Communists have set up a tyranny that has probably never been equaled in Bulgaria's long, sad history. They direct every social instrument of compulsion, such as the army, the police and the courts, they hold practically all urban sources of livelihood in their hands, manage commerce, subject all production, including that of the peasants, to their domination, and determine all thought expression, including religious activity—outside of the ritual and church ceremonies.

Practically no person in Bulgaria can escape this domination. Not even by leaving, because very few can leave.

Here are some of the salient aspects of the Bulgarian land and people in their relations with Soviet Russia: It is a Slav nation, and in language especially close to the Great Russians. The Bulgarians were freed from the Turks by Czarist arms in 1878, which is an additional reason for them to feel drawn to the Russians. They have long been affected by Pan-Slavism and strongly influenced by Russian literature, music, art, theater.

Bulgaria comprises a vital geographic area for Russian expansion. It is an ideal Russian base, and a road to important Russian global objectives. In this it resembles Korea, Turkey, Persia, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Greece. The world has long been bristling with vital strategic areas for a lot of empires.

Bulgaria has the same church as the Russians, namely the Holy Eastern Orthodox Church. Very few Bulgarians are Roman Catholics; even fewer are Protestants. The Orthodox Church has long served as a mighty link between the Bulgarians and Russians. Practically every important Orthodox country, except Greece, has fallen under Communist domination.

Bulgaria is a peasant land, such as other lands that have proven especially susceptible to Communist tyranny. It has a restless, unstable, rebellious and brilliant intelligentsia, such as is found in practically every contemporary peasant country. A sharp conflict has raged between city and village, between high school graduates and folk traditions.

Bulgaria, during most of its history, has been under foreign domination of a brutal sort. When a portion of the land was freed from the Turks in 1878, the Bulgarians were largely without cities, roads, railroads, industry, or schools. Bulgaria a hundred years ago was a primitive peasant nation, politically inexperienced and largely il-

literate. Its leaders, belatedly plunging into the "Western World," sought to advance with lightning speed. All those circumstances created a situation that was favorable to the lure and the conspiratorial designs of Communism.

However, in order to understand the full meaning of the slavery to which the Communists have subjected Bulgaria, one must get a clear picture of what the non-Communist Bulgarian leaders did for their people between 1878 and 1944. Many complacent Americans with easy consciences and soft hearts allow Communist agents and apologists to persuade them that since the Bulgarians have usually been governed by tyrants, an additional period of Communist tyranny won't do them any harm; in fact, may do them good. This view is not only morally wrong but is based upon false assumptions.

The outstanding fact of Bulgarian history during the half century following the country's liberation is the progress the people made toward democracy. Indeed, this process began even before liberation and was due wholly to the efforts of the common people—peasants and artisans. Here are some of the aspects of the partial democracy which the Bulgarians had attained and which the Communists, since September, 1944, have submerged:

Practically all arable land was divided among the peasants on a very equitable basis. An excellent agrarian state bank served the peasants, largely liquidating high interest rates. A fair number of small factories, mostly for processing food and for making soap and cloth, appeared without the use of much foreign capital. The artisans became small industrialists, and an excellent co-operative bank for them was set up. Railroads spanned the land in spite of its mountainous character, and they were owned by the state, meaning the people. The state also owned most of the mines, the woods, and all unexploited sub-soil wealth. The people owned the streetcar lines, the water works, and most of the electric light and power systems.

Schools were opened in every city and town, as well as in most villages. The apex of the school system was the Sofia State University. Appropriately, the largest university building was for the Agriculture Department. Among the army recruits of Bulgarian origin—not counting gypsies and Turks—90 percent were literate by 1940. Practical extension courses for peasants were held throughout the country.

Cooperatives of every sort were encouraged by the nation. A state theater, a state opera, and municipal theaters were opened.

A creditable native literature appeared; native papers and magazines flooded the cities. Many libraries and reading rooms were opened. Idealistic movements for promoting peace, temperance, Tolstoism, vegetarianism, Esperanto, flourished. A national federation of women's clubs tried to elevate the Bulgarian woman from the rather inferior position in which the traditions connected with Turkish bondage had placed her. The national Church was freed from foreign control and its priests without exception came from the people. Most were sons of peasants, most served the peasantry. The Church owned but little land; the few monasteries were simple and served largely as rest homes for the people.

The Army was a People's Army, since Bulgaria was devoid of any vestige of an aristocracy or landed class.

There were many political parties. These included the Peasant Party, for a time the best of its kind in Europe, Socialists, Democrats, Liberals, Radicals, Progressives and Communists. During the turbulent years between the two world wars, as Nazism from Germany, Fascism from Italy, and Communism from the Soviet Union sent their furious lightning strokes into Bulgaria, there were revolutions and counterrevolutions. There were short periods of outright dictatorship and long periods of partial dictatorship or restricted democracy. The responsibility for this turbulence and partial suppression of democracy rested upon many groups, on both the right and the left.

The outstanding fact is that in spite of all the violence of the Europe of Hitler, Mussolini, Franco, and Stalin, the Bulgarian people, in their own state, with their own parliament, under fairly just courts, and with excellent schools, made very commendable progress. They also enjoyed a large degree of freedom.

Before the last war, which ended in Bulgaria's subjugation to Communist tyranny, the Bulgarian peasant cultivated his own field or vineyard; sent his son and daughter to a village school, from which they could go on up through the university; sold much of his produce and bought a large proportion of essential commodities through cooperatives. He rode on state trains, got wood from state forests, sent his cow in the village herd to common grazing grounds,

borrowed money for a new plow from the state bank, and made his complaints through his own political party.

The Bulgarians were not rich; in fact they were very poor, since 7,000,000 live in mountainous land the size of Ohio. But they were moving toward a people's democracy.

They had external problems. They argued that Serbia, and later Yugoslavia, held land inhabited by Bulgarians. They also claimed certain Greek areas, Thrace and part of Macedonia. The Bulgarians felt very deeply about this—and, to "free their lands," went to war twice on the wrong side.

It was such a Bulgarian land and such a Bulgarian people that the Russian-trained, Red Army-backed Communist Party seized on September 9, 1944. What have they done to it and what are the chief characteristics of their regime?

Be it noted that the Bulgarian Communists did not overturn the pro-Nazi regime. Rather, they overturned the anti-Nazis who had overthrown that regime. Bulgaria went into the Second World War on the side of the Nazis. There was a German army in the land from the beginning of 1941 through the summer of 1944. The Sofia government, King Boris, and later the Regency were in the service of the Nazis. Bulgaria declared war on the United States and Great Britain, though not on Russia.

Early in the summer of 1944, a new government appeared, under the premiership of Ivan Bagrianov, and took steps to get Bulgaria out of the Nazi camp. No other satellite state except Italy had yet left Hitler. At the beginning of September, another government, headed by the peasant leader Kosta Muraviev, replaced the Bagrianov regime and publicly declared that they were getting Bulgaria out of the war. It was this anti-Nazi Peasant-Democratic government that the Communists replaced. They executed or imprisoned the members of the two anti-Nazi governments.

Though the Bulgarian Communists, since the Bolshevik revolution of October, 1917, had been a definite political and conspiratorial force in the country, they were a comparatively small group. During the two decades preceding 1944, they played a minor role in conspiracies, politics, and public opinion; they were not an imminent danger—or hope. When Hitler attacked Soviet Russia on June 22, 1941, there were not 20,000 out-and-out Communists in Bulgaria.

Very few workers or students were Communist; the professors were anti-Communist. A fair number of elementary school teachers—predominantly women—were Communist.

It was this very small minority of Communists that the Red Army and Moscow placed over the 7,000,000 Bulgarians on September 9. All of the main leaders, though of Bulgarian origin, were brought directly from Russia. Moscow delivered Bulgaria into the hands of George Dimitrov, Vasil Kolarov, Mrs. Tsola Dragoicheva, Traicho Kostov, Vulko Chervenkov (Dimitrov's brother-in-law), and a few others. Most of them had lived in Russia for years; one was a Soviet citizen. For a decade Dimitrov had been head of the Third International, directing World Communism for Moscow. He was beyond question one of the most important Communists in the world.

When the powerful autocrat Stalin delivered helpless Bulgaria into the hands of his mighty favorite, the Soviet citizen Dimitrov, that was called by many liberals "the liberation of the nation" or "the uprising of the people." It reminds one of 1878, when the powerful autocrat Czar Alexander delivered Bulgaria temporarily to his minion, Prince Dundoukov.

In every land of Eastern Europe, the U.S.S.R. has delivered the people into the hands of a small group of Kremlin favorites, coming mostly from Russia.

The Communists took over Bulgaria in the name of the Fatherland Front. This organization appeared during the war and was ostensibly a "people's resistance movement." A number of its members—perhaps 8,000—took to the mountains, in which Bulgaria abounds, and did some brave fighting, mainly in 1944. However, they directed their blows almost exclusively against Bulgarians, instead of Germans. In fact, they showed most of their prowess in attacking civilian village officials and in plundering helpless mountain settlements. Their contribution to the common victory was extremely small. Following the classic conspiratorial tactics of Bolshevism, they attempted to break down the Bulgarian state machine and turn the war against Hitler into a civil war for Communist power. They did what Lenin had done twenty-seven years earlier and what Tito was doing at the moment. Just as Tito's National Liberation Front expended most of its energy and ammunition killing Yugoslavs, the Communist-led Bulgarian Fatherland Front spent most of its energy killing Bulgarians.

Thus, during the war, the Fatherland Front obtained power. Since the war, they have kept on killing and plundering Bulgarians to strengthen their power. They have been successful in both enterprises thanks to the Red Army and to their skill.

The Fatherland Front originally consisted of Communists, Socialists, a small group of active or reserve army officers called "Zveno," and peasants belonging to the main branch of the Peasant Party. Later an utterly insignificant clique of Radicals joined up. By far the largest group in the Front were the Peasants; the most active and powerful group were the Communists.

The Communist Party had provided leaders for the fighting Partisans and had used them to form cells throughout the country. Immediately after September 9, when the Front seized power in the presence of the mighty Red Army that was fanning out into all parts of Bulgaria, the armed Communist Partisans hastened from the mountains in horse carriages, old autos, on horseback, and on foot, to take over the villages and towns. In each place they set up a Soviet, or council. These Soviets were self-appointed. And practically all were dominated by Communists, although many contained Peasants; some, Socialists; a few, Zvenoites.

In addition, the National Committee of the Fatherland Front in Sofia, which ran the country through the local Soviets, was managed by a fierce and able Communist woman who had recently been sent from Russia, Tsola Dragoicheva.

Alongside this Front there was an official government with a subservient non-Communist Premier, a naïve non-Communist Foreign Minister, a helpless non-Communist War Minister, and two extremely vigorous Communist Ministers who managed the police and the courts. Moscow, through its 200,000 Red Army soldiers in Bulgaria, through the Communist-directed Fatherland Front, the Communist-managed courts and police, well-armed Communist Partisans, and armed Communist labor leaders, had control over all effective power in Bulgaria.

The very small Communist Party had the nation in a corral. No one could possibly escape. All the Communists had to do was to put a halter on the individuals they wanted to liquidate, and lead them to slaughter. This they proceeded to do, first disposing of their "fascist" enemies outside the Fatherland Front and then eliminating their rivals within it. They operated through outright massacre, ex-

tremely drastic decrees, People's Courts, prisons, concentration camps, forced labor, and economic strangulation.

By the end of 1947, the Soviet-imposed, Soviet-directed Communists had succeeded in placing the nation before the grim alternatives of submission and starvation. It is in such a trap that they now hold Bulgaria—as other similarly organized Communists hold most of Eastern Europe.

The main aspects of this absolute Communist control are as follows:

The Fatherland Front is nothing but a sham. Originally a Communist instrument designed to facilitate the Communist seizure of power, and a decoy to deceive non-Communists, it is now only a piece of shabby window dressing to fool foreign "intellectuals." This Front is symbolic of the great lie which characterizes all Communism everywhere.

The four little fictitious party groups which are still left obsequiously and abjectly to serve the Communists in the Fatherland Front were subjected to special humiliation at the end of 1947. These subservient groups were deprived of the right to have their own youth organizations, and their papers were brought under immediate and direct Communist supervision.

The Fatherland Front is the fictitious basis of Bulgaria's People's Government, which many deceived, and a few vicious, Americans like to praise. Such a front is a fixture in all Communist regimes in Eastern Europe. In Yugoslavia and Albania the phony "people's regime" is called the National Labor Front; in Rumania, the National Liberation Front; in Poland, the National Council. All are masks, forming part of the Communist lie.

In the official Bulgarian government the Communists hold the Presidency of the Republic, the Premiership, and the portfolios of the Interior, Exterior, Economics, Propaganda, Education, the Army, Justice and Finance.

The Communists exert control over the parliament, or Sobranje, through the Cabinet and the Speaker, who is a Party man. Communists head the Central Federation of Labor Unions and are in charge of communications, cooperatives, and commerce.

In fact, the picture of Communist control over the 7,000,000 citizens of Bulgaria is not relieved by a single ray of light. They

control the distribution of rationed food, of clothes, and of dwellings. They also manage the sale of practically all essential non-rationed commodities. Since they can enact any law they please, they can legalize the confiscation of any property that they may wish to take. They can order its seizure by their own policemen, and in case of protest, the dispute comes to trial before their own judges.

The Communists can deprive any person in Bulgaria of his personal liberty on the pretext that he—or she—is idle, disloyal, a saboteur, or a fascist. They can send anyone anywhere they wish, to do whatever they want. By issuing a new currency they have deprived practically all non-Communists of their savings. By means of ruthless persecutions, they have taken over the Army and made it part of the Soviet-led army of world revolution. Many officers were killed, others sent to prison, and not a few to forced labor.

The Communists control the entire press, without exception. There is not one opposition paper of any sort. Communist papers and periodicals abound. Workers, government employees, and teachers are compelled to subscribe to many of them. No book can appear without Communist clearance. The comrades maintain tight control over the radio, on which no opposition voice is ever heard. Loud-speakers have been set up in villages, towns, and city squares; no one can escape the everlasting Communist propaganda, spreading its raucous threats over the land. Agitprop boys and girls search out peasants and pour propaganda into their ears. The ruthless Communist leader, Mrs. Tsola Dragoicheva, has taken over the National Federation of Women's Clubs and runs it as a state-wide Communist propaganda agency. And the Communists control all organized sport, as well as tourist societies, temperance clubs, Esperanto groups, and the like.

Naturally they also control all youth organizations. The children are being drawn into the nation-wide organization of Little Septemberers—its name commemorates the Communist seizure of power in September, 1944. Little Septemberers get extra portions of milk and cookies. They also get along better in school than children who don't join up. The exclusive right to edit and publish children's literature has been given to Communists.

Church services are fairly free. There are two Eastern Orthodox seminaries and one Roman Catholic, all three of them functioning.

There are three Eastern Orthodox Church publications, a Catholic weekly, and a Protestant weekly. None opposes the regime; they either actively support it or else are nonpolitical.

Actually, however, the attempts of the Bulgarian Communist Party to lay its hands on the Church have had much success. The party has won over a number of priests and a small proportion of Bulgaria's few Protestant preachers. It holds the Orthodox Church largely in its grasp in so far as that Church wishes to avoid martyrdom. Communist dictator Dimitrov has lured or intimidated enough priests into his fold to make it possible for him to set up a "People's Church"—just as Hitler did—if the regularly constituted hierarchy should start an opposition movement against him.

This does not mean that Bulgarian priests, bishops, and worshipers have all shown themselves to be cowardly or subservient. On the contrary, many clergymen still conduct themselves in a worthy manner, while the people are attending church in large numbers than ever before. But neither priests nor parishioners are preventing the Communist Party from taking over their church. By creating new "red" Bishops, by placing their agents at the head of the priests' organizations, and by constantly agitating for "church reforms," the Communists are gaining control of the ecclesiastical apparatus. The prospects are that the government will soon be in a position to bring about the unfrocking of every anti-Communist priest. Dimitrov, an atheist, may become the keeper of Christianity for all Bulgarians.

Communist control of the Bulgarian school system has been practically completed—from the kindergartens to the universities. This is an especially vital point in the Communists' program. Determined to control the minds of all the people from the cradle to the grave, they keenly appreciate the value of schools—probably better than any rulers in history. Consequently the Bulgarian Communists have opened some new schools. They stress literacy because they want to prepare the nation to read Communist propaganda. They open new kindergartens; they found new universities; they conduct adult classes. All of them are channels for Communist indoctrination. All extol dialectical materialism and "glorious Leninism-Stalinism, the highest creation of the human mind."

A nation-wide, intricate, carefully co-ordinated mind-binding machine operates weekday and holiday, by the light of the sun and the light of candles. Boys and girls, big sisters and older brothers,

grandpas and grandmas learn to read, recite, declaim, sing. Printing presses pour out books, papers, periodicals, collections of songs. Agitprop agents flock through towns and villages. They visit mothers at their looms, fathers in their shoe shops, children in their classrooms, and bring them such books, declamations, stories, and songs as will fire them with hatred of all non-Communists.

The suppression of the opposition political parties, a process completed some time ago, was carried out in some cases formally, in others informally, but always effectively. The leaders of the pro-Nazi bourgeois parties were physically exterminated within a few months after the Fatherland Front seized power. The democratic bourgeois parties succumbed without much of a struggle. Their last surviving leaders—the two Moushanovs and Athanas Bourrov—were sent into exile in November, 1947, after months of political hibernation. The former regent under the Fatherland Front, Venelin Ganev, a high-minded fellow-traveler who gave continual assistance to Communists, has become an object of special Communist persecution.

The destruction of the great Peasant Party was far more difficult and painful, since most Bulgarians are peasants. But the task has been accomplished. The party is liquidated.

Since June, 1923, the Bulgarian Peasant League and its leaders had received repeated heavy blows, usually at the hands of reactionaries, including pro-Nazis and pro-Fascists. But the peasant movement, including most of its organizations and a majority of its leaders, survived until 1944. Since then every authentic peasant grouping has been wiped out. And every important peasant leader has been eliminated: either killed, imprisoned, or intimidated into moral self-destruction. An example of those who were killed was brave Nikola Petkov, who was hanged on September 23, 1947. An example of those who were imprisoned was irrepressible G. M. Dimitrov, who escaped from the hands of the police and was saved by American intervention in 1945. An example of those who succumbed and committed moral suicide was Asen Pavlov, who toward the end of 1947 capitulated under terrific pressure, formally denounced his movement, and repudiated his heroic chief, Petkov.

A fourth, small group of pseudo-peasant leaders—who from the beginning were semi-Communists or time-servers—sold out their movement for jobs soon after September 9 and still serve as Communist flunkies in the Fatherland Front. Few in number and always

unreliable, they are beneath consideration. But to the other three categories of Bulgarian peasant leaders belonged worthy men who for more than two decades resisted the most terrible odds without apostasy or capitulation. It has taken the full force of the ruthless Communist world to wipe them out. And the Socialists have been liquidated with them. In Bulgarian politics nothing is left but the Communists.

But haven't the people gained from all this? The common people? The "workers, peasants and progressive intelligentsia," as the Communists love to reiterate?

Is it conceivable that the peasants could have gained when their party has been wiped out, when their leaders have been extirpated and their organizations destroyed? Some of their land is being taken from them. Their co-operatives have been seized. Communist mayors have been imposed on their villages. Some of their priests have been killed, others are terrorized. Peasant family customs are ridiculed. Their grain is seized in the fields, their vegetables in their gardens. They dig their potatoes under police control and thresh their wheat with gendarmes watching them. And the state, meaning the Communist Party, takes from them anything it wishes.

Let any conscientious man carefully and observantly review the sad history of the past ten generations of Bulgarian peasants. He will learn that no generation has been so persecuted, even by foreign masters, as this one by native Communists.

How about the workers? Aren't they favored? Yes, some of them—a little. They are objects of special seductions. Some among them are lured and bribed. The Communists try to use them as agents and instruments for oppressing the nation.

Some of the workers get a little cheese, an occasional gob of butter, meat at rare intervals, a little cloth, and lots of praise. This, of course, is more than the nation as a whole gets.

But workers cannot strike and they cannot protest; rank and file toilers have no voice in political affairs; they must go where they're ordered, work as they're told, accept what's offered to them. Never was food for them so scarce, clothing so meager, fuel so hard to get, pressure so great, bosses so ruthless. Bulgarian workers are human, too. They cannot help but feel that heavier burdens rest upon them, greater restrictions encompass them, and a wilder rain of lies pours upon them than ever before in their history.

And now what of the intelligentsia whom the Bulgarian Communists so avidly court? Let an American college graduate merely imagine himself in the place of a Bulgarian intellectual.

It goes without saying that a Bulgarian of this category is economically dependent. He has little property and no independent business, though he may own a modest dwelling, often weighed down by a mortgage.

If the intellectual is a teacher, he must work for the state, county, or city; that is, for the Communist Party. If he's a scientist, historian, or philosopher, his activities are directed by young, rabid, and ignorant Communist Partisans. If he's a writer, his works can see the light only with Communist approval. Even lyrics and lullabies must have official clearance.

The journalist can work only for Communist papers. The social worker must operate only in accordance with the party line. Anyone glowing with a desire to help the long-oppressed Bulgarian woman must take orders from the multiple murderess, Tsola Dragoicheva.

A kindergarten teacher must instill hatred into four-year-old tots. A lawyer must plead before Communist judges and falls under the sharp observation of a large secret service. A priest can repeat mass and preside over the lighting of candles, but he must pray for the Communist government. A preacher, besides reading the Bible and talking of the pure in heart, must put in plugs for the Communist Two Year Plan.

In other words, Bulgaria's intellectuals are being either exterminated or debased. Their lot is hopeless. The Turkish sultans once wiped them out—the Communist dictators are doing the same. Bulgaria's intelligentsia are being reduced to the status of blind, diplomaed lackeys, shouting hosanna to tyrants.

This whole system is typified in the new constitution, which makes parliament all-powerful. There is no distribution of power; all is concentrated in the parliament. That body is elected by one party, as the Soviet Politburo dictates, and in turn gives all power to the party chiefs. Consequently, that little group of party bosses owns and controls Bulgaria. The constitution is a dungeon, parliament its keys, the Politburo the keeper.

Most of the simple Bulgarians yearn for the "good old times of Turkish tyranny," when the villagers tended their fields in com-

parative peace, receiving visits from cruel pashas only once a year or so; when artisans pounded out their kettles or made their wagons, appeasing rapacious tax-gatherers from time to time; when priests, largely unmolested, sang of Christ in half-hidden churches; and the people in fields, woods, pastures, and at country gatherings sang folk songs or told folk stories with no Agitprop commissar to enslave their thoughts. Such is Communist "democracy" in Bulgaria, and in most of eastern Europe upon which Russia has imposed its domination.

The Russians' Warm Water Thirst

Russia is a peculiar country to understand unless one grasps her main preoccupation. In doing so one must realize that Russian and American history manifest a remarkable similarity—up to a certain point. Beyond that point, however, the dissimilarity is startling.

Russia began her career as a nation in a small way at a late period of modern history. From her original settlement she lashed out at an incredible speed. Following the great tributaries of the continental river system, she sped from west to east. Between those tributaries the Russians employed the portage system. At those strategic points they erected crude but sturdy log forts, *ostrogs*.

The similarity with the westward advance of the United States is remarkable. Only, the Russians advanced even more rapidly than pioneer America, covering nearly twice the distance in less than half the time. This was so because they encountered less resistance than the American nation-builders. China was the only major power in the way of their advance, and its might turned out to be a figment of man's overheated imagination. On the other hand, the nascent United States stumbled upon the three great colonial powers of those days: Britain, France and Spain.

The resistance was, however, overcome in both cases, and the two nations reached the goals of their destinies—the Pacific Ocean. Carried along by the impetus of their speed, the Russians spilled over into America across the Aleutian land-bridge and, having encountered no resistance in the great American political vacuum, sped down the coast and erected an *ostrog* almost within sight of the Golden Gate of San Francisco, at Fort Ross.

At this point the parallel ends and Russia's troubles begin. The United States filled out the span of its advance from coast to coast, following the call of what became known as "manifest destiny," and finally eliminated the challenge to its paramount power in the Western Hemisphere. We bought out France, broke the impact of once

formidable Spain, and entered into a tacit alliance with Britain. When the France of the Second Empire attempted to turn America's great civil conflict to advantage, the United States lent its hand to Mexico's Juarez to remove the French-sponsored foreign influence at Querétaro, where Habsburg's unlucky Emperor Maximilian saw his end.

When the United States felt the urge of bringing the two coasts closer together, we acquired the Panama Canal. The Caribbean Sea represents our "warm waters," and we have become its undisputed masters.

The Russians, on the other hand, were frustrated in their endeavor to reach the natural boundaries of their vast country in response to the call of manifest destiny. The harder they tried to reach warm waters, the easier they got into hot water.

The story of that frustration is of the utmost importance to the foreign correspondent, if he is a correspondent and not merely a chronicler of unrelated events of the day. If it had not been for those fatal warm waters, he might not even have become a correspondent.

The greatest foreign correspondent of all times, for instance, began his immortal career in this warm-water region, at a time when Russia was not even heard of. He was Homer, correspondent of the days when the Trojans sought to shut the warm water gate in the very face of the indignant Greeks.

Had it not been for the Russian warm-water problem, another famous foreign correspondent, living at the time of the Crimean War, would not have been given the opportunity to describe the Charge of the Light Brigade. That correspondent was, of course, Lord Tennyson. Then the Russian foreign correspondent, Count Leo Tolstoy, would have lacked the raw material of masterpieces having the Crimea as their backdrop.

Foreign correspondents are notoriously like vultures thriving on death. Therefore they have found the Russians' warm-water troubles a fertile field of operations. No other problem has provided as persistent a cause of wars as the warm-water expansion policy of Moscow.

Does it make much difference to the Russians that they lack warm-water routes, the naïve observer of history may ask. Does the map not reveal the existence of vast shores extending for over 4,000

miles in the Arctic Ocean alone? It has been said, on the word of a noted English statesman, that there are three types of lies: "Lies, damned lies, and statistics." This dictum should be changed to read: "There are four types of lies: lies, damned lies, statistics, and maps." The northern shores of Russia may look impressive on the map, but they are entirely different in reality, since those shores face the cruel Arctic ice. True, nature's freakish action keeps a portion of the Arctic ice-free. While ports far to the south are closed for months at a stretch, the Arctic Murmansk coast is kept ice-free by the Gulf Stream.

But the Murmansk "warm-water port" in the land of perennial winter darkness offers little solace to Russians, since from those favored waters freight must be shipped across Arctic "tundra" wastes, where rails poise hazardously on swampy ice. Moreover, some of the most treacherous stretches of the "frantic Atlantic" must be weathered before goods may be unloaded at the ice-free ports of the Far North. Therefore, the Murmansk coast is unprofitable in normal times as a commercial outlet for bulk material from most of Russia, or destined for Russia. Foreign trade is launched on its successful way at warm-water ports in the temperate regions of the world. It is a well-known axiom that rail transportation cannot compete with ocean trade. Besides, it was military strategy and not trade that Russia's imperial régime had in mind when it devised the country's railway network. The vastness of the country struck that régime as Russia's best line of defense, and therefore it refused to trade business advantages for the strategical benefits of space. When Russia's railroad lines were constructed, they were made broader in gauge than those of the European continent, so that in case of danger the invaders' march would be delayed. In so doing, Russia discarded trade benefits. Transshipment is expensive and even prohibitive at times.

Transportation was expensive from Russian frontier stations to all-year foreign ports, and it was also subject to discriminatory regulations. European nations saw to it that tariffs, schedules, and regulations should strangle the foreign trade of the Russian competitor. The nation described as occupying one-sixth of the land surface of the globe possessed no more than one-fiftieth of the international trade of the globe.

Only one outlet would have been available for Russia's foreign

trade, close to her population and industrial centers, near her most important raw material deposits. That outlet was the Black Sea, but it is little more than a large lake, narrowing into the fatal bottleneck of the Straits. The Black Sea could more properly be described as a dead sea. A country occupying a small fraction of Russia's area, —Bulgaria—considered herself cut off from the seas when she was limited to the Black Sea.

There was a time when more than one-third of Russia's exports were dispatched from Black Sea ports. But Russia could never feel at ease with her Black Sea harbors, and the reason was that the Straits have belonged to her great antagonist, Britain, for over a century. The map, of course, tells a different story, but here again it fails to tell the truth. It tells us that the Straits belonged to the Ottoman Empire in the past and belong to the Turkish Republic today. It does not tell us that both Ottoman Empire and Turkish Republic have lived with British help. Britain was bent on keeping the thirsty Russian giant from southern warm-water routes.

In their agitated history, the Straits have been opened and shut on countless occasions. It was only in the late eighteenth century that the Turks were compelled to open them to Russian merchant vessels. Imperial Russia had to wait half a century before they were opened to her war vessels for a time. Then again the Straits were closed and Russia was ordered off the Black Sea. Back again, she could never feel sure of her own part of the coast. Trade follows the ensigns of warships, and every time those banners are ordered off a sea, trade suffers. The Russians, seeing the Straits controlled by Britain, never felt sure enough about their Black Sea ports. Poor in capital, they never felt encouraged to invest large sums in them. They would have had to expand the ports themselves and—more expensive—to link them with their vast hinterland.

Russian policy, in its perennial struggle to reach warm waters, has moved in two main directions. The first was an attempt to turn the Straits into a Russian dependency. In promoting their cause, the Russians fell back upon history.

Outsiders are puzzled on hearing the Russians describe Moscow as the "Third Rome." Significantly, this represents a vital program to the Russians and not merely a geographic term. The Eternal City of classical times was, naturally, the First Rome. There Christianity found its fruition, as the Russians read history. In the face of the

oncoming waves of barbarian darkness, the torch of the West was carried to the shores of the Bosphorus, and on the site of ancient Byzantium, renamed Constantinople, the Second Rome was born. It followed its own laws of religious nature, and became the seat of the "Orthodox religion," so-called because it represented itself as the true faith of Christianity. When the Ottomans took that city of light in the mid-fifteenth century, its eastern rite of the Christian creed had to bow to Islam. However, by that time Orthodox religion had found a new home on the banks of Moskva, and it was thus that the capital of nascent Russia was hailed as the Third Rome.

The Second Rome was the fountainhead of the authority of the Third Rome, and that Second Rome was desecrated by the presence of the "heathen" Mohammedans. The Turk was a pagan, also an Asiatic barbarian and an intruder, to be ousted from the Christian holy shrine. Russia became the standard-bearer of Christianity, the leader of a permanent crusade against the unbeliever.

Many times the Russian attempted to break the blockade of the Straits, and every time he was repelled. In more recent times he has been repelled by Britain, which takes a different view of this historic fight, looking upon it not as a struggle between the Cross and the Crescent, but as a manifestation of Russian imperialism. The Russians claimed to be intent upon saving the holy shrines from heathen desecration, and found themselves facing British guns. The crusaders of the distant past would have been stunned to see that strange line-up.

The Russians also wanted to by-pass the Straits so as to reach the warm waters directly, and this was the beginning of their Balkans policy. The magnificent port of Salonika beckoned to them in the Aegean, and their intoxicated eyes saw the vision of a row of ice-free ports. In our own days the Russians have turned their eyes farther away, all the way to the Adriatic and Trieste.

Pan-Slavism keynotes the Russians' cross-country Balkans policy. The most strategically located Balkan peoples, the Serbs and Bulgars, are predominantly of Slavic stock. The tie of the blood is especially strong among the Bulgars, who, curiously, were not originally a Slav nation. The Russians were ready to turn Bulgaria into an advanced post.

Now the Russians are trying to construct a vast South Slav Republic of pro-Russian persuasion. That republic would include not

merely the Yugoslavs but also the Bulgars. These countries would, no doubt, retain their nominal identity in the same way, for instance, that Panama has retained her independence in our own part of the world.

Russian insistence upon breaking into the Straits and into the Aegean looks to us like arrant imperialism, but to the Russians the picture looks different. Their minds are focused on what has happened to them within our own times because of the Turkish "guard on the Straits." They recall that during the First World War they skirted disaster because the Turks held the key of the Dardanelles. War material for the Russian forces should have reached them from the arms-rich West. But Turkey was then the ally of Germany and the watch on the Rhine was also the watch on the Straits. The blockade thus set up could not be broken. The desperate Western Allies sought to satisfy Russia's need for steel for its armies by shipping it around the globe by way of the Pacific and the Trans-Siberian.

I was a prisoner of war in Russia then, having been captured as a soldier in the Austro-Hungarian Army, during the great Brusilov offensive in the summer of 1916. As our "cattle car expresses," packed with war prisoners, inched eastward across the Siberian wastes, I remember vividly the heavy freight trains rolling westward with war equipment and supplies. It took us weeks to cover a thousand miles. We were shunted aside at every detour point in order to give the right of way to Allied arms trains. The Russians were so suspicious of us—and I suppose of everybody else—that whenever an arms train approached, the freight car doors were closed and we were forbidden to open them.

But it was a fight against hopeless odds. The Trans-Siberian, with its single track, was inadequate to handle such a volume of traffic. It is quite possible that Russia might have succumbed to the superiority of German arms and generalship anyway. But the nation ascribed the tragic failure of the Czarist hosts to its inability to cope with the transportation problem. Russia fell by the wayside, while her allies forged onward to victory—or something that looked like victory to them. That memory cannot be expunged from Russian minds.

Nor can the memory of a more recent experience be expunged from their minds. They had this experience in the Second World

War. In that war, too, they were cut off from their Western allies, who were forced to send supplies to them across the appalling northern Atlantic and the equally appalling deserts of Iran. This time the Turks were not Germany's allies. They were the allies of Britain, but at the same time, they were Germany's official "friends." Only superhuman efforts enabled the West to victual the Soviets with steel, and only superhuman efforts enabled the Soviets to bring the Nazi armor to a grinding halt before it crashed the Volga barrier. Fate teetered in the balance and the world was saved.

Deeper reasons for Russia's persistent warm-water policy invite our attention as well. Size and Great Power position are not identical terms, as every intelligent observer knows. Britain was the world's leading power for centuries despite her small size. On the other hand, Russia is gigantic in size and yet she has been pushed around by comparative midgets.

The highways of Great Power position are the high seas. On land, a nation's neighbors are the few countries on its frontiers, on the ocean, a nation's neighbors are all other nations facing the seas. Barred from access to the sea, Russia was like a giant wrapped in swaddling clothes.

One runs counter to trends these days by manifesting an understanding of Russia's paramount problem. Yet history's lesson should be clear for all observers to see. The Russians are acting rabidly—but that is nothing new. For centuries they have acted rabidly, whether under great czars, such as Peter, or incompetent rulers, such as Nicholas II, or under the rule of Stalin. They have acted as frustrated nations do—raw-nerved, and displaying execrable manners.

If we permit ourselves the luxury of constructive thinking and do not let ourselves be washed down the waste-water drain of history by emotions and their projection into slogans, we must admit frankly that no unsolved problem has caused anywhere near as much trouble as Russia's frustration in finding her own destiny, commensurate with her potential importance. In Russia's desperate search of warm waters, we are faced with a truly elemental force.

A by-product of this situation is that Russia has been forced to turn toward the East, and thereby kept apart from the circulation of Western ideas. She was thus further alienated from the common Western ideals of contemporary civilization.

It is interesting in this connection to recall that the "Iron Chancellor" of Germany's Second Reich, Prince Bismarck, also found the Russians impossible people to get along with, as he recorded in his *Gedanken und Erinnerungen*. But he took no trouble to find out the reasons why the Russians acted in that impossible way. He found the Russians speaking a language the West could not understand. Yet he had tried harder than most other statesmen of his age. Eventually, he turned away from St. Petersburg and devoted his attention to cultivating the friendship of Vienna.

The view has been voiced that in as much as the Russians are utterly unspeakable, the fact should be faced and the world be fractured into two parts. People expressing such views fail to realize that if you treat a nation as if it had been afflicted with pestilence, place it in quarantine behind "*cordons sanitaires*," treat it as an outcast, it will act like an outlaw. Yet, this is precisely the way the West consistently treated Russia, forcing her out of the comity of civilized Western nations and then overwhelming her with rebukes because she failed to act like one.

Only once before the last war was Russia treated as a civilized country by one of her neighbors, and she reacted to this treatment in kind. The country in question was Turkey, reborn from the ashes of the Ottoman Empire under the leadership of Mustafa Kemal, whom his people came to call Atatürk, "Father of the Turks." Kemal knew how to learn from the lessons of the dismal past. He saw that the Ottoman Empire had been forced to waste its substance because of constant scrapping with her gigantic Russian neighbor. He saw that as long as such scrapping continued, Turkey was doomed to serve as the perennial catspaw of outside powers. Atatürk had both the vision and the courage to reverse Turkey's foreign policy. He concluded a friendship pact with the Kremlin and, certainly, the foreign correspondents of the past must have rubbed their celestial eyes with incredulity in their heavenly abodes. The Soviets, even though poverty-stricken themselves, advanced to Turkey the first small sum which enabled her to lay the foundations of her metallurgical industry. The Russians also helped the Turks to modernize their armed forces. A more complete change in the historic pattern would have been scarcely possible.

Shortly after Atatürk's death in 1938, relations between the two countries underwent a dramatic change. Who engineered that

change is hard to say. Some observers believe it was Turkey's second President, Ismet İnönü, who found himself at war with the ghost of the founder of the republic and was loath to be known to history as the mere shadow of a mighty personality. Others believe that outside influences may have been at work. It seemed to portend great dangers for those outside influences for Turkey and the Soviets to meet in friendship on the shores of the Dardanelles. Whatever the cause, Turkey now returned to her pre-Kemal traditional policy toward the Russians.

In the autumn of 1947, I paid my first postwar visit to Turkey and other countries of the Near East. A few months before, the so-called Truman Doctrine of helping the Turkish and Greek "democracies" against Soviet totalitarianism had been announced. Wherever I went in Turkey, I saw evidences of military installations. The dusty-blue color of the infantryman's uniform was everywhere.

In an effort to observe the "grass roots" of Turkish public opinion, I visited the core of Anatolia, which is the very heart of Turkey. I visited villages which looked as if they had survived the Deluge—remnants of the earliest Stone Age. I got to talking with the peasants. Little do outsiders realize how articulate the Turkish peasant can be. It was easy to engage them in conversation about the Russians.

The Turkish peasants have a strange word for "Russian"—"Moskov," meaning Muscovite, a term coined at a time when modern Russia was not yet born, and the Grand Duchy of Muscovy was in existence. The older peasants told of the wars they had fought—an endless succession of wars. They told me of fighting the Muscovites in 1911 and 1922, and when I reminded them that in the former year they could have fought only the Italians, and that in the latter their enemies were the Greeks, they protested that in both cases they fought "Moskov," the Russians, whose very name signifies the foe.

Under Kemal's rule I had found the peasants talking very peacefully. Temporarily, Moscow was not the mortal enemy. How quickly people react to the signal from the captain's bridge was demonstrated anew.

What is Russia's warm-water policy at present? What is Turkey's policy? Where do the United States and Britain stand?

The Soviets did not renew a friendship pact with the Turks, which lapsed in the last year of World War II. The Kremlin's policy toward the Straits was outlined in its note of mid-summer, 1946. It

was clearly inspired by what was interpreted in Moscow as the Turks' anti-Russian policy. It was also inspired by what Moscow said was active help rendered by the Turks to the Axis during the war.

The core of the Russian note appeared in its fourth and fifth proposals. In the fourth proposal, the Kremlin demanded that the Straits come under the competence of Turkey and the Black Sea Powers. This would eliminate Great Britain and the other outside powers which had a hand in drawing up the Montreux Agreement of 1936, the previous set of rules relating to the status of the Straits. Since the Soviets are the strongest Black Sea power, they would, no doubt, dominate the Straits with the aid of their flock of docile satellite states. At the same time, outside powers would no longer be able to exert pressure upon the Russians.

The fifth proposal of the Russian note was even more far-reaching: "Turkey and the Soviet Union, as most interested and capable of guaranteeing freedom of commercial navigation and security in the Straits, shall organize joint means of defense of the Straits for the prevention of their utilization by other powers for aims hostile to the Black Sea countries."

When a country like the Soviet Union proposes to organize joint defenses with a country like Turkey, it is like the lion suggesting that the lamb retire with it for a friendly chat. Under such a system, it would take only a short time before the Soviets dominated the Straits.

In submitting this proposal, the Soviets recited a long list of Turkish misdeeds during the war in shutting both eyes to the Axis' smuggling of warships into the Black Sea. The Russians enumerated the names and types of Axis war vessels they claimed were so used during the war. It was implied that such practices would not be tolerated under similar circumstances in the future.

The Turks denied the Soviet allegations and insisted that the ships enumerated in the Soviet note were merchant vessels. They argued further that, under the existing rules, the Turkish authorities lacked the right to search merchant ships. They expressed readiness to enter into negotiations looking toward the modification of the existing pact so as to acquire authority to determine the real nature of supposed merchant ships requesting permission to enter the Straits.

The diplomatic tug-of-war was on. Again the Soviets sent a note,

reiterating their charges. They also quoted older agreements with Turkey about joint rule of the Straits by Turkey and the Black Sea Powers. They argued that in as much as the Soviet Union had a shore line of 1,100 miles on the Black Sea, within easy distance of important regions of the U.S.S.R., Moscow's participation in the defense of the Straits was more than justified.

A significant feature of this diplomatic warfare was the part the United States took. This was all the more significant because America had had little to do with the Straits in the past. It had been, as a matter of fact, the only major power to keep aloof. True, the United States concluded a pact with the Ottoman Empire on February 25, 1862, but it was no more than a routine treaty of commerce and navigation. The United States went so far in its disregard of the Straits problem that it was not even one of the original signatories of the great pacts of the period between the wars. We were, for instance, not a signatory at all of the Sèvres Treaty of August 10, 1920, which was to end the First World War with Turkey. That pact never even entered into force. Nor was the United States a signatory of the Lausanne Treaty of July 24, 1923, which actually terminated the war. The United States was not one of the original signers of the Montreux Agreement of July 20, 1936, which was to remain in force for twenty years. Again, the United States concluded a mere routine pact of commerce and navigation with Turkey on October 1, 1929, and a reciprocal trade agreement on April 1, 1930. Turkey was the first non-belligerent neutral to receive Lend-Lease.

The recent change of American policy in this respect is truly revealing. Now it is Washington that takes the initiative. It certainly took the initiative in the discussion leading to the modification of the Montreux Agreement in its note of November 2, 1945. In that note our State Department set forth four significant proposals as the basis for the solution of the problem of the Straits. Merchant vessels would be free to use the Straits at all times, while war vessels of the Black Sea Powers only would enjoy that privilege. Warships of other Powers could use that route at all times only with United Nations approval, under specific agreements with Black Sea Powers, and with an agreed limited tonnage in times of peace. Britain endorsed the American proposal a few days later. Again, the United States spoke on August 16, 1946, in answer to the Soviets' note. Two days later, Great Britain seconded the motion of America.

In another round of diplomatic battle it was again the United States that rebutted the Soviets, and Britain again endorsed our stand in its note of the same day, October 9, 1946. Previously, it had always been Great Britain that spoke, while the United States took no action. It may not have been the avowed intention of the two countries to act in such a way, and all the more significant was the reversal of their historic roles. It was these antecedents that foreshadowed the Truman Doctrine, which enunciated the proposition that the United States was interested and would take action in any part of the world in which it thought democracy was endangered, also that it undertook to define the meaning of democracy. Turkey was officially pronounced to be "democratic" by American presidential action.

What, then, is the solution of the problem? How can Russia's historic thirst for warm waters be quenched? Turkey has been in possession of the Straits—real or imaginary—for five centuries. It is she that owns the land of both approaches to those vital waters. Under the Turkish Republic, the Straits are no longer in the possession of a decadent dynasty, but of a fiercely patriotic nation.

The Russians, on the other hand, can display the wounds they received because they had no hand in the régime of the Straits. They can also point to the fact that other Great Powers simply seized such strategic positions, as shown by the examples of Panama and Suez. They state, further, that Turkey could not have maintained herself in that key position without British backing, now replaced by that of the United States. They do not say, but possibly imply, that Britain's position in the world has undergone a change.

In seeking a solution, one is impressed by the thought that there is much merit in the Anglo-American proposal. There is merit to it, however, only if Russia and Turkey are friends. There would be little merit to it if Turkey were to become a satellite of the United States. In that case the Russians would feel the same frustration they experienced under the czars. In that case, they would feel that the noble intent of the treaty would be carried out only if it suited the book of America.

Only by permitting the Turks and Russians to work out their destinies within the framework of a modified Straits agreement can we hope to come within talking distance of peace in that section of the globe. It was possible for Russians and Turks to reverse a his-

toric trend under Kemal's rule between the two World Wars. Instead of impeding their friendship, why could we not help them find the way to peace? It will shun not merely their nations but the entire world unless its crossroads, Constantinople and the Straits, are fitted not into an aggressive policy, but a policy of mutual understanding and interdependence—in other words, a policy of lasting peace.

Russia in Asia

IN 1945, during one of the early Russian-American disputes over affairs in Poland, an American diplomat in Moscow had the unusual experience of discussing current politics with a Russian official. The American talked about Poland. The Russian listened, then shrugged. "Poland?" he said. "Why do you worry about Poland? Don't you Americans realize that Europe is now the back yard?"

Communication between Americans and Russians on any level being so notoriously scanty, this casual remark, made over a glass in a corner of an official reception room, no doubt received careful scrutiny in the American Embassy and possibly was even reported to Washington. It had to be interpreted, like a pronouncement of the Delphic oracle. The Russian seemed to be saying that Europe, with its churning fragments and ebbing vitality, had yielded place at the center of world affairs. It still commanded attention, pressure and counter-pressure, strategy and counter-strategy. But in the long view, action in Europe had become a diversion secondary to the ultimate theater of great decisions. That would be Asia.

To the American mind, especially the official American mind, this is still a most unlikely proposition. It cannot see that far. Americans have been but newly wrenched from their own national provincialism. They have come blinking onto the world stage and the only things they recognize there are European. Their attention is guided by all the directional beams of their own origins, culture, history, religion, trade, and capital investments. All the basic American social affinities are European. It is therefore understandably difficult for the American to absorb the notion that the polar center of human affairs could shift, or has shifted, from Europe to Asia.

The Russian has no such difficulty, especially not the totalitarian Russian engaged in a contest for world power. He is still intensely interested in Europe, in the fate of its people and its resources. He will contest with the United States the terms of Europe's further history. But as he looks at *his* map, he sees Europe for what it is, one

crowded corner of the great Eurasian land mass of which he, the Russian, already occupies the greater part. If America is, by affinity, primarily a European power, Russia is then primarily Asiatic. If, by the accidents of history, the center of social and industrial gravity of Eurasia has been concentrated in its western corner, that weight can be, and is being, shifted.

The prewar industrialization of Russia was the beginning of that process. The war rectified more of the disparity by simple destruction, especially in Germany. The Russians have corrected it further by moving their own frontier westward to the Elbe, by highly selective looting, and by yoking the plants and resources of Eastern Europe to the needs of their own system. Finally, and most significantly, the center of gravity of industrial power is being pulled eastward by Russia's economic development beyond the Urals and far to the edges of the Pacific. The Soviet East is already capable of sustaining itself in peace or in war, and although immense development has already taken place there, its real economic potentialities have been barely scratched.

In relation to the United States, and even to the surviving economy of Western Europe, Russia is still industrially inferior. But it does not intend to remain so. While trying to restore the industrial losses it suffered during the war and ultimately to resume its expansion, Russia is doing its best to prevent or retard economic reconstruction in Western Europe under American auspices, a task in which it has the considerable help of the Western European Communist parties and the American old-style conservatives. But in any case, given an eviscerated Germany and the continued fragmentation of Europe into impotent little nationalist entities, Russia is today strategically paramount on the continent. The relative positions may shift to one degree or another, depending upon the success of the European Recovery Program and upon the speed of Russia's effort to close the gap between Russian and American war-making potential, especially in the newer weapons. But in present power-political terms, Western Europe, like Greece, is but a salient, a small wedge in one corner of an infinitely enlarged continental arena.

In relation to backward Asia, on the other hand, Russia is already an industrial colossus. Its economic strength, and even the standard of living of its people, is superior to that of most Asiatics. Western military and economic power in Asia is today being steadily

whittled down with the disappearance of the nineteenth century colonial system. All the major countries of Asia are struggling to lift themselves out of their backwardness. They are having to do so in a world contracted and frustrated by the limitations and failures of Western capitalism and its apparent inability to grow into a viable world economic system in which people can thrive. It is this vast Eastern hemisphere, continental and subcontinental Asia with its billion people, that is the area of tomorrow and, in Russian eyes, the major zone for its expanding power. Here, in the coming decades, lies the world's new front yard. Here is where the ultimate decisions of world power are most likely to be made.

Of this Asia, Russia is already a large indigenous part. Russian Asia is a thousand miles broader than the United States. Its population already exceeds fifty millions. Its recent economic development, largely carried out with forced labor, has already opened and transformed the Siberian wilderness. Russian Asia is peopled by races and tribes ethnically and historically related to the neighboring nations of non-Russian Asia. From the edges of India's northwest frontier, across Turkestan and Mongolia, and down to Possiet Bay, facing the Japan Sea below Vladivostok, Russia's Asiatic border winds for more than 4,000 miles, the longest land frontier on earth. Russia is not merely an Asiatic power; it is the greatest Asiatic power, economically the strongest and, by pre-atomic weapons at least, militarily the most unassailable. It does not do to ignore or underestimate this fact, for it may be the most crucial fact of our times.

Russia has long been one of the major factors in modern Asiatic history. Under the czars, Russian incursions into China were part of the long, slow effort to penetrate the Siberian spaces and to complete Russia's expansion to its own Pacific frontier. The effort to secure an all-year Pacific port was a logical outcome of that expansion and it brought Czarist Russia into the tangled imperialist rivalries for control of Manchuria, for railroad rights, for special privileges and concessions in China Proper. It is seldom remembered now that it was Russian pressure on Manchuria that mainly inspired the Open Door notes from the United States in 1899, and that the historic policy inaugurated by those notes had its roots in British efforts to use the United States as a counterweight to Russia. Nor

is it too often recalled that Japan's challenge to Russia in 1904 for power in Manchuria had British and American encouragement and support.

Internally backward and ruled by a semi-medieval autocracy, Russian power had bulk and weight but little more. The Czarist adventures in China were always fumbling, and almost always ended in failure. Russia could, in common with Britain, the United States, and other Western nations, extort special advantages from weak China, but it could not hold its own even against tiny and newly risen Japan. After it was defeated by Japan in the war of 1904-5, Russia actually became the junior partner in a deal with Japan for division of spheres of influence, an arrangement that came to an abrupt end with the fall of the Czar in 1917.

The Russian revolution ushered in the brief and glittering era of Bolshevik internationalism. It was something new under the sun. For Lenin and Trotsky, the revolution did not signalize merely the end of czarism in Russia. It heralded the downfall of world capitalism. It never occurred to them that they were building the foundations of a new national power in Russia, for they were seeking an end to all national power. They looked not for a new Russia but for a new world. Lenin said a thousand times that a socialist Russia could not survive alone in a hostile capitalist world. He defined internationalism as "the subordination of the interests of the proletarian struggle in one nation to the interests of that struggle on an international scale, and the capability and readiness of one nation which has gained a victory over the bourgeoisie of making the greatest national sacrifices for the overthrow of international capitalism." For a short time, this was the spirit that animated Russian Bolshevism. But within that time the impulses it radiated reached the farthest corners of Asia, fused with the nascent national revolutionary movements there, and made the Russian influence felt, to one degree or another, in all the great upheavals that shook Asia, from China to the Indies, in the decade after the First World War. Except in China, direct Russian participation in most of these events was negligible. The Communist International was then but newly formed. Its parties in the East had barely come into existence. The catalytic influence of Russia in Asiatic nationalism was not Moscow gold but the force of an example and an idea that assaulted the foundations of imperialism everywhere.

Back in 1900, when troops of the Czar were taking part in the bloody suppression of the Boxer Rebellion in China, Lenin had denounced the rulers of Russia for laying "their greedy paws upon China," for robbing it "as ghouls rob corpses." In 1917, these became the premises of Soviet policy. In a declaration on July 25, 1919, the Soviet government formally repudiated "all the secret treaties concluded with Japan, China, and the former allies; treaties by which the Czar's government, together with its allies, through force and corruption, enslaved the peoples of the Orient, and especially the Chinese nation, in order to profit the Russian capitalists, the Russian landlords, and the Russian generals." Again, on October 27, 1920, the Soviet government, in a note to China, declared "as void all the treaties concluded by the former government of Russia with China, [and] renounces all the annexations of Chinese territory, all the concessions in China, and returns to China free of charge and forever all that was ravenously taken from her by the Czar's government." Three-and-a-half years later, in May, 1924, the Russians succeeded in writing this policy into a new treaty with China, the first equal treaty between China and an outside country in modern times.

At that time new revolutionary currents were stirring in South China. Peasants and workers were beginning to awaken and to act in their own behalf. Bourgeois nationalists under Sun Yat-sen, under the impetus of economic gains made during the European war, were beginning to seek a way of recovering China's half-lost national sovereignty. Sun encountered deaf ears in the Western capitals of the world. He turned to Russia. A band of Soviet advisers, headed by Borodin and General Bluecher (known as Galen) came to Canton. Sun Yat-sen's moribund party, the Kuomintang, was completely reorganized, armed with a new and comparatively revolutionary program, and revitalized by the admission of the Chinese Communists, newly emerged from among the revolutionary youth of the country. A military academy was established. A young Chinese officer, who had briefly visited Moscow and who on every appropriate occasion pledged fealty to the cause of world revolution, was placed at its head. His name was Chiang Kai-shek. An army animated by a political idea, national freedom, was brought into being. Britain, the principal foreign enemy, was hit hard by a general strike that tied up the colony of Hong Kong for more than a year.

The new Kuomintang armies marched in the Northern Expedi-

tion in 1926 against the militarist satraps who ruled North China. Under the impetus of an astounding mass movement that arose in their van, they won swift victories. The militarist armies dissolved or went down to quick defeat. The Kuomintang forces, led by Chiang Kai-shek and master-minded by Galen, reached Shanghai in the spring of 1927. A workers' insurrection won control of the city, which was duly turned over to Chiang Kai-shek when he arrived. There Chiang came to terms with the Chinese bankers and the foreign interests behind them. On April 12, 1927, he turned on the movement he had led. The Communists, still acting at Moscow's behest as the obedient servants of the Kuomintang, were caught wholly unprepared. They were decimated. The huge trade unions and peasant organizations were crushed. After a brief interlude with the so-called "left" Kuomintang in Hankow, the Russians and the Communists were routed again when the "left" capitulated to Chiang. The Russians reacted convulsively and directed the Chinese Communists into a series of desperate uprisings, culminating in the three-day Canton Commune in December, 1927, where more than 5,000 Chinese workers were butchered in the streets. At a most conservative estimate, at least 100,000 were killed by Chiang Kai-shek and his supporters in the crushing of the revolution. The Chinese revolution, which might have wholly transformed the world relationship of forces at that time, was choked off. Chiang's new government severed relations with Russia. It was a catastrophic defeat for which the Russians were themselves in large degree responsible.

The details of this defeat make a long and complex story.¹ But the essential dynamics of the matter can perhaps be briefly described as follows: The Russian revolution was like an option on world socialism, valid only for a short period. The revolution had to extend or else retreat upon itself. It had to become international in scope or else reassume, in some new form, its purely national identity. It could not survive as a genuinely socialist revolution. But it could and did transform itself into something else. The Bolsheviks triumphed in Russia, but the support Lenin had counted on in Central and Eastern Europe failed to materialize. Russia was isolated and had to fight off the united intervention of the Western powers supporting the counter-revolutionary Whites. The people were weary, the land

¹ For a full account and treatment see Harold R. Isaacs, *The Tragedy of the Chinese Revolution*, London, 1938.

ravaged. Internationalism was a tender flower that had to grow strong swiftly or else be choked in the weeds of renewed nationalism. First subtly, then headlong, this process began to take place within the Russian Bolshevik regime. It began to move, now slowly, now perceptibly, now swiftly, from the radical world view to the conservative national view. In its desperate isolation, the regime, instead of "making the greatest national sacrifices for the overthrow of international capitalism," began inevitably to seek from elsewhere the greatest international sacrifices for the preservation of Russian national socialism. This evolution took place over a period of years and was doctrinally enthroned, after Lenin's death in 1924, when Joseph Stalin advanced his theory of "socialism in one country." Simultaneously, Russian Bolshevism began to evolve into the monolithic, bureaucratic, police state that we know today.

The Russian influence on the Chinese revolution came into full play (1926-27) just as this transition was taking place. Stalin and the men who came to power with him in Russia wanted an ally in the East as a bulwark against the anti-Soviet West. But they failed wholly to understand the internal logic of the revolution in China. They acted on the premise that the leaders of the bourgeois Kuomintang were the only possible leaders of the revolution and that, as captives of an aroused mass movement, these leaders would have to see the issue through to the end. Less than a week before Chiang Kai-shek's coup in Shanghai, Stalin promised that Chiang and his rightist mentors could "be utilized to the end, squeezed out like a lemon, then flung away." But Chiang, in return for millions from the bankers and a few meager concessions from the Western powers, made squeezed lemons instead out of the Chinese Communists and the great mass organizations. China passed into the hands of the Kuomintang dictatorship. The Communists retreated to the hills in the interior, there to begin a whole new evolution as an agrarian radical force. But all of China's problems remained, acutely aggravated. The country was at the mercy of a rapacious regime and of continued foreign rivalries. It was prostrate when, only four years later, Japan began the first of its new invasions of the Chinese continent.

The defeat in China hastened the evolution of the Soviet regime into a totalitarian police state. In that same year, 1927, Stalin expelled, imprisoned, and exiled the members of the opposition led by Trotsky and the Old Bolsheviks. The power of the new bureaucratic

class was consolidated in the ensuing years by mass political deportations, liquidation of all opponents, and by the drastic subordination of all other considerations to the economic and military up-building of the Russian state. Those were the years of the Five Year Plans, the development of forced labor on a vast and systematic basis, the man-made famine, the frame-up trials and mass purges. On the foreign field, the Communist parties were ruled by the overriding need to preserve a safe *status quo* in which Russia would not be disturbed while it was building up its power. Those were the years of the wild zigzags in international Communist policy, the crucial tragedy of Hitler's victory in Germany, the People's Fronts, the mutual defense pacts, the aborted Spanish civil war and French general strike, the pacts with Japan and with Hitler, the plotting of the partition of Poland, and the outbreak of the Second World War.

As the herald of international socialism, Russia had hopelessly failed. As a new national power based upon complete state control of the means of production, it was a glittering success. It emerged from the Second World War as one of the two major powers on earth. Its role in world affairs had become not so much that of the proponent of a new and better world order, as that of a claimant to the world's spoils. It spoke for its national "security" and acted for its own aggrandizement. Out of Moscow came no echo of the Bolshevik "peace without annexations or indemnities" of 1918, but a deliberate program of maximum annexation and maximum indemnities. It established its power across Eastern and Southeastern Europe, absorbed territories, and created satellite border states. It leaned across the Dardanelles toward the Middle East. It reached across the Amur River into Manchuria and spilled over into Korea. It reached out into the Pacific to the farthest of the Kuriles. It faced its erstwhile allies across the ruins, not to make a peace but to match grab for grab, deal for deal, power for power.

The new Russia picked up out of its past not the broken thread of internationalism which it had dropped in the first decade after the revolution, but the thread of classic Russian imperialism which the Bolsheviks thought they had severed forever in 1917. It not only re-established the political-strategic aims of Czarist imperialism, but readopted its moral attitudes, its national gods, and its shibboleths. Only, the new Soviet fatherland was more powerful, more autocratically ruled, more successful than the Czarist fatherland ever

was. When this new Russia turned again toward Asia in 1945, it was not to pick up where the revolution had left off in 1927 but where the Czar had left off in 1905.

The new cycle in Asia began at Yalta, in February, 1945, when Stalin laid down his terms for joining in the war against Japan. Stalin demanded, and Roosevelt and Churchill agreed in a secret pact, that in return for Russian action against Japan, "the former rights of Russia, violated by the treacherous attack of Japan in 1904, shall be restored."

These included the return to Russia of southern Sakhalin, the establishment of "joint" Sino-Soviet control over the main Manchurian railway system and the port of Dairen, restoration of the Czarist naval base at Port Arthur, and recognition of Russia's "pre-eminent position" in the entire region. In addition, the pact gave Russia what the czars never had, the Kurile Islands. In the best freebooting tradition of the last century, China was given no choice but to submit. Roosevelt agreed to "obtain" the assent of Chiang Kai-shek, but it was not essential, for the pact added: "The heads of the three Great Powers have agreed that these claims of the Soviet Union shall be unquestionably fulfilled after Japan has been defeated." Chiang's concurrence was, however, duly obtained, and the secret Yalta terms were embodied in the Sino-Soviet treaty signed in Moscow on August 14, 1945, just as Japan was surrendering. Thereby the Soviet Union, the only state to sign an equal treaty with China after the First World War, became the only state to sign an unequal treaty with China after the Second World War.

Lenin had rejoiced over the Czar's defeat in 1904 and had, when he came to power, snatched the Czar's "greedy paws" off China's back. The measure of transformation in the intervening years is perhaps best given in Stalin's words on Sept. 2, 1945, the day of Japan's surrender: "The defeat of the Russian troops in 1904 . . . fell as a dark stain on our country. Our people trusted and awaited the day when Japan would be routed and the stain wiped out. For forty years we, the men of the older generation, have waited for this day. And now this day has come."

Russia invaded Manchuria in the last week of the war. It paid for the Yalta concessions with a six-day advance against a collapsing Japanese army. It moved into Korea, occupying the northern half

down to the 38th parallel by terms of an agreement whose details, date, origin, and purpose we still do not know. Manchuria, the principal bone of imperialist contention in China for more than half a century, contained about 70 percent of all of China's industrial capacity. Some eight months later, when the Russian occupation ended, the Manchurian industrial plant was a hollowed shell. The Russians systematically looted, destroyed, and removed the most useful machinery in the mines and factories. It was a deliberate piece of destruction, of a cynicism and a thoroughness hardly matched by the destructiveness of the war itself. Whether it was done because Russia wanted the machinery or because it simply desired to eliminate industrial power so near its own frontiers, the fact is that the land was stripped and China's ability to rebuild out of the rubble of fourteen years of war and invasion was materially reduced. The Soviet army eventually withdrew, but not until it had assured Communist control of Manchuria. Port Arthur and Dairen remained, of course, under Soviet military occupation.

The Chinese Communists had poured into Manchuria as the big war ended. There they received from the Russians the huge stocks and stores and weapons of the defeated army of Japan. These have enabled the Communists, by now, to establish control over all of Manchuria. The last slim corridor along the railroad was being pinched off as this was being written. Li Li-san, a veteran Chinese Communist leader, who had been living in Russian exile for fifteen years, was brought back to head the new local Communist regime. Through this regime and the Chinese Communist armies, which include Mongolian and Korean troops, Russian control of Manchuria is now all but absolute. The pace at which it will move, the manner and method of Manchuria's further development, will depend on the course of the civil war elsewhere in China. But any time from now on that the Russians wish to formalize the new status by having the Communists proclaim an autonomous or quasi-autonomous Manchurian state to succeed the late Japanese puppet state of Manchukuo, it can be done and there is no force that can prevent it.

Manchuria is the key piece in the crazy mosaic of power politics in northeastern Asia. But the Russian "security zone" also extends now for the whole deep length of the northern and western border regions of China. Adjoining Manchuria is Inner Mongolia, which, like Outer Mongolia in the past, has been only most tenuously under

formal Chinese sovereignty. It was the center for many years of a Japanese-sponsored "autonomy" movement which never came to full fruition. Now largely in Chinese and Mongolian Communist hands, it too can be bracketed with Outer Mongolia and Manchuria in an independent or semi-independent status at any time that such a course is dictated by Russian policy.

Beyond lies the vast reach of Outer Mongolia, which is already an "independent" state under Russian control. Outer Mongolia had actually been detached from China ever since 1922, when it was one of the theaters of the Russian civil war. It remained formally under Chinese sovereignty until, under the terms of the Sino-Soviet treaty of 1945, it was formally recognized as being "independent" following a plebiscite. It forms an integral part of the Soviet sphere in Asia.

In the far west lies Sinkiang, or Chinese Turkestan, which borders on Soviet Turkestan. This, too, has long been a zone of Soviet penetration via trade relations, civil and military missions, and domination of local tribes and governments. Sinkiang is still formally, but loosely, under Chinese sovereignty, but is today for all practical purposes a satellite within the Soviet sphere. It is, at the very least, an area in which Soviet influence cannot be seriously challenged.

Thus Russia already directly or indirectly dominates all the major northern Asiatic areas adjacent to its own frontiers. From this vast zone, Russia now watches, with a certain detached interest, the course of the continuing civil war in China Proper itself.

In all the areas mentioned, Russia has assured its position by its own direct action of one kind or another. Its assistance to the Chinese Communists in gaining a hold on Manchuria was crucial. But it would be the most naïve kind of mistake for anyone to assume that the Chinese civil war is the result of Russian machinations. That civil war is the fruit of China's own aggravated crisis. If victory in that war falls to the Communists, the advantage will ultimately, of course, go to Russia. The Russian sphere automatically extends with each extension of Communist power in China. But this is taking place primarily because the Chinese Communists win and hold the support of China's peasants by boldly attacking China's root problem: the land crisis. This advantage for Russia is so enormous that it can afford to be relatively passive now while the civil war runs its course.

The Chinese Communists, as we have repeatedly seen down through the years, are able to exploit their radical agrarianism with

complete cynicism and to turn it on and off as though the revolution were a spigot. We know too that, in complete affinity with the Russian totalitarians, they brook no political opposition and guide themselves strictly in accord with the shifting needs of Russian foreign policy. But in their struggle for power against the crumbling Kuomintang, they are able to offer the Chinese peasant freedom from the exactions of landlords and corrupt officials. Above all, they are again offering him the greatest prize of all, the land itself. In a condition of such intolerable crisis as China now suffers, the political weight goes with those who give the peasants even a small improvement in their lot. Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang, ruling for the landlords, militarists, and the corrupt government bureaucracy, is not merely incapable of coping with the crisis. It is the very expression of the crisis itself. If it be a choice of tyrannies, the Chinese peasant will follow the Communists because he cannot, even with all his limitless stoicism, any longer abide Kuomintang rule. The Chinese Communists may ultimately, and in a wholly different way, prove to be even harsher masters. But right now the Chinese peasant is taking his chances on that future rather than submit to his present lot.

It is here in China Proper and on this issue of the internal social crisis, that Russian influence meets directly the counter-influence of the United States. The American effort has been to establish in East China a salient against Russia on the Asiatic mainland. But it has failed hopelessly because it has been able to find or fashion no better instrument of its policies than Chiang Kai-shek's government. This failure is only the latest expression of the deeper Western failure to exert a fruitful influence on the development of backward China. It served only to lay China prostrate. It brought no answer to China's need for industrialization, modernization, and new growth. It broke down the old Chinese society. It shattered the remnants in bitter rivalries and wars. It nourished no new social system in which China could thrive and its people find some degree of betterment. China's tragedy is that not finding its solutions in any possible adaptation of the freer social institutions and economic systems of the West, it is driven to the choice of embracing Communist totalitarianism. The Americans, now the chief representatives of the West, offer it no practical alternative. That is why although the Russians are now comparatively inactive in the Chinese civil war and the Americans are comparatively active, the issue is being decided in Russia's favor.

The same basic issue must ultimately govern the future course of South Asia, the great subcontinent that lies below China. There, countries long subject as colonies of Western imperialism are only now emerging as new and independent nations. The difficulty is that, as nations, these ex-colonies have nowhere to go in a world of blind alleys. They can thrive only in a functioning world order. In the absence of such a world order, their sheer survival will be a matter of the most painful effort and struggle. Their only immediate advantage lies in the fact that by the happy circumstances of geography they are not yet directly in the path of the Russian-American contest for world power. That crucial fact gives them the gift of an interim of time in which they can, if they will, at least unite their own resources, their own strength, as a defense against the encroaching anarchy of a world in dissolution. But they cannot long exist in a vacuum. The pull of the world struggle between Russia and the United States is irresistible, and their own internal problems and stresses and strains are too enormous.

This whole vast area, from India to the westernmost of the Indonesian islands, is still largely untouched by Russian influence. There are Communist parties, but except in Viet Nam, their influence is slight, and even in Viet Nam the Communists are strongly subject to pressure to find a place for a free Viet Nam in a free association of nations rather than fall under the heel of a new totalitarian master. There is a strong and quite articulate will among the new leaders of South Asia to find some new basis upon which to organize their freedom. There is even the faint possibility that they can find that basis with the help of Labor England, if England can succeed in its present attempt to establish democratic socialism as a permanent and successful answer to the totalitarianism of Russia and the seemingly incurable capitalist conservatism of the United States.

But the heavier tides of history are running strong. If North Asia passes decisively into the Russian sphere, South Asia will become an active theater of the world power struggle. The weights upon it will grow heavier. If current history must run its course along the grooves that have now been clearly established, it too will become, too late, a mere salient borne down by a Russian-dominated Eurasia. This process may stretch out over the years ahead, but it will decide the fate of the whole world for a long time to come.

The ironic thing is that Russia can, in Asia, remain almost passive

while events fashion its ultimate victory. The United States myopically concentrates on skirmishes in Europe while in Asia great battles are silently fought out beyond its ken. Its Asiatic "strategy" consists pathetically of trying, in the south, to help the old colonial European regimes to subsist in some new form, and, in the north, to fall back on Japan as a bulwark against the dark and impenetrable mass of Eurasia. It thinks in terms of guns and dollars and an air war across the icecaps and remains blind to the dynamic realities of a world society in crisis and of great masses of people in helpless motion. Desperately snatching at the fringes of Western Europe, it remains hopelessly unaware of the place and meaning of Asia in the world scheme of things.

The tragedy for humanity is that these balances were not struck when revolutionary Russia might have been, in Asia and elsewhere, a lever helping to move the world toward a new system based upon greater social and economic progress and expanding human freedoms. Today, nationalist Russia represents an immense and reactionary world force carrying a large section of the globe with it into a dark era of totalitarianism and threatening to extinguish the few small gains people have made in the development of freer human institutions. In Asia it advances the most freely because Asia is such a vast reservoir of backwardness, whose history has been little more than a succession of tyrannies. By failing to transform itself into an agency of great change for the world, the United States is abdicating to Russia the power to determine the shape of things to come. That power will be wielded above all in Asia. The new cycle has only just begun. It has a long and tortured path yet to follow.

THE PEOPLE

The Dead Hour (Russia, 1932)

MAX BLADT, my Intourist guide when I first set foot on Russian soil in 1932, is one of the many reasons I stopped being a Soviet sympathizer before I ever started being one. A Communist with a long record of success as an undercover GPU and NKVD agent, Max knows well how to parlay party adherence into personal advantage and a fast ruble or two; and, inversely boastful like most Soviet Reds I've known, he is a Russian who scorns all things Russian.

By and large, Max of the thirties is Max today. Stuffed out a bit, pinned in here and there, fortified with a uniform and tommy-gun, to a surprising degree he is Stalin, Molotov, and the Kremlin's Soviet.

Even if you don't travel much you may have met Max Bladt, though that isn't his real name. He decorated the U. S. scene some dozen years before being invited by the Justice Department, in 1926, to remove himself, on the ground of subversive activities. Thereafter he bestowed his poisonous presence on South America. His chequered career ranged four continents until sealed, from 1930 on, inside the Communist motherland—where he has kept very busy indeed spying on, and slipping the current Stalinist line to, unsuspecting American diplomats, journalists and other visitors.

Small wonder some of these later observers have accepted Max as he presents himself: just a nice helpful guy, of a different kidney entirely from the ubiquitous Secret Police functionaries, an occasional jibe against whom may safely be murmured to him. He was artfully glib and plausible even when I knew him. Plausible enough to be embraced as confidant and brother by the Canadian newspaperman on his first foreign journey whom, with myself as a dissident second ward, Max wet-nursed through some 5,000 kilometers of White Russian, Ukrainian, Volga and Black Sea areas in 1932—the longest of Intourist's visitor-conveyor circuits. Our jaunt led to a Soviet-appreciating book by Bill, the Canadian reporter. But Bill

and I, who had hovered on the edge of romance when it started, weren't on speaking terms when our trip ended.

In dress and appearance, then as now, Max affected the American. His neat business suit, sports shirt, matching necktie and socks, snap-brim at an angle, and gleaming oxfords (he'd two complete outfits, a fabulous Soviet wardrobe) were mostly souvenirs of his U. S. sojourn; replacements, he finagled from various tourists. Americans he escorted often went whole-hog Russian for the two to four weeks of their conducted stay, changing their sober attire, as did Elmer Rice in a visit at the period, for Caucasian blouses with silk sashes and bright Circassian caps. Frequently, to Max's delight, Russians who didn't know him mistook one of his charges for the Intourist guide, and him for the Western visitor. Gratifying in itself, this was doubly acceptable when the Russians appeared to be good prospects for his *provocateur* sideline.

Pouncing on such occasions, Max instantly was unable to understand a word of his native Russian, and could speak only English. Despite verbal idiosyncrasies and a slight accent, he was more than fluent enough to get away with this. "Just a joke, ha, ha!" he would whisper to his tourists, to warn off comment, then mercilessly ferret out any unregenerate views of his compatriots.

Like most of Uncle Joey's boys, Max both detests and idolizes America. One attitude is overt, the other subconscious and tortuous. Americans, he didn't hesitate to tell us—in the English he was proud to flaunt even outside its professional uses—are the spoiled brats of the world, a nation of stupid *petite bourgeoisie*; American women are parasites; American white-collar workers, putrid pencil-pushers. Everything about our living habits, our political, social, and economic setup, is rotten to the filthiest degree. I still have anti-U. S. propaganda postcards he bought me, stocked by Soviet factory stores and farm cooperatives. Each shows contrasted U. S. and Soviet scenes, labeled "There" and "Here," pictures and text traducing America. On one, "There" was a tattered U. S. bread line; "Here," spruce Soviet workmen at a food-heaped table. On another, "There" was a bristling U. S. field-gun battery in action; "Here," a trim Soviet tractor unit peacefully ploughing a state-farm field. A third opposes a lurid American Negro-lynching to an Uzbek village-soviet ceremony honoring a dusky tribesman.

Yet how pre-eminent was Max in that perennially favorite Soviet

game (tacitly admitting American accomplishments while denying them) of: "We are doing X as well as (or, X times better than) you are doing it in the U.S.A." Hourly he engaged us in unwitting "socialist competition" with Russia, in which America was always worsted, naturally—but remained the measure and model for Soviet progress!

Whenever Max spotted a well-dressed person in the street, he would turn and gaze after him, admiringly and enviously, commenting, "Of course he isn't Russian." Among Russians he deemed himself indisputably superior—because of the "American advantages" he had had.

Even after he knew I'd divined his GPU affiliation (not hard when one really pursued his movements) he persisted he had never so much as been admitted to Communist Party membership, though his wife belonged. "Because I'm not good enough," he explained.

Sower of dread for his terrorist bosses, beneath his professed devotion to their regime Max himself suffered unending apprehension. Leaving a Moscow display prison we'd toured (in the dissimulating Soviet double-talk, an "Isolator" or "Correction Colony"), I asked him a few purely objective questions about that other type of Soviet fastness to which no visitor is ever introduced, the political prison, and about GPU procedures. He countered evasively, in nervous monosyllables; then abruptly broke out: "I believe I am clean. But I am never sure from prison as I would be in a capitalist country. Someone can accuse me falsely!" Terror twisted his face as he flicked an eye down the empty corridor. "They can say: 'We have found out now that you did something five years ago!' . . . or, 'I arrest you for giving false information to tourists!' . . . and nothing in my good services can save me. . . ."

On our month's tour of the provinces, the farther we got from the Kremlin and GPU headquarters on Lubyanka Square, the cockier and freer-spoken Max became—while never forgetting his Lubyanka Square assignments.

A born fixer and gate-crasher, he loved towing his tourists importantly into some allegedly forbidden spot, then collecting their plaudits for his cleverness—always concealing that every privilege stemmed from Intourist, powerful State visitors' bureau which is really a Secret Police arm. Intourist, in that pre-American-recognition day, executed the Kremlin's recognition-seeking policy (while

unremitting in its vilification of America, internationally and to its own citizens) of heaping dawn-to-2 A. M. courtesies on Western, and especially American, visitors—also a good way of keeping constant tabs on them. Resident Westerners, too, were done by hand-somely under this maneuver; I found most correspondents living in champagne-and-caviar style in imposing *dachas* (villas) and apartments, Chamberlain only clinging to a plain flat in an obscure working-man's quarter. But a Teheran scientist who'd traveled halfway around the globe to see Pavlov and his experiments, was permitted just half a day with the savant, then hustled back to the ship he'd come on. Though Bill and I had press permits from the Soviet Foreign Office, and though the interviews we had were regular Intourist listings, each, according to Max, represented a triumph of persuasion on his part.

For theaters and spectacles he seldom showed our official passes, preferring to sweep us in as top dignitaries of a British extraordinary diplomatic mission, himself delegated to see that we were received properly. Where there was an Imperial loge, we got it, sometimes as royalty incognito, for the bigger the lie the better Max liked telling it. Once, at the Moscow racetrack, even Max looked startled (and so did the Emir) when his spiel proved so good that we were salaamed into seats next to Ibn Saud's son, the day's robed and princely guest of honor, in his box overlooking the milling proletariat.

That proletariat, supposed gods of the Soviet workers' paradise, Max dismissed with disdain and distrust wherever we ran into it. "Dogs! Ignorant animals!" he would mutter sharply, shoving a ruthless right of way through station throngs, queues and outdoor markets ("push markets," he called them). It was the time of the Draconian extirpation of the small farm proprietor, or *kulak*, robbed of every possession and denied a work-book or food ticket. Asked to explain the number and sizes of queues, especially outside the higher-priced but unrestricted "commercial stores," Max said they consisted of *kulaks* who refused to work and were therefore without food tickets, and of bourgeois greedily dissatisfied with their adequate allotments in government "closed stores"—bare of anything but scattered items like herrings, matches, or coffee-substitute, whenever I looked into them, though window-dressed with not-for-sale foods.

Max had an immediate answer for everything, mostly embroideries on official *leitmotifs*, but frequently different each time a question

recurred. Plausibility didn't bother him, for his contempt for foreign visitors' intellects was almost as great as for the "proletariat." The perpetually food-hunting, ragged, wretched masses wedged into wooden third-class trains and box cars and the lowest decks of river steamers, or collapsed on the dirt and dust and spittle of station floors and the ground outside them—a nation in flux, shoeless and scabious, their entire effects tied in old sacks and kerchiefs; fugitives from foodless villages, fugitives from foodless *Sovhozy* (State Farms)—were junketing peasants bound on sight-seeing excursions. They hadn't been allowed to travel in the Czar's day, Max expounded blandly. The despairing, multifarious beggars, who kissed one's hand for a scrap of black bread, were all "gutter tramps too lazy to do Grade A work they could have."

In my close to seven months and 20,000 kilometers in the Soviet, I never met a single Commie who admitted any real destitution under the system. An Intourist girl guide, smart in a frock she'd bought from an American who wanted rubles, and dining on caviar, roast chicken and cream pastries washed down by champagne, on a first-class night train with the young French capitalist she was escorting on a three-week circuit, shrilly rebuked his reaching some biscuits to an old woman begging at the window: "She could work if she wanted to! They could all earn everything they need!" A seventeen-year-old "political worker" in a "Collector" for abandoned and starving children, herself malnourished and no bigger than a child of eleven, recited her meagre diet of bread, tea and a little porridge. When I asked about deficiency aliments, she looked at me with hostile, veiled eyes and protested that she'd never in her life seen a hungry person. And Percy Chen, Communist son of Chinese Republican hero Sun Yat-sen, an official guest at Moscow's elegant Metropole Hotel, told me that workers in a factory he knew had complained that the selling of chocolate in their plant dining room was an unwanted "bourgeois luxury." "They have just the food they prefer," he insisted, "and plenty of it, everywhere."

But a floor girl in my big Leningrad hotel, no Communist, said the maids under her direction could scarcely work, they were so weak from underfeeding. A doctor in Alexandrovsk told me (on my later, Max-less survey) that children were dying daily, within seeing distance of the Kremlin's tremendous Dnieprostroi construction, of starvation. In a number of Lower Volga villages I saw chil-

dren and adults with limbs swollen by hunger typhus; and in the Ukraine, peasants eating horses which had died of glanders. "We are starving here," wrote a woman near Kiev in a note she begged me to smuggle to Moscow friends. "The new flour is 65 rubles a *pud* (40 lbs.) and we have nothing to buy it with." And a bookkeeper, after two days of polite, casual conversation in which he'd indicated entire satisfaction with the regime, suddenly confided: "I am dying of hunger! I shan't live more than a few months in any case . . . but my wife and children can still be saved. . . ." And this pale, middle-aged, cultured survivor of pre-Revolution Russia implored me to get in touch with Iturbi, to whom he said he was related, tell him the details he feared to write, and transmit his plea to have his family spirited out by the underground system over the Polish frontier. He had repeatedly asked official permission to leave—vainly, he said. Then, as now, the new and advanced Russia, Red Hope of the liberal intelligentsia, found it necessary to hold its "released" millions compulsorily within its borders.

Hidden among pages of self-adulation in the government's own departmental booklets (issued by agricultural stations, etc., as public reports, and fairly available, though not for export) phrases like this occurred: "Though a cooperative store exists in the village, no food is to be had". . . . "The workers go about hungry" "Workers are resentful and threaten to leave the Station, because food is short." And in a leaflet discussing the varying grades of bread (complained of widely as containing bark, acorns, grain-husk, and everything but flour), with the characteristic unconscious humor of the Soviet: "The poor discipline at the factories is the cause of the poor quality of the bread." Closest to direct verbal admission came a leading Moscow journalist, keener and better educated, but otherwise much like Max: "You think too much about hardships you've seen, and forget that a program like ours demands sacrifice. If we're to achieve our Socialist aims, we simply can't stop to consider individuals. It might be better to exclude tourists for six or seven years. They so often misunderstand what they see! But we need the valuta they bring." (In 1948, the "sacrifice" is still demanded: the Brazilian Ambassador, on recently quitting the Soviet, said that 25 per cent of Russians were hungry to the starvation point.)

At times, expansive as an opium eater, Max pictured the Soviet's economic tomorrow. As mechanization and production multiplied,

thanks to Soviet inventive and engineering genius and the workers' phenomenal "Soviet efficiency," working hours would get shorter and shorter until—in not over five years, he estimated, making 1937 or thereabouts the date of the Soviet millennium!—the worker would simply touch a lever and his whole day's task would be done for him in an hour or less. "Cultural interests" would reward his new unlimited leisure, interests specified by Max as bigger and better factory and labor meetings, wall newspapers, and political study courses. (Actually, circuses, existing in every small town and everywhere jammed, and listed officially as "cultural institutions" under the Moscow Art and Culture direction, were the workers'—and Max's—pet "cultural" media, only vodka outdrawing them.)

Five minutes after celebrating the Soviet workman's superlative performances, Max was again lambasting him as he ordinarily did, as inefficient, semibarbaric, semi-Asiatic, lumpish, and good-for-nothing, and consequently chiefly responsible for the failure of the Five Year Plan (first of the series stretching to the present). The skilled or "specialized" workers, he meant; the Soviet's sweepers, cleaners and other plain manual workers, often old *moujiks* and peasant women—most abused and likable of all the working groups—rated no mention, from Max or anybody. (An American engineer at Tractorstroi told me he was twitted by his Communist associates for friendliness to this humblest laboring class, but told them, "I learned to treat everybody alike, in Capitalist America!") Scoffing already was prevalent about the sacrosanct Five Year Plans; Max himself mildly ventured it. As of the customary non-functioning elevator in our Moscow hotel: "It's finished now, under this Five Year Plan, but its working will be a success of our *Second* Five Year Plan."

In his ideological trances, money was dirt to Max and he dispensed fortunes airily, later lamenting his "starvation wages" and campaigning for hours to get treated to a glass of vodka. "A million is nothing to us. We're all millionaires and billionaires, or will be soon, anyhow," he boasted quite seriously—in that year when the Kremlin killed off a full twentieth of Russia's population by exporting desperately needed grain for valuta it was short of. All over the U.S.S.R., I was to hear echoes, as fantastic as Max's, of the Kremlin's siren promises. Even foreign visitors believed; the wife of an imported American chemical authority assured me, when asked if it

wasn't a little unwise to sport her jewels and costly ermine cloak in the Moscow streets: "Oh, no, they all realize they'll have as good or better, themselves, very soon!" Pitiable were the hollow-eyed genuine idealists who clung to the dream, while compelled to discount its immediacy—like the Leningrad lineotyper, an old man at 38, who told me, "If I lived better before the Revolution, I am a Socialist and must not say so. My stomach has no windows and no one can see if I've eaten dry black bread or roast goose today. But my children's children will benefit! For them we are building a new earth, like heaven!"

Meanwhile, to get his tourists to loosen up, or discourage incipient economies he detected, Max expatiated on how lavish Earl Ross or Lord Marley, whom he'd escorted last year, had been in his expenditures, rolling the names on his lips for he adored titles. Though, by law, foreign money was exchangeable only at the State Bank or at Torgsin (government scarce-foods, clothing and luxury-goods shops set up to siphon off remaining Russian valuables, as well as tourist dollars, and selling only for valuta), he offered to accommodate us by changing our cash funds himself—at the existing government rate of 1.94 rubles to the dollar. The *black* dollar exchange being 15 to 50 rubles throughout the Soviet, it was a highly profitable "accommodation."

We figured merely in Max's simpler schemes for bilking the government he boosted and spied for, and his fellow Communists. Bigger deals appeared to be of the shakedown order and always planned with his GPU brethren, in an atmosphere of mutual suspicion and apprehension. Rubles I saw in fresh packets of hundreds, all with the same number and letter, evidenced the government's looting of its workers, in deliberate inflation forays. Max steered us to provincial Torgsin branches and when I hesitated to buy, having left my main dollar supply in Moscow, insisted on advancing the amounts. I thought: he's not such a bad chap, really. Till one day in Tiflis, returning unexpectedly to Torgsin after leaving Max to settle for a purchase, I found him flim-flamming the frightened manager into taking the amount in rubles without the validating state exchange certificate, insisting I'd lost it. This could mean jail or worse for the manager. Scotching the fraud, I expected Max to be furious. But then, and later, I found him the true opportunist, accepting defeat philosophically, once it proved inevitable after he

had done his damndest—which I suspect we may find true of the gentry in the Kremlin!

Max and other Communists swindled for profit, not from penury. But everywhere among the non-Communist masses, thievery flourished for bare survival. A young cooperative-store assistant confessed that he and his associates stole consistently, "not for rubles but food." He had worked in ten cooperatives, he said, and it was the same in each of them. "For 90 rubles a month [his pay] it's impossible to live now!" Disclosing his methods, he emphasized, "We try to cheat the government, but not our people. . . . Everybody in Russia begs, 'Give me a crumb of bread.' All protest, but secretly—or the GPU gets you. All try to get something to eat, illegally." A housepainter in a small Donbas city whispered that he couldn't subsist on his 200 to 300 rubles monthly; he filched door-knobs and nails (worth 20 kopeks or almost 20 cents up, even rusty, bent ones)—but from government buildings only. Labeled a "light industry" worker, he got a bread ration of only 200 grams, less than half a pound, daily. (Allotments went down to 150 grams elsewhere; they were highest, designedly, in the nation's show-window, Moscow.) Bread on the open market cost 8 rubles (\$4) the pound! "It would take 800 to 1000 rubles to eat properly," the painter said. "Government officials; GPU, Army and Navy men, and some engineers get food; the ordinary worker, hardly any." Fearfully he reconnoitered right and left with the swift furtive look that had grown so familiar to me.

Private selling, long prohibited, had attained its crudest form in this nation of food and clothing bootleggers. Swapping and petty illicit transactions were legion. Railroad conductors told me they'd thrown up better paid jobs as textile workers and machinists for the chance of picking up farm produce on rural stretches of their runs, reselling part at a profit at bigger stations, feeding their families on the remainder. One had worked in an overall factory in Red Bank, N. J., and bitterly rued having been lured back to Russia by propaganda; he spoke English pretty well but found it expedient to hide this. A specialist in a Stalingrad plant confided: "Nominal political allegiance doesn't keep our workers from pilfering everything not nailed down—feeling cheated and deprived, they compensate themselves." He told how two strangers with blueprints (anybody toting these was rated as an engineer at sight) strolled into

a local factory, climbed a ladder and deliberately cut a piece out of the heavy conveyor-belt on which operations depended. They got their leather for shoes or some small personal use, but completely halted the plant for weeks, till a new belt could be installed! When I protested locked train windows on stifling summer nights, Max explained that the law insisted on this, even while trains were running, so common and adept had become the practice of fishing railroad and passenger property out through windows.

Throughout our tour, Max hid annoyance at me behind paternalistic tolerance. Rarely, I drew a humorless rebuke. This might be for flippancy about the party line (as when I derided the Soviet's grandiose signs, one in a dirty meat cooperative proclaiming "*We Must Develop Cultural Soviet Business*," another advertising the aim of a professional hunter's cooperative as "*Moral Development of Hunters by the Cooperative's Cultural Work*"). It might be for unorthodox or surreptitious questioning of factory, *Sovhoz* or other institutional personnel (especially when using French, the only tongue in which he couldn't follow me), or for sliding off on my own at any and every pretext. But mostly he just tried to circumvent such didoes. After all, I had only a vague book (never written) in the offing. His attention was focused on Bill, sending daily and Sunday dispatches to his papers. Even before we left Moscow, he gave him hardly a moment without surveillance.

One day at the Metropole I came down early and found Bill going out. He'd an errand at the British Embassy, he asked me to tell Max, but would be back for the morning's expedition. Max stepped in, peered around anxiously, and demanded where Bill was. I told him. He got so white that it frightened me. For once he didn't know what to do, vacillating between following and waiting, and fell bodily on Bill when he returned. After that Bill was virtually glued to Max. This won me priceless freedom on our grand circle tour, Max staying in with Bill whenever he was writing or indisposed.

It wasn't that Bill lacked acumen, normally. No dullard, he was nevertheless putty in Max's hands because of a certain ingenuousness and predilection for radical social reforms, plus travel inexperience and language limitations, for he lacked the smattering of German or other European tongues which, even without Russian, might have helped him get under the Soviet surface. Thinking it

part of his local-color intake to eat whatever was set before him, especially the unfamiliar, he soon developed tummy troubles and hung on Max's okay for every bite thereafter. In the provinces, generally sharing Bill's room, Max made himself attendant and valet as well as guide and interpreter to Bill, down to tying his ties and sorting his laundry. He mapped every minute of Bill's and my day, marshaling us through each visit and interview, though no place we went to lacked its own staff of Moscow-trained guides, schooled three years at Moscow's Intourist Institute.

However, Max must have needed time off for his other machinations, for at some hour each day, varying from day to day, wherever we were, he sternly prescribed a siesta for us, pronouncing it indispensable for the unacclimatized. Terming this rest period "a dead hour," he was always there at its start to march me to my room, then Bill to his, practically tucking him in before, I found, himself disappearing from the hotel.

During our scheduled survey and inspection rounds, and in the uneasy presence of brother guides, officials and other Communists, everything we saw was perfect, Max said, or would be by the end of the Five Year Plan. The unescapably discreditable, when injudiciously pointed out, he waved off with, "Just baby sicknesses. We are very young, you know!"—a stock Communist plea I was to hear interminably. (More nauseatingly fatuous still was the philanthropic version of the phrase used by American visitors: "Give them a chance! They're very young, you know.") But once the day's official viewing chores were over, and Bill's story dispatched, nothing in our surroundings quite suited Max. Meals, service, hotel rooms all were "putrid." Disparaging them, he would reminisce lyrically about comforts he'd enjoyed in West-Coast America.

Yet we were traveling pretty, in the Soviet's top tourist rank, even tourists being segregated, in the "classless" society, into three categories. Later when, stealing from Moscow alone, I retraced our circle with no Intourist guidance, introductions or tickets, having to hop freights, sleep in haystacks and stations and on the bare ground, or accept anxious private hospitality, I was to find how excruciatingly difficult, uncomfortable and well-nigh impossible ordinary travel in the Soviet is for the foreign visitor. As Category I Intourist wards, \$15 or \$20 a day, depending on whether one shared a guide with one or two others or had him exclusively, we rode "soft," in clean "Inter-

national" sleeping cars, and had fresh caviar with our meals. For the \$20, Intourist invariably bestowed a beautiful young lady guide on the rarely reluctant solitary male traveler. (In Tiflis we ran across a noted American music critic cruising with such a come-on gal—but fooled neither by her, nor Max, nor anything else on the Intourist belt; he told me what a murderous mess the Soviet was making of Russian musicians and music.) Second grade tourists paid \$10 daily, traveled "soft" but in coveys up to twenty, and had pressed caviar; third category, \$5, rode "hard" in huge herds (but woe to the dogie who strayed), and got no caviar. Both were lodged in lesser hotels and hostels and used trolleys locally. Whereas we, reaching a town, were met by the Intourist auto, often the only car in the place, and assigned best rooms at the best hotel. Except if special foreign guests of the government (who of course paid nothing at all) were there or due—when we drew second-best.

Rooms, cars, even ships were held in abeyance for the special guests, sometimes as long as a week or two. Such guests were Lord and Lady Passfield (Sidney and Beatrice Webb, seen off from Hay's Wharf in London by fellow-Soviet-ballyhooer G.B.S.), with whom I voyaged to Leningrad on the Soviet liner *Smolny*, and who followed Bill and myself by a day on the grand Intourist circle. At Nizhnii-Novgorod, the newest Volga steamer was tied up awaiting them, a day behind schedule, and we shifted to the *Academician*, not so good. Huzzaed by bands and workers' deputations at every stop, wined, feasted and fêted universally, the Webbs—this 1932 of the great Kremlin-made famine, second only to the historic 1920-21 drought-famine—saw "nothing but hope, joy and unity in this country." So Sidney assured me, his pink, chubby, myopic face beaming, when we met at Kiev later. And added, "Everyone in the Soviet has bread; we have seen no hunger. . . . I believe in a planned national community. Even liberty must be rationed! . . . This is a religion they have here now. What will happen to its inspiration and its devotion remains to be seen. But I consider it the safest, most stable government in the world. It would be easier for your country to be overthrown by a revolution, than this one!" When I asked if he hadn't seen *anything* that could be improved, he had to stop and reflect, finally coming up with this about the notoriously rider-swamped trolleys: "Well, I have heard a few complaints that the trams are a little crowded!"

Escorting the Webbs through their visit, and helping them collect data for the treatise on Soviet administration they had come to write, were two Intourist guides, a man and a girl, and a super-shrewd Russianized German Communist from a commissar's inner office. Bill seemed observant, compared to the benevolent Sidney. Even Max seemed less formidable, in view of the Webb entourage.

But each time Max steered us, trailed by one or more local Intourist guides, past the armed guards at the gate of a factory, *Sovhoz*, or collective, our retinue soon rivalled the Webbs'. Visitor enlightenment appeared to top every daily duty schedule, for as soon as we showed up, directors, managers, production chiefs, technical specialists, even hospital superintendents and ship captains, snapped into a prolonged routine. Directors and managers especially, for they were generally the party's men, not good at anything around the plant except propaganda; the technical experts were their subordinates.

First came a lecture in the administrative offices, explaining the scope and "Plan" of the enterprise; in effect this was a briefing on just what we would see in going through the plant later. (Everything had a "Plan"; in Kazan we rode an antique trolley placarded: "*The Plan for June Demands This Car Should Carry 75,000 Passengers.*") Next step was the conducted trek itself, with obligato of more explanations by our convoy string, about each item in turn as we looked at it. This trudged us from end to end of the plant, and into that omnipresent Stalin-hung Soviet shrine called "The Red Corner" (even factory day nurseries had them, with portraits of Lenin at the age of three), but seldom into kitchens, factory stores or sanitary facilities, usually far from sanitary. Last we were led back to the office again, for a review of everything they'd just shown and explained to us. "Just tell the truth about us!" they implored at each and every stage—and prudently recapitulated the truth that it might not escape us. No college cram session was ever more thorough and tedious, or more formulated!

Finally Bill went in a huddle with Max. They emerged with a set of questions. This was the pay-off: Bill's interview. During it (as whenever translating for us) Max gave his own versions of the interviewee's replies—judging by the expressions of listeners who understood English. Sometimes the interviewee spoke English. Then Max raced him to half the answers. Factory directors (little Stalins, big with inner fears, like Max, and anxious to prove with statistical

panoplies how superbly everything in the Soviet and particularly in their own bailiwick was progressing) invariably vaunted their high production figures, far above estimates of the foreign (generally American) experts who'd built the plant. Bill often wound up his questioning: "To what do you attribute your great increase in output, *Tovarish*?" Then director and Max chimed in unison: "To Socialist tempo!" or, "To Soviet efficiency!" Bill recorded everything in copious notes, pretty much as Max fed it. I decided it wasn't so hard to be a foreign reporter and made up my mind really to become one.

A woman's "nosiness" might have some place in news assembling, I thought, recalling unblazoned details I'd seen and heard on our tours: girl workers at punching machine and other big-factory processes, sullen and weary-looking, scarcely teen-aged, barelegged and often barefooted, not even glancing up as we stood smiling at them. In a "Children's Commune" near Kharkov, ten and eleven-year-old boys manufacturing rakes and farm wagons, for export. The extreme narrow "specialization" and mechanization of workers, out-roboting anything ever tried under "capitalist" mass production—each trained solely to a single automatic movement or partial process on just one kind of machine, and not able, or permitted, to so much as tighten a bolt or adjust a belt outside that one process. Organization into "brigades" and "shock brigades" of all workers inside each specialty; and incessant, unremitting "socialist competition" between brigades and even individuals working side by side on the same process. On farms, on ships, in schools, as in factories, each worker similarly conditioned to react not like a human but like a competitive automaton. Notice, in a stiff illiterate hand, on the wall newspaper of the big Selmash Agricultural Machine Works' day nursery, in Rostov: "I, the nurse of the Higher Brigade, Dornivor, challenge you, Semyonova, to enter into Socialist competition with me, as to who will work better, 100 percent, with her brigade of children in the nursery." (Minimum rate paid by mothers in this nursery was three to six rubles per child, for mothers earning under 100 rubles monthly, averaging a fifth to a quarter of their total pay if they had two or three little ones. It was just one local instance of how the boasted welfare benefactions really worked out!)

In the factories, too: universal piecework under the competitive speed-up schemes, unpaid ("volunteer") overtime work whenever

the day's "Plan" hadn't been met, extortionate docking for scrap and spoilages. One Selmash workman had been fined 35 rubles, of his fortnightly 47-ruble wage, leaving him just 12 to live on, for a single, and first, spoiled casting. His name was blacklisted on the wall bulletin. Rewarding of best workers as *Udarniks*, not with better pay, usually, but with "gift premiums," such as a better suit or dress—or (saying volumes about industrial health conditions) assignment to a sanatorium! Brag to me, by the manager of Rostov's big cigaret factory: "Our 150 best *Udarniks* for all of last year have just been premiated to be sent to sanatoria!" Cynical comment of a plant mechanic: "They make us sick; then 'premium' us to twelve days in a sanatorium to cure us!" (Hospitals and sanatoria we visited were all badly overcrowded and inadequate, especially for tubercular cases. Even the critically ill had to wait weeks and months for admission; forty-five days was about the outside treatment period, even for chronic cases.)

"Socialist competition, being made a *Udarnik*, even the premiums, serve as spurs only partially and briefly," said a European executive who had once worked at the Ford plant in the U. S., at Selmash. "Fear alone makes the men keep working—even at the rate of 2 or 3 to equal one American workman's output. Here as in the other factories and on Government farms, we have to have one armed man watching every 40 workers." Evidence of how little one really sees in "inspection tours": the armed watchers were really there—I checked beyond dispute—but we never got the slightest chance to spot them! Comment by a Russian engineer in another factory: "My men are hungry and unhappy. . . . Life itself, not illiteracy and unemployment and industrial backwardness, as they claim, is being liquidated by our masters."

At *Verblud* and other State and collective farms: scarcely concealed scorn on the faces of listening peasants and workers as Marx and other guides went through their glib routines. They couldn't have understood the words, yet seemed to know very well the spirit and purpose of the recitative. Said a peasant woman, out of range of the guides, on one collective: "Every morning at eight, a bell calls our members to work. Even today, after years, the sound is like a knife cutting our hearts. I used to get up at three [on her own tiny farm, prior to the collective] and work hard in my field till nine or ten, when the sun got high. By eight, before the day's heat, I had prac-

tically a whole day's work done. . . . I was poor but contented. Under the collective, which none of us wanted, I must start with the rest at eight and work in the noonday sun. We have almost nothing to eat. One can die on what they leave of our crop for distribution to us." A girl we met in White Russia was mailing bread weekly to her parents 300 kilometers away in the Black Earth district of the Ukraine, once Europe's richest grain-land; all over the Soviet, to counter a bureaucratic distribution "system," this kind of thing was going on.

In the towns and villages: people plodding home wearily, clutching their day's black bread ration unwrapped in grimy hands against dirty bosoms. Each ticket expired if not used that day, so they stood waiting endlessly, for their one-third of a pound or less. One line I watched, over a hundred meters long, had waited from 4 A. M. till noon—and then the bread gave out! (Today, with rationing nominally ended, there are still queues and interminable waiting, often in vain. And, generally overlooked, the poor have lost their last meagre food subsidies!)

Ah, those wonderful, lovable, long-suffering, patient, miserable, plain people of Russia—no Communists. Everywhere, often with Max looking on, they hugged and kissed me because I was American. Yet I saw them mob American Polly Abbe (mother of the *Around the World in Eleven Years* children) when they thought she'd stepped ahead of her place in a one-kilogram-each potato line. Tens of thousands of them, then as today, were subsisting altogether or in part on food, clothing, and money remittances from relatives and friends in officially attacked "dying capitalist America." Those with whom I could manage words virtually all expressed the same despairing awareness of brutality, futility, and profound failure. "There are many who press us . . . and we do not know why or what for. . . ."

The terrible isolation of Russians in the Soviet: not only from foreign lands but from each other. Villages ten kilometers apart might as well have been separate planets. Communications lacking—often deliberately. The very tractors were herded at night into troop-guarded Machine Tractor Stations. If they *were* on another planet, the isolation of sufferers under the Communist tyranny, extraordinary in this day of lightning communications and publication media, could hardly be more complete. Government-enforced secrecy (outgrowth of its perpetual fear of counter-revolution and con-

sciousness of guilt), news suppression at the source, and contrived villenage, create an almost total information blackout. Tremendous public catastrophes, which would have been mourned nation-wide elsewhere, I learned of only through local whisperings, or perhaps a line or two, giving no cogent details, deep in a local paper weeks later, with no Moscow mention. Such was a fatal Spring collision that year on the Dniepropetrovsk-Kiev rail stretch, when two wooden, unlighted, peasant-packed freight trains hurtled together in the dark, injuring 500, instantly killing 250. The dead were shoveled into a common grave instantly—with no announcement of any kind. To mention the details was “sabotage.” A similar rail tragedy near Moscow that Spring, killing 300 outright, not wholly concealable, was nevertheless greatly minimized. Riots, uprisings, disturbances, inexplicable “accidents” occurred at Odessa, Ivanovo and other widely separated points, that year, some of them hinted at by Max. Such things occur in the U.S.S.R. as much as, perhaps more than elsewhere, yet are never allowed to ruffle its pathologically smooth, serene, and homogeneous surface.

Only the need of dollars to sustain the huge, wasteful drama of over-speedy, superficial heavy-machinery industrialization, a need so intense that the smallest trickle counted, prompted the dark Kremlin bosses transiently to permit the incursion of thousands of short-term tourists (5,000, that year): that and the then still lively hope of Western indoctrination by a continuous shuttling current of human propaganda-carriers. (Today, with valuta still sorely needed, what internal conditions have become can be guessed by the total cutting off of that current!)

The Red Army soldier, in that 1932 peacetime, was pampered and set apart as a class, together with the Secret Police, the Kremlin's mainstay. Even on furlough, the soldier paid less than any other Russian for everything. His daily bread ration was 750 grams, five times that of the clerk or clothing worker. The tremendous Moscow May Day military parade, that year as each year, was the year's most impressive and prideful procession. Sports were linked to defense and nationalist concepts only, as always in Nazi Germany. Posters for skiing, tennis, baseball (in Kazan's Lenin University and elsewhere) bore big captions: *“Be Ready—For Defense and Labor!”* . . . *“Strengthen Yourself, for Defense of Your Country!”* In a “Forest Convalescent Home” near Moscow, 4 and 5-year-olds

were playing a merry song-game with wooden swords, to this chanted ditty (not translated by Max!):

"Shoot, my little musket,
Shoot my little musket,
Shoot the bourgeoisie!"

The propaganda war, in 1932, was already well started. A girl I met in Leningrad had been studying Chinese and Japanese for ten years—in preparation for a propagandist journey to China; a "mission," she called it. Visas were given only to accredited Communists sent on "errands," mostly political in character. Everywhere I heard a popular conundrum: "What is the best thing in all Soviet Russia?"—the answer, of course, being, "An exit visa."

Back at the hotel after each of our local survey tours, I recorded these and dozens of other impressions—with no one to send them to—while Bill in his room worked at his day's dispatch, Max hovering over him and reviewing each draft "just to correct names and spellings."

In this way we "covered" Autostroi, Tractorstroi, Dnieprostroi, and the score or more other exhibition factories, as well as most of the state and collective farm stations, housing developments (three families in a room), nurseries and factory schools, sanatoria and rest homes, "Clubs of Culture and Rest," "Parks of Culture and Rest," "Palaces of Labor," "Palaces of Art" (we even hit a "Palace of Prophylactica"!) and the plethora of similar state-built and state-run marvels on the Grand Tour belt.

"All right," Bill once answered the unvoiced criticism in my eyes, "so they aren't living so well in our sense; and maybe not doing as much better than formerly as they think they are. But the wonderful thing is—and you can't deny it—that everywhere the wheels are turning!" From Stalingrad to Batum to Tiflis he flashed that phrase, "Anyway, the wheels are turning!" Till I turned on him, one Max-less moment, and snapped: "They've the world's biggest area and richest resources—including, by their own claim, one-third of the world's total arable acreage. They've starved their people, robbed them of clothes and the most elementary conveniences. They work them to the bone as slave laborers. With the valuta they've wrung by murder and sweating, they've imported tens of thousands of the West's best machinists, engineers, specialists and experts; untold millions of tons

of machinery, supplies and equipment. Why shouldn't some wheels be turning?"

But the incident that finally shattered the last of my friendship with Bill—and dispelled my only remaining illusion about Max, as being nasty and dangerous, but somehow pathetic and more sinned against than sinning, himself a victim and prisoner of the terror he relayed—occurred during two gorgeous June days in Yalta, Black Sea site of one of Stalin's sumptuous summer palaces (not on the list of sights for visitors). There our hotel was the best on the tour, with meals by a chef of the former local Grand Duke. I tell the episode here for the first time; after all these years, if indeed he is still alive at all, it can hardly add to the woe of its main figure.

Slipping out by myself on our first afternoon, while Bill, in his room with Max, was polishing up a piece on our previous day's voyage from Batum to Yalta and our morning's local sightseeing, I happened into a little side-street "commission shop" (state-controlled store selling the belongings of needy local families, on a percentage basis) and got into conversation with the delightful young artist and his invalid mother who ran it. Few Americans got to their out-of-the-way shop, he said. Brilliant and ardent, speaking half a dozen languages, including some English, he was overjoyed at our encounter—and in ten minutes had dropped his caution and begun to pour out his heart to me, while his sad-eyed old mother insistently begged him not to!

His father, an eminent pre-Revolution physician, had lain years in a Bolshevik prison—merely because he'd had titled patients—then was released because of the doctor shortage. Assigned under close controls to a Moscow hospital, he was not permitted to join, or be joined by his wife and son in the Crimea. Eagerly the young Russian asked about the West and America. "Tell me, what is really happening in your country? We might be living in another universe. They feed us nothing but lies: how fifty millions are without work in America; how your people are starving; how you are preparing a war with us." I told him how children in Soviet schools I'd visited had asked me why U. S. workers' children were forbidden any schooling, and why we lynched all our Negroes and Communists!

He said he hated the Stalin oligarchy, its restrictions, inequities, and brutalities. He detailed authentic instances. I said I was glad he

trusted me, and it was quite safe to do so. But he mustn't take such chances with all Americans; some among us were ideological Stalin-lovers. He agreed it was extremely perilous to speak—but said a man simply couldn't stay bottled up forever! Besides, he wanted me to look for the kinds of situations he described, and to tell America. He planned to try to escape across the Polish frontier; only his mother's illness and poverty were delaying him. He talked like a man unburdening himself, after long torture, in a delirium. . . .

I wanted to buy something, just for friendliness, and saw a small icon I liked. My funds were at the hotel, so I said I'd be back before his evening closing hour. As I didn't want Max to know, it was late before I could keep my word; I had to wait till he had deposited us for a pre-dinner "dead hour."

The artist was just closing the little shop; his mother already had left to prepare their evening meal. I bought my icon, then wanted to rush away. But the young Russian insisted on accompanying me. His path home turned off just short of the hotel, he said, so I didn't worry much. We were exchanging good-byes a block from the hotel when Bill strolled by. He'd grown bored with napping and come out for a brief walk, he explained. Interested, he looked at the artist and started chatting with him. Bill had a friendly, open face; he and the artist took to each other, Bill delighted with one of the first unofficial talks he'd had. I tried, almost desperately, to pry them apart—unsuccessfully.

They were still exploring each other's ideas at a great pace when the inevitable occurred. Max turned the corner, huffing and puffing. He'd missed us on returning to the hotel and immediately scurried in search. "Where have you been? Why weren't you sleeping?" he scolded us. Then his eyes lit greedily and were riveted on the young stranger.

I yanked Max by the arm and cried out to Bill, "Come on! Hurry up! I'm hungry!"

But Max jerked from me. He refused to be diverted. "No hurry. Dinner is not for half an hour yet. We will talk with our friend a little longer, yes?" He had already snapped into his English-only act. Pleased at the chance for a few more words with Bill, the artist beamed at the new "American."

Max was working his language game both ways tonight. "You like

Russia?" he asked the stranger artlessly, as if he thought him an American.

Bill answered jovially before the artist had a chance to. "He's Russian, Max—but he isn't exactly crazy about it."

I turned to the artist, gesturing at Max. "Watch out for this man!" I warned in French sharply. "He's Russian himself, a GPU agent!"

Max caught the "GPU" and guessed what I'd been saying. "Ha, ha! Miss LeCler likes to joke," he laughed.

I repeated the warning in English, not even pretending to be funny.

This time Bill came to Max's aid; he'd never agreed with my Max diagnosis. "Max's a good scout, don't mind her," he reassured the artist.

The artist smiled uncertainly. But he looked worried. I had broken the stream of his long-pent revelations. Nevertheless, Max drew him into a few pretty indiscreet rejoinders before I finally got him off by emphasizing his waiting mother.

All through our late Russian dinner, Bill, in one of his playful moods, ignored my plea to be silent about the artist. He kept teasing Max about the artist's anti-Commie views, and against my protests and stony looks, even matter-of-factly gave his name (obtained from the artist, not from me) when Max asked it. "Oh, don't be so melodramatic," he censured me. "Max wouldn't hurt a fly, would you, Max?"

At eleven we left the dining room. It was agreed we would turn in promptly, for we were slated to start very early in the morning for Alupka. I was worried and restless. Hardly knowing what, if anything, I expected, I stole down the back stairway and screened myself in a hidden corner of the lobby. Toward midnight, Max came down, looked around quickly and disappeared into the night. It was the first time in our tour I'd known him to go out so late. I was troubled now, more than ever.

By three, no Max had returned. I stumbled back up to my room and napped uneasily. Our morning start would be too early for the commission shop to be open, so that I could see if I was just imagining things.

In the morning, Max was in the lobby with Bill. He looked just as usual, not even a little sleepy. Somehow that roused my suspicions

all over again. I tried to plead a headache, to be left behind, but gave up when Max threatened to postpone the trip for all three of us.

Throughout the Alupka expedition I fretted and fumed, refusing to talk to either Bill or Max. Bill muttered that I must be crazy.

Somehow I lived through the tour of the Alupka State Museum, and later of the miner's sanatorium now part of that building, even noting in passing the kitchen of the latter that a peasant woman dressed in dirty rags, and with a hurt thumb encased in a huge, bulging dirty bandage, was drying the sanatorium dishes on an even dirtier rag. After that Max insisted we must stop at the wine cellars of former Czar Alexander, now selling wines for export. Trying to still my impatience while he and Bill tasted port and Imperial Madiera, I read entries in the inevitable Visitors' Book in which we were supposed to record our transports of approval and pleasure. One entry read: "We have visited your wine cellars and tasted your wonderful wines which are owned and made by workers. We hope to invite you to our country when we the English workers will have ridded ourselves of our exploiters." It was signed, "L. Bolton, Chairman of English Clothing Workers' Delegation."

We didn't get back to Yalta and the hotel till mid-afternoon.

I waited only a second after Max and Bill left me at my room door, then darted from the hotel and half-ran all the way to the commission shop.

It was closed! I was hardly surprised.

A hard-boiled individual in civilian clothes was lounging negligently across the doorway. He looked me over keenly . . . but just spread his hands and shrugged when I tried to speak with him.

Around the corner, as I was stumbling away, a neighborhood woman who'd been watching drew me quickly into a doorway. "Do you understand German?" she whispered. I nodded. "They dragged him away in the night. His mother was here this morning, crying. . . . She thought he might be here, maybe."

"Where do they live? Can't I go to her . . . help her?"

"No, no, leave her alone," she wailed. "Do you want those devils to take her, too, perhaps? Go away—and don't breathe a word about this!" Herself frightened, she pushed me into the street and vanished in the hall somewhere.

I walked back slowly, through the bright, lovely afternoon.

Two men were standing before the hotel, sunning themselves. It was Max, talking to Bill, I saw, getting closer.

The sky faded; the vibrant day blotted out. I couldn't look at him.

When I did look, he was as smug, as bland, as complacent as ever. Soft, harmless-looking. Even a little worried around the eyes. But you saw his cheek and chin, and they were brutal. Years later, in Berlin in 1941, which was a melodramatic place, too, and hardly credible . . . I was to remember Max—and know the Nazis better.

He was repeating the plan for the rest of the day to Bill, face absent as he seemed to perceive rather than see my reappearance, and nodded toward me: "Miss LeCler, with her book. Mr. Bill, with his typewriter. That will take about two hours. Dinner at eight, sharp—and no walkings around, please." He fixed me finally with an accusing, cold blue eye.

"But between 6:30 and 7:30, for everybody—a *dead hour!*"

Where Are the Russian People?

GEORGE MOORAD

MY MOST flattering experience in Moscow was a visit to the Institute of Foreign Languages, where several hundred Russian girls were studying for the diplomatic service. I was invited to address one of the classes, and although their English teacher couldn't understand me and I couldn't make out a word of her hybrid conversation, the girls seemed to dote on my eloquence. Really, it was inspiring, especially at the end, when a shapely, black-eyed youngster asked if I were any relation to Robert Taylor.

"Oh, no," I murmured. "Just a facial resemblance, I suppose."

It developed, however, that the question arose because Robert Taylor's *Song of Russia* was then playing in Moscow, and it was the first time the girls had ever heard an American voice. The picture was typical of what Hollywood can do with Chungking, Istanbul, or Russia: a luxurious penthouse overlooking the Kremlin, peasants gaily singing as they stow away the harvest, and cute little Russian bobby-soxers falling all over the gorgeous Mr. Taylor. I asked the students what they thought of *Song of Russia* and they giggled merrily. But my black-eyed friend said "We think it means better friends with America. Maybe the government will allow us to marry and travel abroad. You know," she concluded loyally, "Russia will be like that someday."

That hope of people's friendship has passed, thanks to the stubborn resistance of the Kremlin and the equally stupid acquiescence of the American and British governments. There was a time between 1942 and 1944, I think most correspondents will agree, when Soviet isolation could have been breached by an absolute insistence upon having normal, human relationships with the Russian people. We failed—or rather, we didn't try—and now Ivan Ivanovich is pictured to us as an evil, humorless cuss who turns in his mother to the secret police and talks like a page out of *Pravda*. Between Andrei Vishinsky and the Thomas Committee, we are dangerously close to confusing

the gallant Russian people with their ignorant and ruthless leaders.

In the Communist lexicon, Russia has a population of about two hundred million, but no real people who think and read and pray and wish. There are the State, the Leaders, and the Masses, and that is all. That's a nice simple statement on paper. It shouldn't be too hard to grasp, yet I was several months in Russia before I placed my finger on the one thing which makes the Soviet Union so weirdly different from the outside world.

It happened one night as I left the Metropole hotel for the beautiful Bolshoi Theater just across the square. A trolley car had jumped its tracks and killed or injured several people. In the morning I asked my secretary to find and translate the story from the newspapers. Lily smiled. "Don't be silly. It won't be in the papers."

"Why not?" I asked stupidly. "Do they also censor civilian accidents?"

"Of course not," she said. "It just isn't news."

Lily was logical and right. Just as the socialist society would have no use for advertising, no need for the personalized billboards and signs which infest our countryside, so the totalitarian newspaper has no interest in individuals who merely are born, get married, and die. I'm sure Russia has its proportionate number of citizens who rescue others from burning buildings, dive into streams to save children, climb poles to rescue frightened cats, and do all the human and inhuman things which make headlines in America. But you don't hear about them in Russia, because there are no people; there are only the Masses with a capital M. Try checking a file of Soviet newspapers. You will always find the latest pronunciamento from Stalin or one of the handful of men who make the Kremlin's policies. Perhaps you will find one of the newly invented inventors like Popov, who allegedly invented the radio six years before Marconi, or Yablochkov, who discovered the incandescent lamp before Edison. You will find Mother Heroines producing vast quantities of babies for the glory of the State, high production workers who overfulfill their norms, a rather anonymous Soviet Army, and a great deal of scolding, slogans, and exhortation to the masses. But in all my months of reading Russian newspapers, I never found a story just for the hell of it, a story about a person without some obvious propaganda motive.

Well, I'll qualify that. The story of Ma was one of the most tragic

and human of the war. I found it in the Soviet Army newspaper *Red Star*, and broadcast it to America.

Ma was a frail little Russian woman imprisoned in a Nazi camp with French, Czech, and Polish women and their children. Because the children were given no food allowance, their mothers, like mothers everywhere, denied themselves to feed their babies, and one by one the mothers died. The Russian woman would adopt each orphan, giving her own rations and begging from others. The women's camp was separated from a stockade of male prisoners by barbed wire and a no-man's-land covered by Nazi searchlights and machine guns. But the Russian heroine managed to talk to the men and implored them to throw some bread into a bomb crater near the fence.

Each night, exhausted from toil in the fields, the Russian woman inched her way across the frozen ground to get the bread, until one night a searchlight beam picked up her slight figure and the machine guns barked. A few days later, *Red Star* related, the camp was taken by the Red Army, and the little troop of children was saved. The Russian woman's body was found, but no one could identify her. The kiddies had known her only as Ma. The Red Army gave her full military honors, and a crowd of Polish townspeople gathered to watch. An old Polish peasant, doffing his cap, asked the Russian general:

"Some important person must have died, *panie*. Who was he?"

"Yes," said the general. "She was a very great person. Her name was Ma."

I must admit this story touched me where I live, and as I finished the broadcast and reached the punch line, my voice fogged up with feeling. I hardly expected my cynical, weather-stained colleagues, Paul Winterton of the BBC and Bob Magidoff of NBC, to be dissolved in tears. All I expected of them was decent reverence. Perhaps Winterton would press my arm and mutter, "Carry on, old boy." But I turned to find them leering like fiends.

"Cinderella!" they chanted. "Didn't you know that today is Soviet Women's Day?"

Winterton then explained that the rare human-interest stories, like the philanthropic bee-keeper of Saratov, or the man and wife who bought a tank, presented it to the government, and then used it in battle as a man-wife team in the regular tank corps, had always to be

accepted with reservations. Possibly the story of Ma had happened, said Paul, but if it did, then the story was first handed to the propaganda corps to be twisted and polished to fit, and finally scheduled for such an occasion as Soviet Women's Day. People in their finest moments are newsworthy only when they serve some propaganda purpose.

Red Army procedures eloquently reveal the Soviet philosophy. Where Americans and Western Allies depended upon months of strategic bombing, weeks of intensive artillery softening, and every terrible mechanical weapon in the bag, the Russians pinned their faith upon grinding masses of flesh, and their fatality figures show it. Marshal Stalin's last estimate of dead was made in January, 1944, and admitted losses of seven and a half million, which is nearly twice the number of all other armies, Allied and enemy combined. Of course this is not fair as a plain statement. The Russians absorbed the horrifying shock of Hitler's early blows; the Red Army was unprepared and relatively primitive in its equipment. Some of it was sheer courage. Russian gallantry, as it also was in the time of the rotten Czarist armies, was really matchless. But beyond all this, the casual reading of Soviet communiqués reveals practices which only the fanatical Japanese could rival. The Soviet press described the crossing of the Oder river south of Breslau like this:

"A snowstorm was raging and the river ran black and deep, frozen only along its edges. Straight from the march, Red troopers prepared to cross.

"All up and down the east bank they gathered in the bitter cold and snow, seized fences, tables, benches, and even shucked off their uniforms and filled them with straw to make them buoyant. Then, as the Nazis bathed the river in floodlight and opened up with murderous machine gun fire, Red troops plunged into the glacial stream and fought for the other side. By morning two bridgeheads were open for field guns to follow."

This was the official story, which is dramatic enough, but the casualty figures and details which a Soviet officer told us later made us gasp. The deaths ran so high that field hospitals were emptied of the walking wounded, and medical personnel were taken from emergency tasks and thrown into the river. It was courage, certainly, but courage that no Western army would countenance, par-

ticularly in the waning hours of the war when victory was no longer in doubt. The Russians died like heroes, but the families of the great majority of those gallant men never knew what happened to them, unless some comrade who knew a man's home address had time to write. The Soviet government did not issue and probably kept no statistics on the wounded. In the event of death, only the families of officers were notified. The others were left to wait and wonder, as many of them still do.

As to the wounded, the Russians work again on the theory of utility to the state. According to Soviet military law, a wound is something caused by "mechanical reasons": gunshot, bayonet slash, demolition charge. Men thus legitimately wounded are given some government assistance and medical treatment. But men who become useless for nonmechanical reasons, say tuberculosis or heart trouble, are thrown out with the lowest category food card. If they can't work, then they must die.

It was announced, you remember, that the Red Army had almost no psychiatric cases, which leads to the impression that the American Army, with its high rate of mental ailments, was probably composed of knothheads. I had an illuminating interview with a Red Army psychiatrist who wore the ribbon for the siege at Stalingrad. She informed me that in medical science there is no such thing as shell shock, and I asked if there were not other mental ailments peculiar to war. She said there were very few and these could be cured with heroic treatment. She illustrated with a case from her civil practice.

When a skilled stenographer came to her, convinced that she was going blind, the psychiatrist told her she must change her occupation and go outside as an unskilled worker. This meant heavy physical labor and a much poorer ration card. The stenographer immediately ceased complaining about blindness.

"In the Army," said the psychiatrist, "we send them into the very front lines. There the rate of mental disturbances is never so high."

Erasing the individual has obvious temporary advantages, as the Japanese also proved. It makes possible incredible feats like the defenses of Sebastopol and Leningrad, where two million women, children, and noncombatants, who were not fed, died of starvation and did not surrender because the Red Army and secret police, who were fed, wouldn't let them surrender. In times of peace, or what passes for peace in Russia, the submergence of man in the mass enables the

government to shift whole colonies of workers to the Urals or Siberia without the bother and expense of transporting, feeding, and housing their families.

An American woman traveling recently on the trans-Siberian railway to join her husband in Vladivostok was touched by the plight of a Russian mother and three children who were making the long journey without food, trying to find their father who had been sent to Sakhalin Island in late 1945. The American fed them out of her own stores and, when she learned they had no place to stay, offered to house them in Vladivostok. After several uneasy weeks, the Russian woman learned that her husband had remarried and started a new family on Sakhalin, and she picked up her brood and returned to Moscow. The Americans were delighted to see them leave, not because they objected to sharing with them, but because the secret police had discovered their whereabouts and were using the little family to spy upon the United States consulate in Vladivostok.

It may seem presumptuous of one who lived in the rigid confinement of the Correspondents' Ghetto in Moscow to assess the feelings of the Russian people, but I begin with the simple conviction that people everywhere are much the same; they want only peace, a little security, and a chance to live their own lives. And I may say that the comical efforts to keep us from mingling with the Russian people sharpened our acuteness, like a blind man's hearing. Every precious conversation, every incident, every street scene, like the clouds of steam which issue from the subway stations in mid-winter, becomes etched on the mind, and gradually a pattern of understanding takes form.

The reason for the Kremlin's theory of the faceless Masses is plain enough. In their desperate struggle with the democratic-capitalist world, the Soviets cannot afford the luxury of pampering people, with their individual hopes and dislikes and desires. Until success is attained by this fundamentally unworkable system, Marshal Stalin cannot allow his tired people to be distracted either by the glittering materialism of the outside world or by peering into a mirror to see themselves in their drab, unkempt existence. Not for any price, except surrender of the Kremlin's dearest dreams, could Stalin afford to open the borders of his country. The whole crackpot system might explode, or the whole country might march off on a holiday, singing the folk songs which not even totalitarianism can silence.

Throughout Stalin's speeches runs a sober realization that Russia is far behind the West. In 1931 he told his people:

"Russia is from fifty to a hundred years behind the Western world. In the next ten years we must catch up or be destroyed."

Stalin's warning had point; just ten years later, the Nazis launched their crushing attack upon the Soviet Union. But today, fifteen years later, the Russians are still farther behind, largely because of the war, but also because Five Year Plans and concentration camps just can't compete with the energy and initiative of free men. It is axiomatic that a backward country can't catch up merely by walling itself up and refusing to admit the ideas and knowledge of its technical superiors. The Hermit Kingdom of Japan demonstrated the unworkability of that plan, yet here is Russia on the same old treadmill. Stalin's only hope, in fact, is to hold tightly shut the Iron Curtain with one hand, while he reaches across with the other to drag the world down to his level.

But where are the Russian people? Have they all become robots who march with banners in the Red Square, hiss at their capitalist encirclers, and woodenly work for the glory of the state and Marshal Stalin? My knowledge is limited, but until I see the latest Gallupovich poll I will bet the Russian people like these frothing *Pravda* diatribes on imaginary warmongers just as much as I do. The Russians have a normal desire to wear shoes and eat and reproduce in the comfort of a warm bed. It doesn't take a very smart man to know when he's cold and hungry, nor a particularly sensitive one to resent his wife or brother being snatched up by the secret police.

For a little while we had an interpreter who was a disabled coal miner. He had injured his back in the Donbas mines, and just previous to the war he had been sent to a workers' sanatorium to rest. He told me enthusiastically one night that Russia was the only country where workers received such kindly treatment. I cited the Workmen's Compensation Act in America, and the benefits of the United Mine Workers union, and this brought us to a discussion of unions in Russia. He said that his brother, a union official, had detected the Communist supervisor in various dishonesties and had denounced him in a meeting of workers. He said the supervisor, although he was a member of the Communist Party, had been dismissed.

"Well," I said thoughtfully, "perhaps these things I've been hearing apply only to a small percentage of people, the political upper

classes. But how would you feel if some member of your family were taken by the NKVD some night?"

The ex-miner looked at me for a long moment. Then he said harshly: "I know what you mean. They took my brother."

I used to wonder what a Soviet citizen, confined all his life in the iron mold of totalitarianism, would think of the United States, of what we call freedom and what the Soviets call "irresponsible license." Finally I got some faint idea from Natasha, who wasn't an ordinary citizen, because she had visited America and was the wife of an outstanding Russian engineer. She had spent two years in America and at first thought it was horrible. Everything she saw confirmed what Soviet propaganda had told her.

"I stayed all day alone in a big hotel in New York and read the newspapers, with the big black type and pictures of murders and suicides. I wanted to go out and see the breadlines and the starving workers, but I was afraid. When my husband came home from his work at night, I would say: 'Isn't it terrible that we had to come to America at this awful time! Stalin is right. Capitalism can't last much longer.'

"My husband said nothing, and it infuriated me. He was visiting all day with American engineers and enjoying himself. I knew he was making friends and I kept warning him, 'You're being fooled by capitalist propaganda. They will kill you and what will happen to me?'

"Then my husband bought a car, and one Sunday we drove through the Holland Tunnel and out into the country. There were thousands and thousands of nice automobiles on the road. I said, 'What a lot of cars!' And my husband said, 'Yes, they can't all belong to capitalists.'

"That was the beginning. We spent two years in Washington and I came to love America so much that I can't tell you. In America even the worker can have a car; the rich man can have two or three cars. The worker can eat one plate of ham and eggs; the rich man can buy many plates. I think that is democracy."

It is too late to reach the Russian people, as we might have done in the wartime period when the Kremlin was dependent upon us, and I am not naïve enough to think that Voice of America broadcasts will create much impression until the Russian people are able to have short-wave receivers. Consequently we cannot predicate American

policy on what the Russian people feel or think. Whether they are hungry and tired and completely unable to fight a war, as Soviet apologists are so anxious to admit, has no weight in this amoral world of power politics. Their individual, or even mass, plight seems to have little connection with what the Kremlin does, or thinks it can safely do; therefore it can have no bearing upon our decisions.

But while we struggle with this handful of bigots who live like crabs in their guarded *dachas*, convinced that they cannot co-exist with a capitalist world, we must not confuse Vyshinsky, Gromyko, and Molotov with the generous, friendly Russian people to whom we owe so much. The kindly, human characters of Chekhov and Tolstoy have not vanished. Real people still live in Russia.

A Cake of Soap

ONE NIGHT in the Metropole Hotel, Moscow's answer to the Messrs. Statler and Hilton, I had a visit from a bright-faced young girl—not the usual type of *devushka* (girl) that managed somehow to show up in our lonely rooms. She couldn't have been over seventeen years old, and in honor of the occasion she was wearing a gaudy Mickey Mouse pin. At first I figured she was just another one of them. Maybe out of the stable of a foreign attaché's office, or perhaps a special friend of a minor official in the United States Embassy.

The girl spoke English, which obviated a lot of picture drawing on my part—my favorite substitute for a language. It developed that she had spent several years in America, where her father had been a commercial attaché in New York. Part of her schooling in the United States was in Brooklyn. And as far as I ever found out, she just wanted to talk with someone about America, and once again to try out her English. The English wasn't bad.

The time was the cold February of 1943, shortly after the great Red Army victory at Stalingrad. Perhaps it was the spirit of victory—the first since the gigantic Nazi attack on Russia—that gave her the courage to obtain my name and visit me. I never found that out either. Personal questions were seldom asked. Moments, some of which lasted for an hour and some for weeks, were plucked out of life in those days, to disappear in the memory. Questions about the past or the future did not play any part of those moments.

We talked at first cautiously, as was the custom. Under the corrupting influence of a bit of chocolate and some Nestlé's coffee concentrate, the girl relaxed and began to talk more freely. She asked for more coffee—the first, she said, she had tasted since leaving America.

The girl asked permission to take off her shoes. The wooden soles were wet. And with the composure that so many Russians have, she also removed her stockings and took them to the bathroom to

dry. When she returned, she was wearing my house-slippers, as if she had known where they were all the time.

We talked about America, about Times Square and the subways, the bridges and the tunnels. She asked whether it was true that Deanna Durbin had died, a Russian rumor that seemed to have spread throughout the country at that time. Miss Durbin is still an unofficial heroine there since her picture *100 Men And A Girl* was allowed to play in the nation's cinemas. The picture is extremely popular. Some of the Komsomolskaya (Young Communist League) bobby-soxers said they had seen the film as many as twenty times.

I assured my new friend that Miss Durbin was alive and well, and told her about the brownout in Times Square—America's answer to the blackout in Red Square. And then the conversation got around to life in Russia.

"Yes," she said, "life is *ochen trudna* (very difficult) here. There is the war, of course. But life has always been hard in the Soviet Union. We Russians know it and accept it. You Amerians know nothing about it."

I asked her if she would like some vodka. She refused. The Russians, particularly the educated ones, are the most Victorian people since Britain's last reigning queen.

I asked the girl if she thought life in Russia would be easier after the war. "Life will be easier," she replied. "The war will not be here. But life will still be hard, because our nation is still growing and developing."

Since it was to be an intellectual evening, I had the vodka.

The girl reminded me of my sister. She was about the same age and had the same boyish way of propping her legs up on the closest piece of furniture.

Yes, she continued, more Americans should see her country. We should see what they had achieved. Did they not have the finest library in the world? And think of the future before their country! All of the land east of the Urals to be developed. All the boys and girls in her school studying engineering wanted to go to the East, as early-day Americans wanted to go west. Forests and mines and farms to be made to serve the Russian people. Why, she continued, in some of the collective farms in Siberia, the Stakhanovite farmers were even spreading dried grasses and wood over potential farm lands and burning the cover to thaw the ground. Then they would

plow, and by keeping the land cultivated it would never freeze solid again and could be used to raise quick-maturing crops during the short, near-Arctic summer.

The girl spoke of these things matter-of-factly. She read them in *Pravda* and was taught them in her classes, and as far as I know they were true. I later confirmed this enthusiasm of Soviet youth for the development of Siberia, in talking with Russian students. The political expansion of Russia may be manifesting itself westward in the postwar world. But the physical expansion of the country most definitely will be eastward if the teachings in the schools and colleges in 1943 were any evidence.

In Russia during the war, you seldom spoke of Communism versus capitalism. In the first place, we were then comrades-in-arms and the subject was not important. In the second place, the official line of the inevitable struggle between capitalism and Communism was a bit confused. Marshal of the Soviet Union Josef Stalin had indicated to Commander-in-Chief Franklin Roosevelt that the two systems could live in Diplomat-at-Large Wendell Willkie's One World side by side.

And anyway, being a guest in Russia makes practically every Russian your host, and they generally are too polite personally to bring up such embarrassing prognostications. At that time, the white lard and the fine-grained sugar and the canned red meat called Spam were beginning to appear in the ration of the Muscovites. They knew it was American food more by rumor than by credit given officially. And they were seeing the six-by-six trucks of Studebaker and Willys jeeps in the fighting areas. It was an era of good feeling, even though the Chief of Staff of the Soviet Stalingrad armies later was to tell us the trucks didn't count in the battle "because they don't shoot."

My new friend by this time was worrying about the ten o'clock curfew. I was worrying about getting her out of the room and also wondering if I was giving her enough material to justify her trip, in event she had to make a report to the secret police. We always suspected the girls of wearing a path between the Metropole and the NKVD's headquarters on Lubyanka Square, although no one ever proved it.

But in looking back on it, here was a perfectly ridiculous scene. A seventeen-year-old girl sitting in the room of a foreign cor-

notation different from what we attach to them. Just different, that's all. Expediency has been so long a watchword in the Soviet Union that the original meaning has had to go by the board. As an example of this, let me tell about the experience I had with a Russian girl. This girl was sensitive, honorable, and good. I was very fond of her and I think she was fond of me. Yet once she gave me her solemn word of honor not to do something and she broke her word to me without a qualm. I was bewildered and hurt. And she was bewildered and hurt because I could not understand how she could do such a thing. For the sake of our friendship, I simply erased the whole thing from my mind and we never discussed it again. I feel sure that she would never have forgiven me if I had broken *my* word to *her*. But when she did it, it just did not seem important to her. You have to learn to translate values and juggle meanings. It's a little like having double vision. But you get used to it after a while.

This is equally true of "tempo." The Moscow tempo is not at all like our own. The Moscovites are cautious and watchful. Russians are great handshakers, but it doesn't mean a thing. Every one of them has a wall around him as high and as impenetrable as the Kremlin wall, even though it is invisible. And if you think you can fool a Russian, you are crazy. If you are sincere and "serious" you have nothing to fear. Don't try to rush into friendship with them. Give them plenty of time.

But even though you must approach a Russian slowly and softly, the Russian expects you to accept him at once, without reservation and at face value. If you don't, he is miffed and never forgives you. "But don't get me wrong. I love the Russians." They are grand companions, with extraordinary capacity for enjoyment of life. Their understanding of human frailties and shortcomings is warm and sophisticated. Their dependence on and love for solid family life is firm and broad. And their attitude toward children is particularly generous and kind.

Children occupy a large part in the Soviet program. Wartime shortages, of course, cut this program down a great deal, but the Soviets never lose sight of the needs of the future citizens of the state. Many factories and apartment houses have a kindergarten for the children of working mothers. One woman I knew, whose child was taken care of in such a kindergarten, told me, "It is not perfect,

but it is God's blessing just the same." The children are taken care of during the day and are given two and sometimes three meals a day. The food does not include the kinds of food that Americans consider imperative for child health. When I was in Moscow, the children were not given fruit juices or cod-liver oil, and only milk substitute was available. But plans were made for improvement as soon as better food and more food could be had.

Education is taken very seriously in Moscow. In America most children consider school a nuisance and education in general something to be hastily absorbed on the way to other, more pleasing, pursuits. In Moscow they regard education as a precious boon, to be cherished and made the most of. Teachers take their work seriously and apply themselves to it as to a treasured life's work. A visit to a Moscow public school is convincing proof that Moscow children are being trained to be serious servants of the state. They are being trained to develop every talent to the uttermost so that their country may take its place proudly and strongly in the world of the future.

There are many playgrounds and parks for the children in the capital city of U.S.S.R. There are several children's theaters—the state grants a subsidy of three million rubles a year for their maintenance. There are three puppet theaters and one movie theater, where films especially written and produced for children are shown. There is a vaudeville theater, too, that visits the schools.

Two of the newspapers in Moscow are published exclusively for children, something which an enterprising publisher in this country would do well to imitate. One is a daily paper, the *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, with a circulation of 434,000, for "young adults." The other is a weekly paper for younger children. And it's not just a series of comic strips, either. In fact, it has no comics at all. In spite of that, it has a circulation of 400,000. This newspaper is tabloid size, four pages of news, with articles on science, art, literature, and music. It has plenty of sketches and photographs to liven it up and it has puzzles and a fiction serial, too. Naturally, since this and all other newspapers in Moscow are government owned and Communist Party directed, the tone is serious, and over all hangs the aura of Lenin and Stalin.

In the summertime, camps are maintained for children. American friends of mine who have visited these camps tell me that they are

excellent. At any rate, in spite of what we would consider a sub-standard diet, and in spite of what we consider low living standards, and in spite of clothing shortages and fuel shortages, the children of Moscow are for the most part a healthy, bright, rugged looking lot of youngsters. They are treated with the greatest tenderness and kindness by their parents and are being given every advantage that a war-handicapped government can supply. It's no wonder that they have reverence for the state and believe with all their hearts that the Soviet system is the greatest on earth. For this same Soviet system is being very careful that none of the children know what is going on outside the borders of the U.S.S.R. It is very careful to impress continually upon the children's minds that the country is being ringed by capitalistic enemies. The ears of childhood are not attuned to all the nuances of an adult world. They do not recognize the soft clank of chains. I abhor the system that so deceives and imprisons its citizens, child and adult. Yet I admire Soviet concern for child welfare.

Another thing that aroused my admiration was the fact that Moscow is a clean city. Of course, it's mostly the women who keep it clean, and what's so terrible about that? Women keep most of the houses of the world in order, and after I got over the first shock of seeing women street cleaners I began to think that the women are doing a better job in Moscow than the male street-cleaning department is doing in the city of New York. I have walked and ridden a lot around Moscow. I have been down some of the little old back streets and into the alleys and courtyards of the slums, and they are dilapidated and run-down and shabby and grimy. But they are not dirty. Nowhere did I see heaps of garbage or rags and dirty newspapers. Many courtyards were muddy because of poor drainage, but no refuse was swept into corners to be a breeding place for vermin and insects or to give off foul odors. The main streets are washed several times a day in summer, and when the winter closes down and ice and snow cover the pavements, squads of husky women work all day and far into the night with picks and shovels to try to keep the pavements safe for pedestrian and motor traffic. It is a losing battle, at best, for snow falls nearly every day, and the ice often gets so thick on the sidewalks, in spite of the pick and shovel girls, that the children put on their iceskates and skate on the streets.

But the women of Moscow have a bigger part in the life of the

city than merely cleaning the streets. Much of the heavy work in the building and general construction trades is done by women. You can see women everywhere around the town, mixing and pouring cement, laying bricks, standing on high scaffolds outside of buildings, painting. It seems peculiar to American eyes. But women are working in all the professions there, too. The majority of physicians are women. There are women judges, lawyers, scientists and, of course, teachers. I was told that no field of endeavor is closed to women because of sex alone, and I believe it. I have met women generals, women commanders of women's bombing squadrons, women locomotive engineers, and women sailors. I have been asked rather pointedly by critical observers whether this broad-mindedness on the part of the Soviet government may not be due to the fact that there is an acute manpower shortage in the U.S.S.R. According to figures gathered in 1939, there were seven million more women than men in Russia even then. With the terrible slaughter of men of the armed forces during the war, it is no wonder that women have taken many jobs in modern Soviet life. How progressive the Soviet Union would be in this connection if there were more men than women, I do not know. But I do know that today the women in Moscow get opportunities in many jobs that formerly were considered only for men. And the women are proving themselves skillful and capable.

How many of them would give up these brilliant opportunities and return to the home to be merely wives and mothers, if they had a choice? A great many, I think. It's a tough life most of them have to live—a double life in most cases. Besides their careers they must manage the household and the children, and it is a wearing and exhausting business amidst all kinds of shortages. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that the women of Moscow, even middleaged and elderly women, have a chance to prove that they can earn their living, and it gives them self-reliance and self-respect.

Another admirable thing about Moscow is the subway, the "Metro." I did not like traveling on the Metro there any better than I like riding the New York subway. The conditions of travel in the Metro are as crowded as the New York subway at rush hour, or worse. But the architecture of the Metro is so beautiful, and such imagination and vigorous good taste have been used in the design of the stations that nobody with an eye in his head could fail to be

impressed. In Moscow they have managed to combine utility with beauty. Each Metro station was assigned to a different architect. Fine marbles were used for walls and pillars; the lighting was designed with great skill along the most modern lines. Sweeping frescoes adorn many of the ceilings, and gleaming metals ornament and highlight the whole. Whoever had the idea of making a beautiful subway was very wise. It was a quick and concrete demonstration of what the Soviet promised to do all over the U.S.S.R. Who among the citizens of that land could fail to be impressed by a government which created such wonder and magnificence for the use of the common people? And to add to the wonder, the Metro is kept clean. Here again, it is the women who "chase dirt," and here again, they do a fine job. In spite of the millions of muddy boots that tramp through the stations every day, in spite of the fact that nearly all the people are toting home food from the markets, in flimsy net bags or tattered newspapers, the stations are always shining clean, and are, with good reason, a source of pride to the Russian people.

The theater buildings of Moscow are probably the best theater buildings in the world. They are excellently planned and well executed. I am used to New York theaters, where nobody expects to be comfortable and one seldom is. With property values so high in New York, few theater owners can find it in their hearts to waste valuable space on wide, comfortable seats, wide aisles, buffets, and cloak rooms. And very few provide any comforts at all for the actors. (I remember that one new theater was built in Philadelphia a few years ago in which the architect had forgotten to provide dressing rooms for the actors.) The world behind the stage is usually a madman's dream of twisting corridors and ugly cubicles which pass for dressing rooms. Masquerading behind the fire laws, most American theater owners and builders have contented themselves with backstage construction which rivals the subways for sheer deadliness. But private ownership is no problem in Moscow, and what space the state wants for a theater, it takes. Thus elbow and leg room are not at a premium, and the government is able to supply theater-goers not only with wide aisles and comfortable seats but mammoth lounges and smoking rooms and buffets. You can see and hear from any seat in the modern Moscow theaters—a startling innovation in theater architecture. And the actors have pleasant, well-furnished dressing rooms, delightful greenrooms, and

wide backstage halls, kept clear of the eternal junk of behind-the-scenes, so that entrance to the stage is never a hazard to life and limb. All very nice. All admirable. Now, if they would just put on a few plays worth going to see, I could mark the theatrical world of Moscow 100 percent.

The theater audiences were enormously interesting. In a land where individual dignity is given small consideration, and where all individual effort and ambition must theoretically be submerged in the effort and ambition of all, it is fascinating to see what individuality appears in a theater audience in Moscow. There is no world of feminine fashion, no passing fads and fancies, no mass movement to any particular style—for many reasons. Chiefly, of course, because of shortage of materials for clothing and lack of the manufacture of fripperies and accessories. The manufacturing industry of the U.S.S.R. has been busily engaged on other, more serious, enterprises, and according to the new Five Year Plan, will still be busy about them for a long time to come. As a result, the ladies who have not been lucky enough to have had male relatives in the armed forces serving outside the Soviet Union have pretty slim pickings as far as “pretties” are concerned. Most of the women are shabbily dressed. But somehow or other they manage to have a bit of individuality about their costumes. A bright ribbon or a bright scarf, a fine old silk shawl, twisted and worn as a sash, a bit of nice old jewelry, can be impressed into service and give a perky air to elderly garments. And so far, although there is a well-publicized program of “Soviet Fashions for Soviet Women,” the garments themselves have not been forthcoming in any great quantity, and what has appeared is far too expensive for most working women to buy. So the girls wear what they have; they “make do.” Some wear their skirts long, some wear their skirts short. Some wear their hair up, some wear their hair down. The result is a very pleasing unsameness.

I thought Moscow women very handsome, with a special kind of beauty. It is not glamour. It is a wholesome, shining sort of comeliness. I liked their hair, it was usually so healthy and heavy and bright; so many shades of natural colored hair, so simply and so becomingly arranged. (There were also bleached heads, and a few, but not very many, dye jobs.) I liked their complexions. Most of the Moscow women have creamy skins and rosy cheeks; they use cosmetics, but sparingly and skillfully. When you go to the theater

you see women at such good advantage. They are all happy and excited and enjoy themselves so openly. They looked full of character and pride. There was a glow about them that highlighted their faces and threw their shabby garments into shadow. There was an impressive dignity and strength about the women of the theater audiences.

The men had the same quality of individuality. While I was living in Moscow, most of the men in theater audiences were in uniform. Those who were not wore civilian clothes of a rather quaint and countrified cut, a little too short in the sleeves and a little high-water as to trousers. They had in common, however, a certain vigor of bearing, a certain strength and determination in the carriage of the head and shoulders that was distinguished and distinctive. In spite of the hickishness of their tailoring, they gave the impression that they were adults. In spite of their shabbiness, these were men.

The manners of the audiences in Moscow are good. Perhaps they have to be. Truly, the rules are strict and must be conformed to rigidly. Outer garments must be left at the cloak room, along with overshoes and rubbers, before entering the theater. No latecomers or stragglers are permitted. At any rate, people did not spend the intervals climbing back and forth over other people's feet or shouting and waving to friends six or seven rows away. They comport themselves with a cool and serene grace which is very soothing to the nerves of a foreigner who has been nerve-wracked all day by other, less considerate, Soviet citizens. Aside from the theatrical fare itself, which was very poor indeed, an evening at the theater in Moscow was always rewarding.

One other aspect of life in Moscow amused me a great deal. I neither admired nor respected this aspect, but it tickled me, just the same. That was the fact that the town was full of rackets. It was laughable to find human nature a match for governmental severity and watchfulness. It was amazing to see how human beings will always take chances, even though sometimes the fiddler exacts a pretty stiff payment. Most citizens of Moscow are keenly adroit when it comes to circumventing an irritating regulation or law. I had thought that a totalitarian government, with its crushing punishments swiftly meted out, would be a strong deterrent to shenanigans of every kind. But in Moscow, as everywhere else on this troubled and imperfect globe, if you have the necessary cash or "know the

right person," you can make life a little more liveable by careful manipulation. There was a brisk black market in gasoline and a thriving trade in foreign cameras. Although private enterprise is taboo, there were always workmen willing to do a job of radio repair or tailoring or the like on their own time and for a stiff price. Fortune-tellers exist and ply their trade and make money at it. Gentlemen officers in uniform who are entitled to 20 percent discount on purchases made in the high-priced *Gastronoms*, lounge about the cashier's cage and will pay your bill for you and split the discount, thus picking up a nice couple of rubles. Beggars beg on the streets and at the church doors. Yes. It may be an undesirable quality in me, but one thing that endeared the Moscovites to me was the fact that they managed to keep a finger in their own pies even though they had given over their souls to the Politburo.

The choral music of Moscow was superb. Any time there was a Mass being celebrated at any church—even the small, poor ones to which I sometimes went—the singing of the choir of ordinary people was always hair-raisingly beautiful. In volume and sonorousness, rising and falling and swooping and rumbling, it was grand. The great "spontaneous demonstrations" on the national holidays were beyond description dramatic and stunning. When the great Red Square was filled with marchers in uniform or costume, and the well-drilled battalions of tanks and horses and battle-businesses of all kinds pounded out the beat of the accompanying music, it was really something. And the city itself I loved.

I hate to think that I may never see Moscow again. There is a mystical quality about that ancient place, especially in winter. The snow sifts down endlessly and the bulb-shaped domes on the churches and the crenellations on the old walls and all the twisting, cobblestoned streets and the glorious Red Square, and the marvelous little Cathedral of St. Basil, are furry with snow all winter long. It is melancholy and exotic and solemn, like its own choral music. There are people in Moscow I would like to see again. Events are taking place there that I would like to learn about and know the ultimate results of. Now that I've had a few hot baths and a new permanent wave and a few real American meals, the ten, grubby, nerve-aching months I lived there seem kind of funny. It's amazing how resilient the human system can be.

Heaven forbid that I should live in Moscow permanently. A

quick visit is all I want or ask. But if our great patriot Thomas Paine were alive today and could somehow wangle a Soviet visa, Moscow would be his home. Moscow of all places on this bewildered and sorry earth would attract that man of fire and fury. It was Thomas Paine, remember, our own famous revolutionary, who said the ringing words, "My home is where freedom is not."

The Russians Have No Word for Her

THERE IS NO word in the Russian language meaning exactly "housewife." When my husband and I lived in Moscow in 1945, I asked pre- and post-revolutionary Russians about this, and they all reacted the same way—muttered a little, thought some more, and came up with the word which means "hostess" or "landlady." They all amazingly admitted that there was no such word as "housewife." And certainly the functions and duties of the Russian woman who takes care of a home or house are not surrounded by the halo of glamour which attaches to the American housewife, and their importance, at least in the society of present-day Soviet Russia, does not, apparently, merit a special word. If there should ever be a radio quiz program in Russia and the women contestants were to be asked their occupations, the last job admitted to would be that of a housewife.

Under the Soviet rationing system, an extremely significant measure of a housewife's worth was the type of food card issued to her if she was nothing more than a housewife. She got a dependent's ration card, which in effect meant she produced nothing and therefore received the lowest quota of allowance. In a country where values were reckoned and rewarded in terms of food, clothing and living space, this placed her below the level of any of her children younger than twelve years. (After its twelfth birthday and until the time when it became a producing citizen, a child also received a dependent's ration card.) The end of rationing naturally abolished such tacit distinctions, but it did not change the general picture.

However, a healthy woman, unless she has too many young children, generally does some sort of work apart from keeping house, and the Soviet structure is so built that women are encouraged to bear children while still remaining producers. A generous leave of absence, before and after confinement, with pay, free hospitalization, a bonus on the birth of the child, a reduction of income tax, and, of course, another ration card to be added to the family's kitty, are strong

incentives to stimulate the double role of worker and housewife. The much-vaunted crèches and kindergartens are really quite well run, and a mother can leave her children there wholly satisfied that they will be adequately cared for. But there are never enough such institutions to care for all the children of all the mothers who must work.

Housekeeping under these conditions, and under conditions such as exist in Moscow anyway, is apt to be spotty, hit-and-miss, and living only from day to day. In fact, the obstacles and difficulties in maintaining any kind of domestic life seemed to me so mountainous, wearing, and frustrating that it was not surprising to find shoppers surly, rude, and completely selfish, operating on a "what I have I hold" theory and even snatching goods out of other customers' hands.

The leg work involved in collecting the family food, the time needed to stand in queues—there are queues for nearly everything—could easily absorb the whole of a woman's "free" or "rest" day. Bread should be collected daily, because while black bread is delicious when it is fresh, its moist dough goes moldy after more than two days in the house. There are no deliveries at all, no telephoning to the store requesting that food be held, no paper with which to wrap the goods when purchased, and not nearly enough streetcars or trolleys to carry the swollen population of Moscow.

Another outlet for food is the peasants' market. I frequented only one in Moscow—the Central Market—but I am sure there must be more. As the name implies, these markets sell the products of such peasant farmers as are within reach of Moscow. There is at least one such market in any township, though, and even a small one in the tiny village where we had our summer house. Collective-farm workers are given their own strip of land to use as they will, and if they are fortunate to have produce beyond their own needs, they bring it in to the nearest market and sell it. They begin to arrive very early in the morning, bringing their wares in sacks on their backs. If they can afford to come by train, they do, but very often a farm will pool its food in the charge of several trustworthy members and the load will come in by truck. Prices are fixed by the simple expedient of the first person arriving on any given day saying, "Today potatoes are thirty rubles a kilo," if he is a potato-selling man, and the egg, vegetable, fruit, butter, and other merchants do the same. Al-

though the prices would seem high even to today's American housewife, they are, on the whole, fair enough, reflecting the seasonal supply and demand. The peasant market is open to the skies. Goods are displayed on long wooden trestles in not too sanitary conditions. But it is completely legal and a very clever method of helping to keep workers down on the farm.

All the Russian men and women who shopped at the peasants' market enjoyed it immensely—so did I—for at least there they could pay their money and take their choice and there was always a chance for a bit of bargaining despite the "fixed" prices. Neither of these small freedoms could be indulged in at the regular stores. In spite of the law against begging and casual peddling, there was always an abundance of this kind of traffic. Small boys would duck out from under a stall with five limp *papyrossi* (cigarettes) in their hot fists and shout a price. As they were chased out of one gate they would come back through another. My introduction to the market was hilarious, because as I passed through the wooden gates, a girl walked up to me with what looked like a string shopping bag, thrust it against my chest, and proceeded to tie the "handles" in back. After I had disentangled myself, I found she was offering a hand-knitted brassière for sale and had been trying it for size. American lendlease foods in cans, very second-hand clothing, pathetic single items, such as an ordinary china plate offered by an old woman standing alone, beautiful bouquets of flowers—everything down to fleas could be had.

The market was, however, a fairly dangerous place, I was told by the Russian woman who used to accompany me, and she insisted that I leave my handbag at home, keeping my money and my hand in my pocket. She also demanded that I be dressed for the part, so that I would not be recognized as a foreigner and, consequently, as meat for the tricksters. But if the housewife had a few spare rubles at the end of the week, this was the place to shop for an extra tidbit to sweeten the drab Russian fare.

So much for the main worry of all housewives: "What shall we eat today?" The next hazard was cooking it once they had it, and this presented plenty of hurdles. At least there were hurdles while I was there, which was during the end of the war and the first seven months of the peace. Perhaps things have improved now. In the section of Moscow where we lived, there was absolutely no gas,

and the hideous monstrosity of a gas stove in our kitchen was nothing but a nuisance and dirt collector. Electricity did not come on until after six in the evening, and the man who switched the power on and off must have had his own secret police organization, for it would always get turned off again right in the middle of my giving a dinner party. So the three electric hot plates we used for cooking were supplemented by two little kerosene stoves for cooking lunch every day, and as a stand-in when the electricity failed. When I went into the homes of Russian women, I discovered that they also used the same system, and the smarter ones who had once owned gas stoves had even sold them to the lucky ladies living where there was a supply of gas. (I could never fathom the mystery of the gas and electricity allocation and would alternately get baffled and sore when I visited other sections of the city—sometimes no more than a couple of blocks away—and found both these utilities being supplied all day and every day. Incidentally, our apartment had no heat, no hot water, and the elevator did not work. My neighbors said it had not worked for years, but my husband said it had never worked since the building had been erected.)

Because of the housing shortage—compared to which New York's is a spit in the ocean—several families lived in one apartment, and the kitchen was supposed to be used communally. This co-operative kitchen, however, turned out to be in almost every instance one of the grossest errors. It led to so many squabbles that Russian women preferred to cook in their own rooms on kerosene stoves, electric plates, or tiny iron wood-fed stoves, and only used the kitchen when forced to for getting water. In some cases as many as five and even six members of a family shared a room; the congestion and odors in a room where such a number lived, ate, slept, fell sick, made love, and even died, would be hard to describe in so short a space, and I see no useful purpose in trying.

This circumstance was a heavy cross for some Soviet citizens to carry—those who had a keen sense of cleanliness. Appearances to the contrary, there were many of these, and they valued a gift of soap as second in importance only to bread or perhaps a pair of shoes. The crowding probably had one advantage in helping members of a family to keep warm during the times when fuel was as hard to come by as any of the other necessities of life. I remember with sharp poignancy a gentle Russian woman, refined and intelligent,

who one day while riding in a car with me, suddenly wept. After she had composed herself, she told me her almost incredible story. Several years ago she and her husband had been divorced and the child of the marriage had stayed with the mother. The room in which the husband, wife and child had lived was registered in the name of the husband. No other accommodation was available, so a blanket was stretched across the room, dividing it into two. After this structural alteration the ex-husband brought home his new wife, and the four had been sharing this one room for years. The child at the time of telling was only eight years old, but had lived since babyhood in the middle of every detail of another family's intimate domestic life and was fast becoming a great problem to her mother. For the mother to have undertaken the illicit deal of buying a room, as some people did, would have cost her thousands of rubles, which she did not have and could never accumulate.

This is certainly straying from meals but seems to me to be part of a Russian housewife's burden.

Having somehow found the food and the heat with which to cook it, there has to be something in which to cook the meal. Saucepans were as rare as pigeon's blood rubies and cost nearly as much when you could find them. The one large shop in Moscow anywhere approaching a department store was the Mostorg, and when a trickle of consumers' goods reached the capital, this was where they were put up for sale at prices which made my head swim. "Put up for sale" is a euphemism, because the goods never reached the shelves for display in many cases. The rumor of expected commodities would rush through the city like a whirlwind, and on those occasions Macy's basement was a soiree for Main Line oldsters compared with the scene at the Mostorg. Men, women, and children would battle for a saucepan priced at something like thirty dollars. I found the large No. 10 cans extremely useful for cooking some things, and also gave them to my neighbors. One sweet, elderly woman in my building carefully removed the paper from the can, cut out designs from it, pasted them back on, and returned the can to me full of chrysanthemums, with a note asking for the can's return when the flowers were dead.

Refrigerators were legendary objects that Russians had heard about—and I mean the average Russian. The one in my kitchen (*circa* 1910) was discussed by all the neighbors, and even the most

modest and nervous co-tenant would dream up an excuse to get into the kitchen and view the wonder. The cook would brag about it in a Grand Duchess manner, saying, "How trying that the electricity is not working! How can one possibly make ice and keep food cool?"

I must say, however, that some of the food I have eaten in Russian homes has been very tasty, and I have never had better soup. I suppose need has driven the women to inventiveness. Even I found a way to bake bread and cakes on top of an electric hot plate, but the Russians, if they were putting on the dog for a visitor, would produce some really good meals. For not a few, the cost must have swallowed a whole month's pay, and I learned one day, to my deep consternation, that one of my hostesses had sold her watch to buy the ingredients for a dinner for my husband and myself.

Washing clothes, I should imagine, is the next important housewife's chore. In Moscow there are no laundries, so you do it at home or go dirty. At least I saw no laundries, and I spent many hours of many days pounding the streets of the city. I have no doubt that some arrangement for the outside washing of the upper crust's soiled linen was made, but the run-of-the-mill Soviet housewife did her washing at home. That I know, because I saw her at it, and a task of major proportions it was.

One day I called unexpectedly on a Russian girl while she was in the middle of a washday, and although she was at first dismayed, she agreed to go ahead while I watched and helped. This girl was unmarried and shared a not very large room with a younger girl. She had actually come to blows with another female tenant somewhere in the apartment over the use of the kitchen. When I knew her, wild horses could not have got her to set foot in the kitchen, and so her room-mate had brought in the water before going off to work. It stood in assorted pots, pans, and bowls all over the floor of the room. The trick, she explained, was to get enough water warm on the two hot plates, in a sufficient, simultaneous quantity, so that the precious bar of soap did not get immersed too many times.

For the sake of prolonging the soap's life, too, washing was not done as frequently as she would have liked. Unfortunately, Russian women seem to have a predilection for using white in their furnishings, although this could well mean that there was nothing else to be had. My friend had white covers on the two beds in the room, white scarves on the table and the two boxes she used as bed tables,

and the windows of the room had once had white curtains, but these had long since been transformed into underwear. All these things were made of the very lovely, but quite heavy, Ukrainian linen. After a while my friend admitted that she was glad I had come, since rubbing and wringing the larger articles was muscular work, especially when done in a very small basin from a kneeling position. Then came the underwear, and the girl blushed with shame as she swiftly picked up and dunked the homemade pants and brassières, worn, darned and patched, that had once graced the windows.

When we had finished the washing and before we rinsed, she put all the pieces on the window sill and washed the bare, wooden floor with the soapy water before taking it to the bathroom to throw out. After the rinsing, we smoothed and pulled the laundry as nearly clear of wrinkles as we could. There was an iron in the apartment, but the girl disliked borrowing it too often. We hung and draped the washing where we could and sat beneath these damp, flapping banners drinking weak tea without sugar, lemon, or cream. But, as my friend pointed out, it would not take long for the clothes to dry as the main window in the room had been blown out by one of the few bombs that hit Moscow, and she could get no glass to replace it. The two girls boasted one blanket apiece and in the winter one of these was pinned at the window and they shared a narrow bed. This washday was an autumn day, and there was plenty of good fresh air in the room.

When I arrived home, I told our cook about this. She lifted her eyebrows and said, "Well? How do you think I do my washing? The same way, of course. We all do. What else?"

Caring for children, shopping, cooking, and washing are really the largest items of a housewife's work, yet there are several other aspects of it that deserve a brief going into. To get any clothes cleaned you had to know somebody who knew somebody who was important enough to have a ticket permitting him or her access to one of the few cleaners. It was such a formidable and intricate task that it was easiest not to bother and merely take care that you didn't drop egg on your front, sponge, brush, and press and let it go at that. In any event, there were not many average Russians who had more than one suit, heavy skirt, or coat, and as the cleaning process took a long time, they would have been left unclad.

The lack of baby carriages resulted in the charming picture of

little Russians being wrapped in gay embroidered quilts like papooses, usually topped off with a lace-edged serviette where the baby's head emerged. A charming picture, but one that must have meant grinding backaches for many a young Soviet mother. The number of baby buggies I saw in Moscow during 1945 could have been counted on one hand, while the number of babies and pregnant women in the city seemed greater than in any other big city I have visited—until I saw the Bronx.

A situation that was yet one more headache to Russian women was that of getting all members of the family together to eat at the same time. Even supposing that she and her husband were working more or less the same hours, the chances of her school-age children being there, too, were slim. This was true of Moscow, anyway. The paucity of school buildings and schoolteachers had evolved a shift system of teaching, and it was likely that one child would go to school very early in the morning and another, of a different age group, would arrive for his lessons late in the afternoon and not be through until some time in the evening.

As far as clothes were concerned, there is such a wealth of detail, sad and amusing, to be said about this subject that it warrants not just a paragraph in this chapter but a complete chapter, or more, unto itself. The girls who were seen most by the foreigners were the unsavory little clique that hung around the embassies and were, by that token, usually MVD spies. These little ladies engaged in all kinds of skulduggery to get an extra frill, furbelow, or knickknack. They connived, wheedled, begged, and prostituted their bodies and souls, but, thank God, they were not representative. The woman in the street had very little to wear, a very poor chance of getting more, and what she did have was shapeless and generally unbecoming. If she could scrape and hoard enough rubles to buy a length of material on some kind of black market or, infrequently, at the Mostorg, and had wit and skill enough to make it without a pattern after she had found needles and thread, then she was indeed blessed. The scarce dressmakers' establishments were for the exclusive use of a chosen few of the aristocracy or for those who had amassed enough bribing rubles in some kind of illegal trade, such as procuring abortions, or, I regret to say, as middlemen for selling goods for Americans, British, and other foreigners within their borders.

Almost every younger Soviet woman was obsessed with the thought

of modes and wardrobes, and no foreigner could walk through the streets without being stared at. Whenever I went into the Metro, I nearly always had some woman touch as well as look. My friends would beg to go through my closets and make detailed sketches of clothes, then turn up a few weeks later with homemade versions of my dresses made over from their old ones. They were not in the least self-conscious about this, but conversely quite pleased with themselves. And I was flattered. By and large they have good taste and would select for their deepest admiration the most expensive custom-made suit I had in my wardrobe. One of the biggest joys I have ever had was the giving away spree when I left Russia. Not, I should add, to the embassy chicks.

As far as shoes are concerned, this is a very painful matter to write about because I can still see old men and women—dependents, of course—bending slowly down to rewrap a strip of canvas or tie a piece of string that held on to their tired feet battered remnants of what might once have been shoes. This was the worst picture, but the best was bad. Always and always, excepting the bigshots, the all-enveloping need for shoes was nation-wide, and only the Army and those bigshots went well shod. For a pair of well-used but weather-proof shoes almost any service could be purchased with a discomfiting measure of gratitude thrown in. One Russian we knew, whose occupation in this country would entitle him to live in comfortable middle-class surroundings, had been given a permit to buy one pair of shoes in two years. When he bought them, they were for his son, because the son's plight was worse than the father's.

Permanent waves were really inexpensive but, unless it was because the girls, once having had a wave, never thought it necessary to have a set, the permanents all seemed to me to be fairly horrible. This neglect, combined with the peroxidizing that was so prevalent in Moscow, gave rise to the unraveled-string or Brillo effect of most coiffures. But the women who had permanents were really proud of them, and since they are a comparative innovation to the not-so-privileged, they had every right to be. I cannot explain the peroxide passion, but it was apparently very chic to be blond, and the longest line in the drug stores was always the one where peroxide was sold. The second longest line was where cotton could very occasionally be bought, since the universal woman's need was not manufactured and packaged.

All these things I saw, of course, during and after a war that had impoverished the Soviet Union, but towards the end of my stay, the goods that were coming in from Germany had begun to reach the consumer. When these are exhausted, perhaps Russian factories will be under way again, but it will be years before there is a pair of good shoes in every closet when the owner is himself on the street.

But whatever improvements in living conditions and increase in consumers' goods may emerge from the next three Five Year Plans, the position of a woman in the Soviet Union will not primarily be that of a housewife. At the beginning of her history, some thirty years ago, she could divorce and marry by the casual, and by now almost farcical, postcard system. The children of such a marriage were not particularly the responsibility of the mother or father, except from emotion, but could be turned over to the state to be provided for. Abortions were legal and performed by state doctors, bastardy was no shame, and the women stood and worked side by side with their male comrades. Ten years ago, suddenly and swiftly, all this was changed because the government had recognized that instability of family and home life was a basic factor in the instability of any economy. Abortions became illegal (despite the fact that contraceptives were unavailable), divorce was made difficult, and children born out of wedlock, although useful in helping swell the population, were not the welcome little Soviet citizens they had been. Along with these new decrees, legislation was passed to fix and enforce responsibility for parenthood, and a vigorous propaganda campaign told the women that their duty was to increase the legitimate population.

All this came to pass during one of the freak periods in the Soviet Union when the people were actually asked to offer their opinion on this new form of living before the decrees were made. In glad response to this invitation, the newspapers were flooded with bitter and caustic comments to the effect that it was all very well to rebuild the home but how about a few more sets of four walls to put the homes in. These and other criticisms were loudly made, and when they had been considered by the government, there was silence for a short time and then the new legislation was passed without answer having been made or anything done to change the conditions.

The women were thus left without the crudest tools for the sim-

plest type of household to be set up, were expected still to produce goods as well as children, and yet had lost their freedoms. There have been several years of devastating war since that ten-year-old metamorphosis, and conditions have worsened rather than improved, so that, more than ever, women along with men must produce and not just consume, and also try to maintain a home of sorts. If the woman is a good Soviet citizen that is what she will do, for under the system in which she lives this is the way both she and the state will most benefit. She still falls in love, marries, and has babies, but the circumstances under which she does all these things would appall, dismay, and outrage American women. They have appalled, dismayed, and outraged the American women who have visited the Soviet Union. But although a Russian woman may become tired and weary of the drudgeries and bureaucratic frustrations, she does not, if she believes in her leaders, consider keeping house the be-all and end-all of her existence.

Perhaps it is just as well that there is no word in the Russian language meaning "housewife." If there were one and we translated it into English, bringing with it all our understanding of that word, it would only add more to the lack of understanding and confusion already existing between the two countries.

I Remember Natasha

IN MY MOSCOW MEMORIES Natasha will always occupy a chosen spot. Even though many years have passed, I continue to think of her with, I confess, an irrepressible feeling of nostalgia, mingled with a heart pang. The nostalgia is due to the warm friendship that developed between us during my stay in the Soviet Union; the heart pang, to the fact that soon after my departure from Russia, Natasha, like so many other Soviet citizens who associated too closely with foreigners, became *spurlos verschwunden*. But there is another special reason why this ordinary secretary in a government bureau, rather than any of the important and colorful personalities in which the Soviet capital abounds, left a lasting impression on the matrix of my memory—and that is what I am writing about here.

I met her one day, back in May 1928, shortly after arriving in Moscow to take up my Soviet assignment. I called that afternoon at the office of the press censor, situated in the building of the Narkomindel¹ on the Lubyanka, to clear a cable destined for my news agency in New York. The censor, unreasonably, I thought, quibbled with me about a certain statement in the cable to which he objected; he insisted that the wording be changed before he would give his approval. We engaged in some verbal maneuvering until we reached an acceptable compromise, and I repaired to an adjoining room, which was reserved especially for the use of foreign correspondents, in order to rephrase the cable. There were two battered typewriters of ancient American vintage in the room, and I started working on the one that was free at the moment. Right in the middle, the badly frayed typewriter ribbon became tangled, and it was while tinkering with it impatiently and without success that I heard a feminine voice over my shoulder saying, in a precise and melodious English:

"If you will allow me, I will help you."

That was Natasha. She was familiar with the idiosyncracies of this typewriter and quickly set the ribbon right. I thanked her and of-

¹ People's Commissariat of Foreign Affairs.

ferred, in token of my appreciation, to buy her a drink. She was obviously surprised, which, she explained to me afterward, was due to the nature of my invitation (it was not *comme il faut*, according to Soviet ideas) and also because I had addressed her in what she insisted was good Russian; it appeared that at that time I was the only American correspondent in Moscow who spoke the Russian language fairly fluently and with practically no trace of accent. Anyway, she hesitated and I thought she was going to refuse, but finally she said, "Well, a cup of tea, maybe." That was the beginning of our friendship.

From then on I saw a great deal of Natasha and learned her story. It was rather unexciting as compared to the strange and fantastic stories one encountered almost daily in the strange and bizarre capital of the Soviets. Her parents were ardent revolutionaries of the old highly idealistic Russian type and had been political exiles for many years. They lived for a time in London and later in Paris and Zurich, where Natasha was born. Her father was a journalist who wrote for expatriate Russian journals, her mother was a language tutor. It was from her mother that Natasha learned French and English in her childhood. With the overthrow of the Czarist regime, the family made its way back to Russia. Natasha was then nine years old and she was already imbued with the revolutionary ideals of her parents. After the Bolsheviks took over and became entrenched, she was sent to a Soviet school to continue her education. Then her parents died—her father in 1923, her mother two years later—and Natasha went to live with an aunt who had an apartment on Krestinski street. Upon graduating from what would be equivalent to our senior high school, she obtained a position as secretary in the Narkomindel, where I met her.

The "apartment" where Natasha lived with her aunt was really nothing more than a single dreary room minus toilet or kitchen facilities. It contained two narrow iron beds, a chest of drawers, a rickety table, and a few chairs. The community toilet was out in the hallway, but there was a sink with running water in the room and around this Natasha's aunt had organized courageously what passed for a light housekeeping kitchenette arrangement—a few shelves on which were some pots, dishes, and glasses. In true Russian spirit, Natasha and her aunt were extremely hospitable and they served tea almost passionately at the slightest provocation. The tea was prepared by means

of a one-burner gadget called a Primus, which was fueled with kerosene and emitted a furious deafening hiss like a blowtorch until it got properly started. In this room I spent many hours telling Natasha and her aunt about America and listening to their hopes and dreams about the revolution and that wonderful day, which they were convinced was not far off, when the whole benighted world would become one great big happy Soviet.

In many respects Natasha was a typical Soviet girl, but quite unlike the Hollywood screen version of the Soviet girl, portrayed as a fetching piece who, though bemused by Marxist dialectics, could easily step, with some minor alterations in dress and mannerism, into the role of a Conover model. Natasha used no rouge, her eyebrows were untweezed, her fingernails bore no trace of polish, she did not wear a tantalizing tightfitting sweater. Whatever attractiveness she possessed—and she was attractive—was due to her own natural self rather than to the frantic high-priced artistry of cosmeticians and *couturiers*. Although her clothes were old and shabby, there was no mistaking that she was well shaped, and her pallid, oval face, topped by dark brown hair, served as a fine setting for her blue-gray eyes, sparkling gay in laughter, sad in repose. You would not call her beautiful in the ordinary sense, but her features were comely, and in her thoughtful moods she sometimes acquired a Madonna-like quality—in the Slavic character—strong and earthy, yet haunted by the subtle shadows of a deep inner brooding.

One thing Natasha shared in common with the glamourized fictitious Soviet girl dreamed up by Hollywood: she too was bemused by Communist ideology. However, there was nothing farcical about her behavior to titillate an American movie audience. Her actions, alien as they were to our concepts, did not invite any horse laughs, for she was not only in earnest, she was honest about her beliefs and convictions. It was but natural that she should be thoroughly indoctrinated with the prevailing Soviet mores and attitudes; she was brought up that way. At most one could be exasperated by her at times, as, for instance, concerning her views about certain aspects in the relationships between men and women. She would not allow a man to give up his seat to her in a bus or to help her on with her coat, nor would she permit a man to carry her grocery bags or other packages unless he agreed to divide them equally with her.

One chilly evening, toward the end of summer, when we were walking in one of Moscow's parks and she was shivering, she thought I was positively insane for offering to put my coat around her shoulders. All such forms of attention and thoughtfulness toward women which we expect and take for granted she dismissed in one pithy phrase—"bourgeois nonsense."

Politically, however, she was a nonconformist. She was opposed to Stalin. But opposed is not the word. She hated Stalin with a hatred that was rare to see. The closest analogy I can think of is the hard, bitter hatred which some Americans indulged in, during the New Deal era, toward F.D.R. To Natasha, Stalin was "that man" in the Kremlin. She considered him an arch-traitor who had betrayed and was defiling the pristine revolutionary virtues and ideals of Lenin and Trotsky, her twin ideological gods. This otherwise gentle, soft-spoken girl resorted to the most intemperate and vituperative language in referring to Stalin. She called him "bandit," "murderer," "bloody monster," and worse. She could not for the life of her understand how I could even think of trying to be detached and objective in appraising Stalin's personality and the historical circumstances responsible for his rise to supreme power. Her feelings on the subject were so violent that she frankly and fervently wished for his assassination or that he might be struck down suddenly in some other manner. There were times when I felt uneasy at the thought that she might be planning to undertake the assignment of doing away with him herself.

I recall vividly one evening when I took her to see the *première* of the Soviet ballet *Krassny Mak* (The Red Poppy) at the Polshoi Theater. It so happened that Stalin was there. He sat in a front box together with several other top Soviet leaders and was partly concealed by the heavy drapes which covered the box, so that for a good view of him one had to get pretty close. To me this was important, as it was my first opportunity to see the Number One Bolshevik who made public appearances on the rarest occasions and up to that time had granted but a single interview to a foreign correspondent. My chance came during intermission when, together with several other correspondents, I edged my way toward Stalin's box. But Natasha indignantly marched out into the lobby, saying almost with a hiss: "I cannot endure the sight of the monster."

Indeed I made no effort to persuade her to come along with me, for I was genuinely fearful of what she might have said or done if she got near Stalin.

In inverse ratio to her hatred of Stalin was Natasha's worship of Trotsky, which reached the fantastic proportions of idolatry. While Stalin was a cheap, ruthless, opportunistic politician, Trotsky was the veritable embodiment of all that was pure, noble, and selfless. Only Lenin himself, she said, surpassed Trotsky in revolutionary zeal, wisdom, and statesmanship.

Natasha, along with all the other followers of Trotsky who were working underground, still hoped that their leader would somehow extricate himself from Stalin's clutches and stage a comeback. They had infinite faith in the "revolutionary loyalty" of the Russian proletariat, whom they expected to rally in ever-increasing force around Trotsky's banner; they even dreamed of a popular uprising against Stalin. Trotsky was exiled in far away Alma-Ata and was held under strictest surveillance, but his followers managed to keep in touch with him and received his directives through a cleverly contrived underground system; they also had contacts with certain persons in the Kremlin who were ostensibly loyal to Stalin. This situation was naturally intolerable to the men in power, and it was no secret that the Kremlin was scheming desperately to find a more drastic way to nullify Trotsky's influence and destroy his underground activities.

In the latter part of January 1929, rumors began to circulate that the former Soviet war lord was to be transported to some other point of exile. No one knew where, but obviously it would be a place still more remote than Alma-Ata. Moscow buzzed with conflicting and contradictory theories that were discussed in subdued whispers only with the closest and most trusted friends. Some speculated that Stalin was planning to send Trotsky to a foreign country and that he was negotiating for this purpose with the German and Scandinavian governments. The Soviet officials denied everything categorically, leaving the foreign correspondents in the dark. On January 30, this reporter learned from a trustworthy source by way of the grapevine that Trotsky was going to be shipped to Turkey. The story had to be gotten through clandestinely—the Soviet press censor to whom the cable was submitted, with no illusions as to its approval, rejected it as "sheer fantasy"—and the following morning the *New York Times* front-paged it under a Berlin dateline. Two weeks later

this report was proven correct when the Turkish government announced that Trotsky had arrived in the land of the Crescent under the name of "Sadov," as the reluctant and none-too-welcome guest of Kemal Pasha, and was residing in seclusion on the Isle of Prinkipo.

The effect on Natasha was shattering. She was in tears. A bereaved lover could hardly be more desolate. Her rage against Stalin knew no bounds. This, she cried, was the ultimate crime of the ages, for which Stalin would have to pay in blood. I tried to reason with her, pointing out that Stalin was merely carrying out Lenin's own dictum that dissident groups must be eliminated. I asked her what Trotsky would have done to Stalin had *he* come out the victor. Moreover, what assurance did she have that the mercurial, politically unstable Trotsky would have known how to use his power once he had it, and that he would not have brought the Soviets to disaster through his chafing impatience to introduce Communist perfection to Russia, and the revolution to the rest of the world.

These arguments did not comfort her. On the contrary, they seemed to add to her bitterness and only served to arouse in her a sense of despair and frustration which she did not have before. Without Trotsky, she said, the revolution was at an end; Soviet Russia was doomed.

Meanwhile the campaign against Trotsky, whose name had not been mentioned in the Soviet press for many months, although the fulminations against "counter-revolutionaries" had continued, was revived with new vigor. It appeared that his physical ejection beyond Russia's boundaries did not suffice; his fiery spirit was still there and it had to be exorcised, driven from the memory of the people or, failing that, his name blackened so thoroughly that no Russian would henceforth be able to utter the word Trotsky without experiencing a shudder of revulsion. So the Soviet press and radio abandoned themselves to an orgy of rare invective and political billingsgate in a spirit truly joyful, in the comforting knowledge that their formidable antagonist had at last been cut off from direct contact with his followers and deprived of the means of hitting back effectively. The magic of the underground had finally been broken.

Natasha, like her fellow-Trotskyists, read every word hungrily in the desperate hope that somewhere between the lines she might discover a clue as to her hero's fate abroad, what was happening to him, what he was doing. And very soon, surprisingly soon, I began to

notice that something strange was happening: doubts were creeping into Natasha's mind, doubts about Trotsky. They were induced by the reports that Trotsky was going to write a series of articles for the *New York Times*. This was a juicy bit for the Soviet press and radio, and they got their teeth into it with the fierce relish and tenacity of a bulldog. Each day the story was chewed over, embellished, and elaborated upon. The inescapable conclusion for any decent, self-respecting Communist seemed to be that here, at last, Trotsky had been caught red-handed in the act of treason: he was committing the cardinal ideological sin of trafficking with the capitalist press. The finger of ideological indignation was pointed squarely at him as press and radio thundered in one concerted, self-righteous voice: We told you Trotsky was the archfiend of counter-revolution—well, there he stands exposed! This point was driven home with all the cunning and fury, with all the scorn and satire, at the command of the Soviet propaganda machine. And it had its effect. Many of Trotsky's adherents were shaken for the first time. Natasha was one of them.

It was pitiful to see their anguish. If only they could have reached Trotsky at that moment I believe they would have accepted gladly and unquestioningly any interpretation he might have given and they would have flung his answer defiantly in Stalin's face. It was less a matter of whether the reports about the *New York Times* were true or false as of exegesis. These people had been trained to have all the answers handed down to them by their chosen Authority, but once the man who represented that Authority was gone, they were helpless. They could not figure this thing out for themselves. It was in a very real sense a spiritual crisis, and they were confronted with the alternative of accepting the answer of the only other voice that symbolized Authority in their isolated world—the voice of Stalin.

However, there was still a faint glimmering of hope that this whole business might be nothing more than a Stalinist canard, a cruel, unfounded invention by Trotsky's diabolical foe. So, like a drowning person who grabs at a straw, Natasha turned to me. Ironically enough, she was hoping that there might be a denial of the reports in the capitalist press. I could only verify the reports and try reasoning with her once more. I told her that according to the *New York Times* Trotsky would use the proceeds from the

sale of his articles to publish Lenin's collected works in English. Furthermore, I stated my opinion that the doctrine which proscribed a Communist from writing for the bourgeois press was a form of spiritual isolationism that boded ill for the Soviets as well as for the rest of the world. But I am afraid I made no impression on Natasha.

Then came the final stroke. Having softened up Trotsky's followers, the Kremlin now applied the *coup de grace* in a manner that might well have won the plaudits of America's best public relations experts. One day there appeared on the corners of all the important avenues and public squares of Moscow and other cities of the Soviet Union an army of hundreds of hawkers with stacks of pamphlets entitled: "Trotsky Sells Himself to the Capitalist Press for \$40,000." The air was rent with the clamorous cry:

"Read how Trotsky has sold himself to the capitalist press for \$40,000!"

I was staying at the Bolshaya Moskovskaya, or Grand Hotel as it was known to foreigners, and I had given strict orders to Natasha not to visit me there. She was running enough risk as it was; to call on a foreigner at a hotel was like deliberately hurling an open challenge in the teeth of the GPU. But that same day when I returned to the hotel about half past four, the desk clerk handed me an envelope which contained a brief, cryptic note from Natasha.

"I must see you. Please, please," she wrote, underscoring the word please.

It was Friday, and Maxim Litvinov, the then Commissar of Foreign Affairs, was giving his weekly cocktail reception to foreign correspondents at 5:30. I felt that I shouldn't miss this one in view of the excitement and the flock of new rumors that filled the Moscow atmosphere in connection with *l'affaire Trotsky*. These receptions were useful to correspondents, serving as occasions for off-the-record chats with Litvinov and members of his staff and for meeting prominent Soviet journalists and correspondents from other countries of the world. There was a lot of excellent food and light banter frequently marked by political overtones, and sometimes it was possible to pick up a hint or clue that proved valuable.

So, despite the fact that I was disturbed by Natasha's urgent note, I decided to go to the reception first, but at seven o'clock I left and rushed over to her house. I found her pale and haggard,

with deep distress in her eyes, and almost before I had a chance to say hello, she asked:

"Is it true, then?"

For a moment I was nonplussed and I must have looked blank. Then it dawned on me what she was driving at.

"You mean about Trotsky?" I said.

"Is he being paid \$40,000 by the American newspaper?" she wanted to know.

I felt sorry for her, knowing what inner tortures she was undergoing, but I had to tell her the truth; yes, Trotsky was receiving \$40,000 from the *New York Times*. I shall never forget the expression on her face. It was as if I had just brought her the news that her dearest friend had suddenly died. She made a sound like a groan and sat down. After a moment of silence, she said quietly, slowly, in a tone of utter resignation and finality:

"In that case, everything that Stalin said about Trotsky was true."

Well, there it was, and this time I did not even attempt to reason with her. It was not a matter of logic. Natasha was cruelly, profoundly wounded in the depths of her soul. Her hero, her idol had betrayed her, destroyed her faith in him, and in the hour of her distress he had not reached out to her with his voice of Authority to explain, to justify his action. It was that personal. And Stalin had won another convert, albeit a bitter and reluctant one.

In the weeks and months that followed I continued to see Natasha frequently, but though I avoided discussing the Trotsky problem, I thought about it a great deal. And the more I pondered on it the more I began to realize the wider implications of it. My experience with Natasha served to bring home to me in a direct and startling way my first telling lesson in the power of political propaganda and its potential dangers in relation to the "little people" of the world. In Natasha's case it was propaganda by decree; but propaganda by self-dedication serving the interests of special groups in the lands where freedom, or a semblance of it, exists, can be equally dangerous if not quite as totally effective in scope. In the hands of pressure groups or government cliques hell-bent on one thing or another, propaganda becomes a powerful instrument to create mass hysteria and regiment public opinion.

What happened to Natasha happens every day to many people

in all parts of the world. Faced with the vast multiplicity and complexity of political, economic, racial, and religious issues of our time, how can the average person sift the false from the essential? How can he arrive at the truth when the order of the day is intellectual regimentation, when the blaring voice of propaganda shrieks insistently, commandingly, in a tone of authority: "this and only this is the truth!"? Is it any wonder that there is so much befuddlement and uncertainty, that the "little people" are unable to think for themselves as they are swept along by the torrential flood of regimented thought that flows from press, radio, and lecture platform? Is it any wonder that so many men and women, either to escape a sense of complete intellectual frustration or simply because they cannot resist the overwhelming impact of press and radio, yield, in some cases willingly, in some unwittingly, to that propaganda voice which happens at the moment to be the most strident, the most insistent, without regard to the issue of truth, the voice that offers the ready comfort of conformity and an ideological anchorage in the turbulent sea of chaos and confusion which engulf our world?

So you see why Natasha left such a deep impression on me. I have come to consider her as a symbol of something that is important, terribly important, to all the "little people" of the world. Whole nations and groups of nations can be swayed just as easily by the same force that bore down ruthlessly on Natasha. That is an appalling fact. There is the case of Soviet Russia and America to hand. Was it not but yesterday that the two were comrades-in-arms, full of good will toward each other, fighting lustily and bravely side by side against a common enemy? Yet today, practically overnight, they are snarling at each other, shaking clenched fists in each other's face. How did it happen? How could mutual amity turn so swiftly to mutual hatred and suspicion? Of course we know how, and it's quite simple. Our civilization, boasting of the greatest scientific achievements in the history of mankind, has at the same time created a Frankenstein of propaganda, a monster who enjoys the game we have taught him and has memorized well one slogan: never underestimate the power of propaganda. And if he is having great fun with the gadgets we have placed trustingly in his hands, who can blame him. It's really most diverting, and a neat trick, too—quite fascinating, in a monstrous sort of way. You just

turn a knob, push a button, pull a switch, and the presses start rolling, the radio starts blaring. And what is more, you need have no fear—the “little people” can’t stand up to it, not yet.

Yes, I remember Natasha.

The Making of a Russian

EMPIRES MAY rise and decline. Political regimes may change, for the better or for the worse. A people like the Russians, who have expanded over one sixth of the globe, follow throughout their history a destiny inherent in their country's nature and dependent but little on outward factors. More than any other people I have encountered, the Russians have been molded by the land to which they belong. Born and brought up in Russia myself, I know the grip which Russian nature and landscape have on the Russian character.

There is nothing mysterious about the Russians, in spite of what foreigners may say. They are no more difficult to understand than any other people. But to do so, you have to try to live in Russia for a little while, if possible pass a whole year there through the full cycle of the seasons. But not in one of the large cities, which are much like the world's other large cities, built of stone and concrete. The greater part of Russia's population still lives in villages strewn all over Russia's immense plain, where the ground rolls gently and the horizon is never quite within reach.

So in order to know the Russians, whether they are Soviet Russians or so-called White Russians, you must go into the Russian countryside. You will then see the sparkling brilliance of winter on a sunny day, feel the shackles imposed on man and nature by frost and snow; rejoice in the spring's mad rush of melting water, sense the awakening of plants and animals; in the summer inhale the scent of hay and ripe wheat and hear the harvesters' song, then marvel at the blazing forests in the autumn, and once again withdraw from the world at the return of winter.

For my part, I shall never forget this pulsation of seasons in Russia. Nowhere else is it so deeply marked or so intimately felt. But Russian nature has a charm of its own. It is seldom sensational, yet it insinuates itself close to the soul and becomes part of it,

much more so than classical visions of beauty could do. You draw it in with all the fibers of your body rather than perceive it with the five senses. This is probably why greater, better-known pictures cannot efface it.

How well I still remember the paths which cut through the forests of white birches, firs, and pines which surrounded Moscow, the patches of shade and sun on them, the rustling of dead leaves under the feet at the end of the summer, and the incredible design which hoarfrost drew on trees at Christmas time. The little white-washed houses with thatched roofs, tucked away in the hollows and gullies of South Russia amidst cherry orchards and endless wheat fields; or the sunset on the Black Sea when its surface was mauve and copper-colored and somewhere, very far away, as in a dream, rose mountains that seemed to be made of crystal. . . .

When I think of all this once more, it seems to me that Russian nature has a certain character of duality, which it stamps on every Russian from his birth. It is so very intimate, so close, and yet at the same time grandiose. When you contemplate it, you become aware, without the slightest effort, of infinity. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? Russia spreads over thousands and thousands of miles, from the Baltic Sea to the Pacific Ocean and from the Polar region to the heart of Asia. On this whole expanse, the country is nearly always flat, without any great barriers or without change of outlines.

A foreigner who travels in Russia might think the countryside monotonous. But a Russian, brought up in this monotony, comes to love its immensity and the free, unhampered outlook before him. Quite naturally he grows up without a sense of limitation, and also without a sense for plastic shape. With the exception of the Crimean shore and of the Caucasian and Ural mountains, the Russian plain can never give a sense of form. It rolls on and on, land's end merging with the sky, elusive and yet within eyesight. It gives you a desire to wander on. So the Russian people have wandered on, expanding like a patch of oil on water.

The ancient Greeks, who lived in a country plastically beautiful, developed the art of sculpture to a height never equaled elsewhere, Russia has never had any great sculptors, and her painters are better known for their sense of color than for their power of composition. I believe it is because beauty in Russia often escapes the eye. One

finds it in a mysterious combination of sounds, scents, shades, in the ineffable element which could be called the very spirit of nature. Every Russian is aware of this spirit. It has been expressed in music, song, and dance, the arts in which the Russians have excelled.

The Russians, we all know, are inclined to be mystical. They instinctively believe in God, and when they don't, they are troubled by their own doubt of God's existence. The Soviet godless campaign may have shattered to a certain extent the religious feeling of the Russians. It may also have substituted a new religion for the old one. But I don't think that it has uprooted the inherent faith of the Russians in a spiritual, invisible world.

Anyone who grows up amidst the Russian landscape is almost inevitably endowed with such a faith. If you walk through the woods in the winter and hear the trees moan and crack in the frost, you think of elemental spirits. If you stand on a hillock in the midst of the steppe, you have no visible boundaries ahead of or behind you, on your right or on your left. And above you the sky is quite low, so low that you can almost touch it.

I think it was Spengler who outlined the difference between the Roman Catholic and the Greek, or Russian, Orthodox religions. This difference has often struck me. In the Gothic cathedral, God is somewhere high up; the dome, the ogival windows, the arrow-like spires point upward. Prayers are sent to some unattainable being. Not so in the East. In the Byzantine and the Russian church, God is under the dome, with you and around you. He pervades the world, he is quite close, he might be in you. . . .

But there I touch on the problem of West and East which has now come to the foreground in political relations and which, to every Russian, is a familiar one. Russia is astride of two continents, Europe and Asia, and the mentality of the Russians is a blend of the mentalities of West and East. A Russian easily understands the blind fatalism of the Orient or the Hindus' sceptical attitude towards the world of matter. Yet he is also familiar with Western realism and considers himself a member of the European family of nations and a child of European culture.

A Russian is *par excellence* a Eurasian, and he has the faults and the qualities of the races living on both continents. Did not Hitler and Rosenberg call the Russians a mongrel nation?

A glance at Russian history gives an easy confirmation of the twofold influence that the West and the East have exercised on the Russian people. Throughout thousand years of its recorded life, West and East have swept over Russia in intermittent waves. The lack of natural boundaries has laid the country open to invasions from all directions. Each invader has left some of his people, some of his customs, some of his mentality.

In early times, the Scandinavians came from the northwest, the Huns from the east, the Arabs from the southeast, and the Greeks and the Romans from the Mediterranean. Byzantine priests brought to the pagan Russians the somewhat theatrical and mystical ritual of their religion. Prince Vladimir, so the annals say, had representatives of all creeds perform their rites before him, and the Byzantine mass appealed to him more than any other. And so the Russians were baptized, by persuasion or by force, into a religion which is a cross between Western and Eastern faiths. Had not the Russians adopted it early, they might later have been converted to Mohammedanism, which would have made them into an entirely Asiatic nation. But the balance had to be maintained. The Greek Orthodox religion was to play an almost decisive role in the making of the Russians.

Deep inroads were made into Russia by the East when the Tartars, coming from the wastes of Central Asia, conquered the greater part of Russia and ruled it for three centuries. Then the Poles and the Lithuanians began to press into Russia from the west. The Poles occupied the Ukraine for a time, and even reached Moscow at the beginning of the seventeenth century, but not to stay there. Although the Tartars had by then been repulsed, their Asiatic way of life had remained.

Peter the Great, the mighty, epileptic czar, was needed to pull Russia from the dust of the East and to set it on the Western road again. While the *boyars*¹ shaved their beards, put on short, Western clothes, and brought their women out of seclusion, Russian peasants, fleeing from war and taxation, huntsmen, traders, and adventurers wandered eastward, deep into Asia. Little by little, the Russian people occupied and westernized all the north of Asia, clear to the Pacific Ocean. They even crossed into America and for a short time held Alaska.

¹ *Boyar*: a high nobleman.

And so the Russians grew into a kind of double-bodied nation whose people felt at home on both continents where they lived. I remember how in my childhood our family shuttled from Europe to Asia, spending the summer and fall near Moscow and the winter and spring in the Caucasus, which lies on the Asiatic continent. That particular part of the Caucasus had been Moslem until the Russians had conquered it—only quite recently—and its men were still warriors and its women, though not veiled, still lived in great seclusion and utter subjugation to men.

Torn by their own inner conflict between West and East, the Russian intelligentsia of the nineteenth century actually split into two camps: the Westerners and the Slavophiles. The former wanted to follow the way of the West as Peter the Great had taught the Russians to do, the latter believed that Russia should follow her own Eurasian destiny and turn her back to the West. Neither was completely right, of course. Russia's task was to continue looking to both East and West for light, and to try to blend the two currents of thought.

Thus the Marxist doctrine, conceived in the West to suit the needs of its industrialized proletariat, was brought over to Russia by Lenin—a man born on the Volga, at Asia's doorstep, and long an exile in Western Europe—and trimmed to fit the pattern of a despotic Eurasian state.

When you meet a Russian, you must therefore have in mind his dual personality born from his surroundings, from his country's geography and history. A Russian is often pensive and sad, but he can easily drown this sadness in mad merrymaking which will go on late into the night. And then again he will have moments of depression during which he will feel and say that all is vanity and that any effort is futile. A Russian is nearly always endowed with tremendous vitality and endurance which will drive him to overcome any obstacles in his way. But a moment may easily come when he will abandon all efforts and lie down on his bed and look vacantly at the ceiling. A Russian can be tender, loving, and emotional, and again cruel, and passionate in his cruelty. He may be tremendously ambitious—his country having set no visible barriers to his ambitions or to any other of his impulses—and he may shrug his shoulders in a fatalistic mood, suddenly overtaken by the idea that material progress is devoid of any real meaning. A Russian

is generous and hospitable in an Asiatic way, little attached to property, yet childishly curious about mechanical achievements and proud of his own inventiveness. You may all have heard those stories about Russian soldiers who invaded Germany, Austria, and Hungary at the end of the last war and who proceeded to collect strings of wrist watches up both arms. Some of them would wear these watches until they stopped running, and then, unable to wind them, they would give them away as useless toys.

A Russian is rebellious in his whole way of living, yet used to having orders imposed on him from above. Lenin and Stalin knew as well as their predecessors that a regime of individual freedom would be difficult to maintain in Russia. For thirty years the Soviets have tried to overcome the natural laziness and disorderliness of the Russians by a system of terrorism. The Russians are not yet ripe, alas, for a system of political freedom—no more than any other Asiatic people. But they could be brought up to it quickly, as they are always eager to learn and are well endowed with understanding. They are adaptable like children—inherently intelligent and gifted children. And like children they lack inner discipline.

About Russian women I could say more things, but being myself one of them, I had better refrain for fear that I might be called partial. Russian women have gone through an extraordinary evolution: two hundred years ago they were still in Asiatic seclusion. Today they enjoy a greater equality with men, not only in civic but also in emotional and intellectual life, than the women of any other country I know. They are truly men's companions.

Above all, the Russians, both men and women, are passionately attached to their country. For reasons I have indicated earlier, they belong to it; they are one with their surroundings. A Russian uprooted from his native land is never quite at home anywhere else, however successful he may be materially. A nostalgia for the endless plain stays with him, a nostalgia for his native tongue, for its songs and music. This last war has proved that the Russians can fight for their soil.

THE SYSTEM

The Monopoly of the Mind

THE FIRST TIME that the magnitude of the Soviet propaganda apparatus made a vivid impression on me was not when sitting at my desk in Moscow, reading *Pravda* or *Izvestia*.

It was on a trip to Russian Karelia, a few months after my first arrival in the Soviet Union as a correspondent. Karelia is the land of lumberjacks and the northwest woods. This was in the middle of the 1930's, and Petrozavodsk, later destroyed with a special fury in the war, then was a wild town of log cabins and hard-drinking lumbermen, most of them of Finnish extraction.

When we stepped off the Leningrad train at dawn, the loud-speaker on the station platform was reciting the same setting-up exercises which were heard every morning at the same hour in Moscow, Leningrad, and everywhere else. The morning news broadcast was exactly the same, with an exception which I shall note in a moment. All the week of my visit we heard the Moscow news, the Moscow music, and the Moscow cultural programs ringing incessantly from the street-corner loud-speakers. The only exception was that here in Karelia, even at that early date, the northern programs always added a few items of hostility toward the Finns across the border.

The return journey to Leningrad was made by steamboat down the Svir River. The other passengers (except for a group of eight political prisoners who were kept under guard in a corner of the top deck) were made up of a naval officer, three students who had won prizes, a doctor, and two engineers, all on holiday.

I left a copy of the *Saturday Evening Post* on a table in a salon when I went on deck for a breath of air. Returning, I found the naval officer, one of the engineers, and the doctor looking at a full-page advertisement for the Lincoln Zephyr. "In America," the engineer was saying, "every workman has a car like this."

"I don't believe it," the naval officer said.

"But he's right," the doctor said. "I read about it in the Leningrad *Pravda*."

They all looked to me for confirmation. I said that I thought it was a slight exaggeration.

"But it must be right," insisted the engineer. "They sent an engineer over to the automobile factories in Detroit. He wrote an article saying the workmen all came to their jobs in cars like this."

I suggested that they might have been less expensive cars.

"That's not what he said," the engineer insisted. "And why would he lie about it? He's one of ours."

That conversation, against the background of the week in a provincial town, has remained in my mind for ten years as a graphic little picture of the extent of the Soviet propaganda machinery and also of its effects. It goes without saying that no such mammoth machine has ever existed before, because no such effort to monopolize the thoughts of such a far-flung people has ever before been made. Before attempting to give a foreigner's estimate of the characteristics, and of the successes and failures, of Soviet thought-control, I would like to sketch briefly what is known about the structure of the machinery itself.

The Machine

The salient characteristic of the machine is its centralized control. Its motive power comes exclusively from the Communist Party and not from the government. That is worth repetition: From the party and not from the government. Some governmental administrative units, such as the All-Union Committee for Radio Broadcasting, Cinematography, and Art Affairs, are set up under the Council of Ministers but their duties are purely administrative and their direction is entirely in party hands.

The Administration of Propaganda and Agitation ("Agitprop") functions directly under the Central Committee of the Party and is headed by Andrei Zhdanov, a member of the Politburo. This Administration is divided into sections for Propaganda, Agitation, Cultural Enlightenment, and the Press. The lines of organization extend from the Central Committee down through each republic, *krai*, *oblast*, and *raion*. Each of the divisions—Propaganda, Agitation, Cultural Enlightenment and Press—differs slightly from the others in its operation but the general principal of centralization is the

same. Appointments to office in the lower echelons are made by the next higher administrative unit, but all key appointments must be approved by the Central Administration in Moscow.

During the dictatorships in Italy and Germany, the big chief of propaganda used to send hundreds of directives and hold dozens of conferences with key editors. I believe this is done in Russia much less frequently. The key editors themselves help to form the party line and do not need such constant direction. *Pravda*, of course, is the main organ of the party, and the line which it lays down is followed with exemplary discipline. On the other hand, the editor of *Pravda* is held responsible for the conformity of editors of lower papers, who in turn have the responsibility for those beneath them.

There is no great obstacle in the way of advancement in industry, the sciences, or even in the bureaucracy, for a loyal and intelligent Russian, regardless of his party affiliation or lack of it. This is not true in the field of propaganda. Here the party has a jealously guarded weapon. No individual can succeed within the machine unless he has passed the rigid tests, checks, and screenings which are a part of the party discipline.

What I have said so far applies especially to the press and radio. The sections of the machine which are designated for propaganda and agitation function somewhat differently.

"Propaganda" in the strictly limited administrative sense means propaganda "to the party and non-party intelligentsia." That means for the elite. This section publishes numerous magazines and journals for the edification of this group. It also employs many lecturers on this relatively high-brow level. I once formed a fairly close acquaintance with a man on the foreign news staff of one of the Moscow newspapers. As an editor and a party member, he had these duties: To perform his normal work from 6:00 PM to 4:00 AM; to lecture twice a week on foreign affairs to factory clubs in and around Moscow; to give at least three lectures a year on the same subject at open forums in Moscow; to supervise the selection of tenants for a new apartment house which was being put up for artists and writers; and—last but by no means least—to lead a "shock troop" from his neighborhood in the planting of trees in the city park-building program. The latter two functions may not sound like propaganda jobs but they are.

The nature of the job requires that the agitation section be much

larger than the one which deals with the elite. It employs hundreds of thousands of agitators, all party members. They run wall newspapers, put out mass appeal posters, and run "agitation" trains. (The Russians would call the Freedom Train one.) It is their duty to leap into the breach in every crisis, whether it be one in world affairs, in rallying farm workers for a record harvest, or in spurring Stakhanovite workers on to greater effort. I think that there is at least one of these agitation agents in every factory and on every farm. One of my friends, who was in Moscow at the time, has told me that in the dreadful moment of uncertainty after the news of the German attack had been broadcast, a patriotic worker in one of the factories leaped up on his machine and shouted, "Now we'll go get the filthy Huns." He was immediately pulled down by a party member, who cautioned him, "Calm yourself, Comrade, until we know what the line is." The agitation worker does not always have to meet such a crisis as this, but it gives one a rough idea.

The purely cultural side of this machine perhaps is less obvious in its work than the others. I do not think the authorities consider it any less important, for no other government is so self-consciously concerned with the cultural development of its people. This is a field which includes the organization of clubs, reading huts, libraries, museums, and the many "Houses of Culture" which are features of every urban center, as well as of some of the larger collective farms. I have never seen an estimate of the number of party workers employed in this branch, but in 1944 it was said to be 73,000 in the RSFSR¹ alone.

A machine which is considered so vital to the life of the Soviet state not only must have an army of trained workers but also the most extensive mechanical facilities. The entire network of the Tass Agency is at the disposal of the 7,000 printed newspapers in the country. In 1940, foreign observers estimated that there were 5,340,000 wired loud-speakers of the type I have mentioned in Petrozavodsk, which were operating over 10,000 relay systems. This network, of course, is the real voice of Moscow. Radio receivers are few by comparison. It has been estimated that there were 760,000 receiving sets before the war. These were confiscated during the war but have since been returned. It is impossible even

¹ Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic.

to guess how many radio sets were "liberated" by the Red Army in Europe. In addition, the Russian factories have been increasing their production at a fairly rapid rate. Hence, although radio receivers are still secondary to the loud-speaker system, it is safe to assume that the number of receiving sets now is near one million.

The Purpose of the Machine

Anyone who follows the workings of this machine over the course of years may suspect at times that its intentions are obscure and its aims this year contradictory to those of last year. Before the war, I knew an American who was on a scholarship at the University of Moscow. He told me that at a students' party he had remarked a queer zigzag design drawn on the wall of the room where they were meeting. "That? Oh, that's the party line" one of the young Russians explained cynically. I also believe that a great many Russians are puzzled by what they feel is a contradiction between the friendliness and admiration for America which was encouraged in the 1930's and the present line of hostility.

Obscurity and inconsistency do exist. However, a study of the workings of the propaganda apparatus from the beginning of Stalin's succession to the present shows that it has been consistent with three purposes. I would define them as: 1. To build a feeling of solidarity among the Soviet peoples; 2. To create the illusion that life is better in the Soviet fatherland than anywhere else, and 3. To keep alive a constant sense of fear and hostility. Among the Russian peoples themselves I do not think that a sense of spiritual solidarity is very hard to create. It always has existed, thick enough to cut with a knife. If we think of peasants as normally individualistic to the point of an obsession, then the Russians are the exception. I once heard a Russian folk story, much older than Bolshevism, which goes like this: Deep in the heart of Siberia is a mountain and high on the mountain is a cave; deep in the heart of the cave is a rock; in the rock is a diamond and on the diamond is written, "Not I for me and you for you; not I for you and you for me, but one for all and all for one." My own consciousness of this inner sense of solidarity is symbolized in my recollection of an evening when my car was stuck in a snowdrift near a railway station on the outskirts of Moscow. The suburbanites leaving the station didn't stand around and advise me how to get out. They waited until a

crowd had gathered and then, as smoothly and rhythmically as deckhands heaving cotton bales, lifted the car onto the road.

Obviously, however strong this innate sense of solidarity may be, it is not necessarily the same as solidarity behind the Soviet dictatorship nor solidarity among all the diverse peoples of the Union. The propaganda machine tries to create support for the regime by making people feel both superior and afraid, and I shall have more to say about this later. The working of the apparatus in its efforts to create a sense of solidarity among the non-Russian peoples is a special field within itself.

The purpose here is the creation of a delicate balance between subservience to the will of Moscow while keeping alive feelings of national honor, prestige, and even of independence, in preserving national cultural traditions. The first of these is taken care of by press and radio which, no matter in what tongue they speak, speak the language of Moscow. The second is one of the main concerns of the cultural section of the propaganda machine. It keeps alive national languages, systematizes alphabets, organizes libraries, encourages national writers and poets, and fosters the spirit of learning and the arts in general. Considerable effort is made to keep the cultural connection with Moscow strong and working both ways. Few non-Russian authors and poets have much success beyond their own borders, except perhaps the Georgians and Ukrainians, but national theater troupes, ballet companies, and concert singers appear frequently in Moscow, and Russian artists have to do regular tours of duty among the lesser peoples. I once spent an evening with a party of singers and actors just back from the eastern tour. They had been all the way to the Outer Mongolian Republic and they spent the evening mimicking the weird music and uncouth customs of the people among whom they had been. One of the women did a take-off of a welcoming speech by a Mongolian official which would have been a gem on anybody's stage. It was all very funny in a big-city-mocking-the-hicks fashion, but it also was too relaxed and good-natured for anyone to doubt that they all felt themselves part of the same country.

The All-Union Congress also is an instrument for creating solidarity among nationalities. On the serious side it gives all a sense of participation. Nobody ever heard of the delegate from Kazakstan influencing the course of affairs in the Congress, but

at least he participates in approval of the program which the Kremlin has decided upon. And he can go home and tell stories of what he saw. During one of the earlier meetings of the Congress, a handsome young Kazak, wearing the native robe of striped silk and the gay skullcap, used to stand every afternoon outside the Metropole Hotel and laugh at the sight of people going through the swinging doors. In the dining-room of another hotel I watched two other delegates—from one of those lands where they barter wives and use ivory-tipped back scratchers—in earnest conversation over the forks on the table. Finally one of them picked up a fork, thrust it down the collar of his robe, and scratched his shoulder-blades. I could not understand what he said, but for my money it was, "See, the Great Father Stalin even provides us with silver scratchers." Even the Central Committee of the Party is not sufficiently thorough to have thought up the revolving door and the fork as instruments of propaganda, but I do not imagine that such incidents as these hurt its efforts to make the peoples more familiar with each other.

What success has been achieved by this effort to create a sense of solidarity among all the citizens of the Soviet state is very difficult to judge. The war was the test, and what happened during the war has never been told in any detail. Some traitors and collaborators arose everywhere the Germans appeared. The results speak for their ultimate ineffectiveness. Large numbers of Ukrainians and of Germans from the Autonomous German Republic on the Volga were disloyal and were punished for it. The only evidence of mass disloyalty, however, is the postwar decree disenfranchising all the Tartars of the Crimea for collaborating with the Germans. But soldiers of all nationalities fought faithfully and well in the Red Army; they won and the Union was preserved, and so even the test of this war did not answer the basic question as to whether or not propaganda has created that sense of solidarity which can endure even the ultimate blow of defeat. The only accurate appraisal to be made is that defeat was very close in the last war and the solidarity was not destroyed, whereas many foreigners were predicting that the whole Union would fall to pieces at the first blow from an outside enemy.

Now to move on from the function of propaganda in the creation of solidarity to the next of its tasks which I listed above. This is to

create the illusion that the Soviet worker and peasant—and also the intellectual, though he is a comparative late comer—is better off than his counterpart in any other country.

The Russian worker works extremely hard for very small material gains; he is denied the right of free organization, he cannot strike, and he cannot sell his skill on the highest market nor even change his job at all on his own volition alone. His relation to his bosses is one that has not existed in an industrial country since the predatory capitalism of the middle nineteenth century. The Russian peasant is denied the right to own as much land as he can acquire and as many cattle as he can afford; he cannot sell all he produces on the market of his choice nor even decide what he is to grow and how. Nine-tenths of his effort is controlled by the overseers of an absentee master, the state. As for the intellectual, if he is an artist he cannot recreate the world as he sees it, and if he is a member of one of the professions his success depends more upon his political servility than upon his professional skill. Against the background of the Western tradition of intellectual freedom, his position is at best medieval and at worst a travesty.

How then can any propaganda apparatus, operated by whatever despotic power, make people in such a position believe they are better off than their counterparts in Europe and America? It would seem to be an impossible ambition. Yet that is not the case. True, this is the single hardest task of the Soviet machine and the one calling for the greatest ingenuity. Yet it is a task which is gone at with enthusiasm and every show of confidence, and the effort certainly has not failed.

One Soviet technique for creating an illusion about material well-being once was described to me by an expert in a way which is none the less accurate for being witty: First you say there is no shortage of shoes; if that doesn't go down, you say people have an exaggerated idea of the importance of shoes, and if that doesn't work you say the shortage of shoes is not the fault of the Kremlin but of saboteurs in the shoe factories working in conspiracy with foreign imperialists. That way the resentment of the individual is diverted to the alleged saboteur and going without shoes becomes a patriotic gesture.

Another device is to persuade the Soviet citizen that he is the participant in the new society of the new age. His individual sacri-

fices then are made to take on a historic importance. This is the reverse of democratic individualism. It appeals to a certain mystic strain in the Russians more strongly than it would to other peoples, but I can cite one example to show that the appeal is not confined to Russians. Once, in the Kuban, I ran across a young American who was in charge of one of the machine-tractor stations which at that time supplied machinery for the collective farms of the region. His station was isolated, he lived in a plywood barracks and he made the equivalent of about \$20 a week. Back home he had made \$50 driving a truck for a logging outfit. The difference in his mind was that "there they paid me good money and on payday I could go to town and get drunk and that's your freedom. Over here I learn things, they tell me all about what's going on in the world, and I'm in on something big."

The technique of the carrot and the donkey, while not so directly applied to make the Soviet worker feel he is better off than others, was for a long time used with considerable success by the propaganda machine in the interest of increased production. The Stakhanovite speed-up method, named for a miner who had upped his output of coal by rationalizing the work, became part of the party line in 1936. Not unnaturally, it swept the country. Everything from heavy industry to milkmaids adopted the speed-up. Production norms were increased and so was piecework pay for production above the norm. Stakhanovite posters adorned walls, Stakhanovite banners were draped in factories, Stalin's photographs were published giving Stakhanovite awards to young and old from farm and factory. Press and radio cascaded stories of Stakhanovite heroism, pausing only occasionally for a snap at some saboteur who had not converted to the new line rapidly enough.

That was the stick. The carrot was the slogan for the year: Life is becoming better, life is becoming happier. This banner was raised higher than the Stakhanovite ones, for this was the aim of the speed-up. The slogan was repeated between radio programs as we would a toothpaste ad, it was placarded in shop windows, above newspaper kiosks, and in workers' club rooms. The poster picture of Stalin that year had him smiling benignly at a little girl and bore the slogan, "Life is becoming better, Comrades, life is becoming happier." It was an exceptional success for the propaganda machinery, too, for production did increase and the life of the Soviet citizen did get better

for the next two years, or until the shadow of war fell over the scene.

The alleged decadence of Western capitalism is a subject of relatively highbrow appeal and its propaganda history has been a curious one. The decadence, of course, is a truism in Marxist-Leninist doctrine, but there was a time when Stalin's propaganda did not even try to pretend that capitalism was on the verge of collapse. The supposed lesson of the great depression was kept alive long after it had ceased to be news elsewhere, although foreign observers sometimes thought the Soviet treatment of the subject was very much like a man with smallpox gloating because a neighbor had come down with measles. Before the war, however, there was an open admission of the superiority—at least the technological superiority—of the capitalist countries in the slogan of those days, which was that the Five Year Plans would enable the Soviet Union to "catch up with and surpass" its free-enterprise rivals. Since the war, a new note of hostility and of more intense rivalry has been assumed. Unless the propaganda line is a complete misrepresentation of the policy of the Politburo—and for it to be so far off the line is an impossibility—the Soviet government has definitely staked its policy for the future on the judgment that capitalism is going to suffer a collapse in the not distant future. In fact, while the war in Europe was reaching the final climax and all was superficial harmony between the Allies and Russia, a distinguished American told me that he had come away from an interview with Stalin with the clear impression that the dictator was firmly convinced of the internal weaknesses of the Western democracies. He gave the impression of believing that the war had only given capitalism a breathing spell.

It is too obvious for comment that the creation of a sense of fear and hostility toward other countries has been a powerful instrument in Soviet propaganda. The device is as old as history. It has always been a basic assumption in Soviet propaganda that the outside world, or at least its leaders, lives in anticipation of a chance to gang up on Russia. From the formation of the Axis, the specific enemy was Hitler, with Japan as runner-up. The vulgarity of the press polemics exchanged by the Nazi and Soviet papers had to be seen to be believed. Anything less than a four-letter word was mild.

The present line is different. The first anti-American article ap-

peared just before V-J Day. It was a piece in *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, the Young Communist organ, describing a supposed wave of unemployment in the United States and saying that thousands of women had been forced into prostitution or were making a living by posing nude in shop windows. That turned out to be only the first shot in a planned campaign. The newspaper and radio editorial line is denunciation of American and British "imperialism" and "war-mongering" and of French and Italian Social Democracy. The news line is less untruth than distortion. Strikes, intemperate public speeches, criticisms by leftwingers, racial difficulties, and any other material suitable to prove the point receive space in the press and on the radio. Nothing else does. On the higher intellectual level, eminent scholars prove that American and British militarists are in cahoots to gobble up the globe. Also something new has been added in that a great many Soviet journalists have now gone out to report the world at first hand. Soviet correspondents used to be limited to the Tass bureaus and to a handful of special writers for the larger Moscow papers. Now the papers, and especially the magazines, run numerous signed pieces of first-hand observation. The president of the Ukrainian Academy of Sciences went to a scientific congress in London last year and wrote articles for three magazines, not about science but about living conditions and politics. There wasn't a friendly word in any of the three.

This campaign has been going on long enough to see that it has a definite character: The people behind the Iron Curtain, except for a few vile remnants of the past, are enthusiastically united behind their leaders in friendship for the Soviet Union and enthusiasm for the new life; the peoples of Italy, France, England, and America are strong in their sympathy for the Soviet Union and their love for peace but they are led by unscrupulous reactionaries, imperialists, and war-mongers.

That is the picture as of the present writing. If, as we so often say, this violently hostile propaganda line has dissipated with remarkable speed the great stock of good will for Russia which existed in America and Britain at the end of the war, then we may be sure that it has been dissipated deliberately and for a purpose. It has been a clear-cut campaign to create ill will and hostility with all the force of the apparatus behind it.

The Results

Some thirty-five years ago, an English sociologist, Benjamin Kidd, introduced a new and profound idea into political thinking. Despotic political power, plus state control of education, plus modern means of communication, he wrote, had reached such a highly developed state that a strong ruler could change the ideals of an entire nation within a single generation. The example he had in mind was the Germany of the Kaisers and the growth of militarism. That was thirty-five years ago, and the Germany of Hitler more than amply proved the point. In a certain sense the Russia of Stalin might be considered an even more sensational achievement of propaganda. In not much more than a single generation a powerful propaganda machine has created the ideal of a socialist society with all the complexities of new standards, new morals, and new ethics that that implies. This propaganda machine, at first sight, seems to have made an entire great, sprawling, passionate people willingly subservient to a ruthless dictatorship, has made it surrender without protest all claim to freedom of thought or expression, has made it submit to great material personal sacrifices for the sake of a collective goal, and now is making it a dangerous aggressive force in world affairs.

And anyone who makes a sweeping statement like that about Russia has to backwater immediately. The propaganda machine may have regimented these aspirations, but that it created them is very doubtful. When I returned to Moscow, I asked a Russian acquaintance if much had changed in the intervening seven years. "Everything has changed in seven years," he said, "and nothing has changed since Ivan the Terrible." To make the point a little more clear, I would like to cite a list of characteristics attributed to the Russians over a century ago by the Marquis de Custine, a Frenchman dispossessed by the French Revolution, who came to Russia in 1839 disposed to be a sort of fellow traveler looking for lost ideals in the Czarist rule. He did not find them. Here are the things he did find:

"The political state of Russia is that of a country where the government speaks as it will because it alone has the right to speak." "The Russian government is the discipline of the camp substituted for the order of cities; it is the state of siege become the normal state of society." "Political obedience has become for them a cult, a religion. It is only among these people that one can see the martyrs

in adoration before the executioner." (Remember the confessions at the Moscow Treason Trials, each confession ending in expressions of adoration for Stalin?) "But what a state! Social order costs too dearly in Russia for me to admire it." And finally, "There is one passion which the Russian people understand better than any people have understood it since the Romans, and that is *ambition*. Ambition enables them to support any sacrifice. That is the sovereign law of this nation; whether the policy is instinctive or calculated makes little difference. These people wish to possess the earth. . . . Their ambition is disorderly, immense, one of these ambitions which can germinate only in the soul of the oppressed, and it is fermenting at the heart of the Russian people. This nation, essentially conquering, expiates in advance by its privations, by its slavish submission, the hope of exercising tyranny over others; the glory, the riches which they hope for distract them from the shame to which they submit, and to compensate for the sacrifice of all public and personal liberty the slave, on bended knee, dreams of the domination of the world."

So it would be quite an assumption to say that the propaganda techniques of the Communist Party, highly developed though they are, really have made the Russians subservient and self-sacrificing or has created the world ambition which they now show.

What the propaganda apparatus has done is to discipline these qualities and tune them to a high state of responsiveness. Aside from the zigzags made by the Party line, for many years now the Russian people have heard only one story. I know of only two tangible forms of resistance to it. One is a strong curiosity about the outside world. In my own experience, however, this is a curiosity about the outside world's gadgets and technological achievements and not about the things of the spirit and of the mind. I have never been asked a question about American democratic forms and how they work; I have never known a Russian who had any interest in foreign literature or art except in so far as they confirmed his own convictions.

The other source of opposition to the propaganda line comes from a sort of native peasant shrewdness. A story which illustrates it used to be told about the late President Kalinin, the peasants' friend. He used to receive peasant delegations in a bare little room in the Kremlin, furnished only with a simple cot and a few chairs. The idea was to make them think he lived in such simplicity. Well, after one group had been received and then banqueted and sent

home, all the Kremlin's table silver was discovered to be missing. Word went out to arrest the delegation. They were caught and interrogated and the word came back, "Tell President Kalinin he will find the silver under the mattress of that cot he says he sleeps on." There have been times—the great collectivization drive of the early 1930's, for example—when the peasants have put up strong resistance to Moscow's propaganda, but the propaganda always has been the winner in the end.

The highly centralized and formalized character of the propaganda machine has made the ordinary Russian citizen very expert at reading between the lines. The size of a headline, the position of a photograph in a newspaper, is always understood as the barometer to the current standing of a public figure. During the treason trials, whenever one of the defendants mentioned the name of someone still at liberty, everyone knew that that person soon would be in for trouble. When, soon after V-E Day, Ilya Eherenburg was spanked in print for accusing the entire German people of war guilt, everyone knew that the new line was to be the courting of the Germans as opposed to their Nazi leaders.

There is no question but that the efficiency of the Kremlin's propaganda should have much of the credit for overcoming the confusion which existed immediately after the German invasion, and for keeping alive the war spirit through years of great hardship. This was a supreme test and it was met with great success. The success was not that of the war years alone, but came from long years of preparation of the spirit of loyalty to the regime.

At the time of this writing, the machine has undertaken new tasks which probably are going to be only slightly less difficult than the ones it performed during the war. One is the winning of the people of non-Russian satellite states to the same state of subservience as the Russians themselves, and the simultaneous effort to extend Soviet ideals into Western Europe. In this the Soviet fountainhead is aided by the existence of a considerable number of foreign Communists who were trained in Moscow and now are in a position to apply the techniques to their own people.

The other task is to tune the Russians themselves up to a new period of hardship and sacrifice on the theory that they are again menaced by foreign enemies. The Russians are as war-weary, to say the least, as anyone else in Europe. Today's enemies were yesterday's

friends. It is not going to be easy to convince them that the war was fought with no result other than to begin another time of fear, uncertainty, and ill-being. There already are some external signs that the propaganda apparatus is finding the simple creation of fear to be insufficient. The emphasis seems to be shifting to the building up of a sense of superiority, with accent on the cultural decadence of the Western world as well as on its coming economic collapse, and to the creation of "the ideal Soviet man." Zhdanov in person, the boss of the whole propaganda machine, has been exhorting and commanding writers to get to work on the creation of this national ideal. If it works it will be an accomplishment comparable to the episode of Adam's rib.

The subject of this article has been Soviet propaganda as an instrument of internal policy, but I would like to add a brief postscript on the subject of our own and the British propaganda to the Soviet Union. I was in the Embassy at Moscow when the illustrated magazine *Amerika* began publication, and when the plans were drawn for the Voice of America broadcasts. Nobody was ever under any illusion that the magazine and the broadcasts would reach the Russian masses. The same was true of the British weekly newspaper and the B.B.C. broadcasts. The objective was to reach an audience of intelligent people. This intelligentsia also is the first concern of the Soviet propaganda, for it is the only group which is capable of creating any real danger for, or opposition to, the dictatorship. By reaching it we hope to keep alive an interest and friendliness which can counter the present Kremlin line of hostility and isolationism.

*The Man in the Iron Lung***BEHIND US lay the gray Azores!**

And also Britain, France, Belgium, Italy, Greece, Egypt, and Turkey, where we had met from early morning until far into the night with editors, publishers, beat reporters, and political writers, saying that the American Society of Newspaper Editors believed there ought to be a free flow of information between nations after the war, and that we wanted to discuss the subject and implement it in any possible manner.

Now we were waiting at Teheran, with the hospitable, if slightly browned-off, Persian Gulf Command outfit at Camp Amirabad, with Mount Demavend looking down on us.

We would look at the Soviet visas in our passports every morning to see if they still were there. They were. We, the first newspaper committee on a free-press mission to knock at the Soviet door, were going into that vast country from whose bourne no two travelers had returned with the same impression, to talk about a free flow of news.

I will always think we might have been kept waiting in Egypt until we said the hell with it and notified the American press the Soviets didn't want us, had it not been for Edward R. Stettinius, Jr. He came with the Roosevelt party from Yalta to Egypt while we still languished at Cairo. He sent word, and Averill Harriman added his in Moscow, and when Wilbur Forrest and I returned to Cairo from Turkey and Carl Ackerman left the hospital to join us, John Snedaker, heading up OWI for the Middle East, gave us the good news. The visas were there for the asking. We asked.

So there we were at Teheran, waiting.

After four alerts we got one that stuck, and on the morning of March 5, 1945, we drove out in the early dawn, through the smells of Camel Town, to the Soviet airport. There was a C-47 waiting, with the Red Star on her, and when they took our bags and put them aboard, we knew we were going.

It was a bucket-seat job, with carpet spread along the seats. There

were no belts. The freight and baggage, piled down the aisle, was just sitting there, innocent of a single lashing.

We were airborne in exactly three minutes from the time the motors were turning on the apron. It required no instructions for us to lean forward and hold that baggage and freight so it would not slide back into the tail on the take-off and send at least three obit editors hurrying to their morgues. We held it.

The craft climbed fast for a pass in the Elburz Mountains, and in an hour we were flying across the Caspian Sea. The ship was innocent also of rubber rafts and other gear such as we had learned to look upon with fond eyes in the ATC craft we had known.

We made Baku, where we went through customs and expected lunch. There was none. Someone produced a large can of Vienna sausage, and we ate those with crackers.

Our little committee had found at the airport that others had been waiting in Teheran. Cy Sulzberger, of the *New York Times*, Craig Thompson, of *Time* and *Life*, Elbridge Durbrow, of the Department of State, going on a special mission to Ambassador Harri-man, Lt. William Tonesk, of the U. S. Naval Mission in Moscow, and Kyle C. Jones, a diplomatic courier, were the very welcome additions.

Elbridge Durbrow talked Russian. When the very amiable pilot came back, a chunky man of about fifty, Durbrow told him that I had been commenting that he handled the C-47 as if it were a fighter craft. He laughed and asked to be quoted as saying he had never lost a foreigner yet.

There was a young Russian sergeant in the cabin as a sort of flight steward. He had nothing to do, so he slept. One of our party nudged him awake to point to one of our Russian passengers who was seated on one of the extra gas tanks, placed forward in the cabin, smoking a long cigaret.

The sergeant, also amiable, grinned and said,
"Boom!"

As he said it, he illustrated going up, with his hand, and then going down.

He then went back to sleep.

It was all good clean fun, except for the fact that there were slight gas fumes around the tanks and the fellow kept smoking.

About mid-afternoon, the plane began to bank and circle, and we

got a sight of ruined Stalingrad, a long, thin, dark mass along the river. Our craft lost altitude rapidly, and we soon put down on an ice-covered strip at Stalingrad airport.

It was a scene of desolation. All about us were great collections of the wreckage of battle. There were shattered tanks, broken aircraft, wings, half-tracks, smashed transport planes, versions of the Russian and German command cars, cannon, anti-aircraft guns, and a great debris of metal and wood. About us too was the by now familiar sight of buildings chewed down to earth or left with pieces of walls standing.

There was a new airport building, a small one, which looked like a adobe house in Mexico and smelled of the not-yet-dry plaster. It was a low two-story structure and it was warm, if cramped.

We had no Russian money and we were starved. There was a table in the small lobby with a few items on it and at fantastic prices. The stop was not the regular one for travelers to bed down, Astrakhan being that. But weather and a faulty engine had put us in there.

There arrived a tall colonel, whom we later referred to as the salt of the earth. For us he was. With Elbridge Durbrow explaining, the colonel arranged for us to eat the fare served the work staff, who were toiling at cutting up the metal into scrap for the mills. The food was not too plentiful, but we shared what there was. Also, perhaps the most exclusive club of the war was formed there. It was originated by Cy Sulzberger and was called, in phonetic spelling, "The Oo-born-yah" (Russian for privy). The facility at the airport was a large Chic Sale, divided for men and women. I will have to be frank. It was a good forty yards from the small airport building, and the first night we were there a blizzard blew, with the sleety snow blowing parallel with the ground and the wind shrieking like a convention of banshees. Reportedly it was 12 below zero, and I did not argue.

We had drunk copiously of tea at dinner that first evening. All through that night, with six of us sleeping on cots in one room, and two in another, there would be muttered curses, and some poor unfortunate would stamp into his shoes, pull on overcoat and muffler, and go out into the storm. It was impossible to see in the driving snow, and once I strayed off to the left and was brought up sharp by the challenge of one of the felt-booted, heavily-coated girl sentries whose rifles always wore those yard-long bayonets.

The third morning a faulty engine was replaced, and we flew through a storm, on instruments, we hoped, for about two hours and then broke through into sun. Below us were the far, snow-covered reaches of Russia, with small villages seemingly lifeless in their heavy mantle of snow, and a small town or so which looked like Christmas card scenes.

At 11:20 we landed at Moscow. Eddy Gilmore, of the AP, and some of the Embassy staff were there to meet us. And soon we were in the National, and then visiting at the Metropole with Daniel DeLuce.

We had cocktails with the Ambassador and dinner at Joe Phillips', he being in charge of the information bureau for the Embassy.

We members of the committee agreed that we were there to do a job for the American Society of Newspaper Editors and that we would apply ourselves only to that. We felt it important that we make it clear we were there on business and not for sight-seeing. And also that we considered our mission an important one. We agreed also to make it plain that we understood the difference in the two systems of dispensing news and that we were not there seeking to change the system, but that we were there earnestly seeking to persuade them that a free flow of information, and also a free exchange of cultural items such as magazines, art, music, and books, was highly desirable and important to world peace.

The next day was Friday, March 9, and we had our first appointment, with S. A. Lozovsky, Vice Commissar of Foreign Affairs.

Ambassador Harriman and Joe Phillips went with us to the appointment, Mr. Harriman staying, as we thought best, merely to be sure we were properly introduced. We were most cordially received and settled for the interview. Lozovsky was one of the old Bolsheviks, and he either did look a bit like Lenin, or he affected it with his beard, which was cut and trimmed like that of the maker of the revolution.

Wilbur Forrest, as chairman, stated the committee's mission, and after a discussion, Lozovsky asked four questions.

The questions were:

(1) Does membership of the ASNE include all shades of thought, liberal, reactionary, Republican, and Democratic?

(2) How can the Society commit itself if the owners make the policy?

(3) What support do the papers give the Yalta Conference?

(4) What did we mean by "freedom of information"?

He then asked, almost as an afterthought, if the Hearst papers and the *Chicago Tribune* were represented in the ASNE, and we assured him they were.

Our answers were easy. All shades of thought were represented in the Society. The committee itself had been found to be composed, entirely by chance, of a Republican, a Democrat, and an Independent in politics.

Owners of American newspapers were highly desirous of a free flow of information in and out of all countries, including our own.

The papers had given general support to the Yalta Conference.

We meant by "freedom of information" the right of reporters of all countries to travel freely and to send their reports without being subject to censorship.

All this required more than an hour of discussion. The vice commissar then made a summing up, in Russian, although he spoke fairly good English, which he had translated to us by an attendant interpreter. He spoke of the difference in the systems and the difference in concept of information, but then he said:

"It seems to me that if we can get together on a common ground to fight Germany, and if we can find a common ground on which to build international security, we surely can get together on some sort of an agreement for an international flow of information."

He then added he thought this problem a less difficult one than the others and one of these had been achieved, a common ground of effort against Germany.

This delighted us. It must be remembered the war was still on. The cannons almost nightly were announcing with iron cheers the advent of more Soviet victories. So we asked again, to be sure we had heard aright, and he repeated it.

We were not naïve. Looking at it today, in the light of the bitter attacks on this country and its newspaper people and newspapers, seeing the ever tightening restrictions against foreign newsmen in Russia, noting the imitations of these restrictions by the satellite countries, the Lozovsky statement seems even more lacking in substance than it did at the time. It is meaningless now. But then, I think he meant it. He went on to remind us that before the war there was

little censorship in Russia in so far as news dispatches were concerned.

He lectured us, and I had to agree there was some merit in his statement, on occasional lack of responsibility. He said that some correspondents had come determined to create a sensation and to badger the Soviet officials into restricting them or sending them out of the country. Also he asked a question we were to be asked again and again, namely, "How could newspaper men spend a few weeks in vast Russia and go out and write books about it, including even sections they had not visited?"

The general discussion continued. We explained our papers might consistently support the Roosevelt foreign policy and yet oppose the domestic policy.

He asked us what influence the American papers had with the people, since most of them opposed Roosevelt, yet he continued to win elections.

We answered that even those papers which were against him gave him many columns of space daily, that his views were widely known by readers of opposing papers, and that the American people had ample opportunity to know all Roosevelt's proposals even in cities where no paper supported him.

I think at the time they had great hopes in their so-called "new man." I believe they thought the war and the genuinely great accomplishments of the Soviet armies would so mature their "new man" in the Communist system that they could, in a sense, turn him loose and let him know the news and the thoughts of other governments and peoples.

To me, looking at it from a perspective of almost three years as I write this, this Soviet fear of information is an illustration of weakness. Their "new man" still may not be trusted to have information other than that produced by the factories of Russia. Their "new man" still must be watched by secret police, must be spied on and kept always in fear of speaking any thought not given him. Their ruthless purge of editors who had begun, under the influence of the war and what they, the editors, had seen at the front and heard from returning soldiers, to present a glimmer of outside news, was yet another illustration of this fact. Their "new man" still cannot be trusted to his own devices. But, that day in the spring of 1945, I think they believed they would be able to trust him.

Asked what we would like to do, we asked only to talk to their editors and officials in charge of information. In some surprise, he asked if we were not interested in sight-seeing. We told him we were greatly interested, but that we felt it our duty to do our job as thoroughly and yet as quickly as possible. We would, we said, like to see onion-topped St. Basil's, some art galleries, and the Kremlin. (These we saw. And the Kremlin, rarely open to visitors, was shown us in full.)

On Saturday we had a long meeting with Vladimir Kemenov, of "Voks," the cultural relations department. We found him eager for postwar swapping of magazines, books, and art.

From there we went to Tass and discussed its file, admitting that our own files from Russia sometimes were out of balance, but trying to find some manner of bringing in through Tass a more representative cross-section of American news. That evening we saw movies of the capture of Budapest by the Soviets.

On Sunday we walked in Gorki Park, in the bitter cold, seeing the great array of German war equipment, captured and there on display.

That evening Ambassador Harriman gave a dinner for us and invited the Russian editors. We were flattered and pleased that all had accepted. The American correspondents had felt some would not. But present were: S. A. Lozovsky, Vice Commissar; K. E. Zinchenko, Acting Chief of the Press Section, "Narkomindel"; P. G. Palgunov, Director of Tass; U. S. Okhov, member of the Soviet Information Bureau; L. F. Ilyichev, editor of *Izvestia*; P. N. Pospelov, editor of *Pravda*; General N. A. Talensky, editor of the army newspaper *Red Star*; B. S. Burkov, editor of *Komsomolskaya Pravda*; the legendary M. M. Borodin, editor of the weekly *Moscow News*; A. Danilov, editor of *War and the Working Class*; and K. K. Omelchenko, editor of *Trud*, now chief of all censorship.

From the Embassy were the Ambassador and his daughter Kathleen, George F. Kennan, counselor, Joseph B. Phillips, chief of the press and information section; E. Page, Jr., second secretary, F. B. Stevens, second secretary, and R. C. Tucker, attaché.

There was a frank and free discussion. Everyone wanted to talk and did.

After the dinner, Ambassador Harriman made what I considered a fine presentation. He talked simply of the United States—of how

it had been an isolated country like Russia; of how it did not care for Communism for the United States; of how it had been a country concerned almost entirely, through the years, with its domestic growth, unlike the countries of Europe, where international problems were ever present; of how this fact made it resentful of foreign criticism, so that the surest way to popularize an American politician was to have him criticized by a foreign country. He went on, telling in plain, short words of how America was now ridding itself of this isolationism and was interested in press comment from the Soviet Union, for which it had a friendly feeling (as it did at the time). He reminded them that our two countries had never been enemies in war; that it was well not to take too seriously the few critical articles that occurred; to understand that the fact that some of the American press seemed to think all Soviet articles were written by Marshal Stalin or, perhaps, by Commissar Lozovsky merely indicated how we needed to know more about one another.

The Lozovsky reply was interesting in that it revealed a lack of understanding of our political system.

He said he was glad the people of the United States were reading the Soviet press, but he did not understand the criticism of an ally, which some of the American papers engaged in so persistently, while Soviet soldiers were dying in common cause against Germany. As for popularizing politicians, they, the Soviets, had done much to popularize Goebbels and would continue to popularize such politicians down to their graves.

He had missed the whole import of the Ambassador's statement—which had to do with making votes for American politicians who profited by foreign attacks. Votes were not in his thinking, so he thought only in terms of public opinion.

Then, speaking very seriously, he said the future of world peace depended upon close alliance and peace between the United States and the Soviet Union. He was right, of course, and the present situation is the more dismaying therefore.

He gave fulsome praise to Ambassador Harriman as a man who had labored sincerely and constructively for peace and understanding between the two countries. I thought of that when the Soviet press, in the late fall of 1947, attacked Secretary of Commerce Harriman as an enemy of the Soviets.

I recall that the Ambassador remarked, when the fierce little man

had sat down after his polemic against Goebbels, that Mr. Lozovsky was certainly not a vegetarian. And we all laughed. The Nazi was on the run, and we, of the committee, while expecting no miracles or any real change, felt good because we at least were talking on the subject of a free flow of information.

Lozovsky had said he had seen the possibility of finding a common ground for it. A. Danilov, editor of *War and the Working Class*, but recently returned from London and the International Labor Conference, said he saw the need and the chance of it.

But then came one of those moments when it was apparent that what the world needs is information with a handbook in semantics. Up stood P. N. Pospelov to say the discussion had revealed that the editors in America did not always represent public opinion, as they often had opposition to their policy.

That was a stopper. I felt the man had his tongue in cheek, but I reflected that it could not be so. Words have different meanings to different peoples. Here was a man whose mind had never had any other influence, who honestly felt that public policy was something a government created and to which all loyal citizens subscribed, including, of course, newspapers.

"The Moscow papers," he said, "learned what the government and the people wanted and then followed that policy." His speech went on and was, in essence, a political speech in which he apparently was polishing an apple for teacher.

A fellow we all liked as a tough opponent who talked and argued well, without beating his breast, was L. F. Ilyichev, of *Izvestia*. He probed the American press where it hurt—the positions too often emphatically taken on the basis of unchecked information. He did not comprehend that even in political matters the American press hurries into print while the Soviets, under wraps, wait for orders and interpretations. So he was able to point out that often the American press appeared uninformed and careless with facts. He also documented instances of stories given big displays but which, when later they were proved to have been untrue or greatly exaggerated, were not corrected at all, or the correction was buried.

General Talensky spoke at some length. He was generous in his praise of the American Army, and he insisted too that future peace depended upon friendship between the two powers. But, he said, he was an old hunter, and the worst enemy a hunter had was mos-

quitos, and the worst enemy peace had was the untruths about the Soviet Union printed in the American press.

We argued that the critics were few and that the truth could stand alone without fear. We consistently reminded them that we were not seeking to change their minds about the merits of our system, nor were we seeking to change theirs. All we wanted was their support of some plan whereby information might be freely sent and received and published. We urged that such a system would eliminate untruth, that false reports and distortion could not survive in a system of free exchange of news.

On Monday evening we went to the editorial offices of *Izvestia*. With the committee were Joe Phillips, and R. C. Tucker, attaché, who was our interpreter. Present for *Izvestia* were Editor Ilyichev, E. M. Zhukov, Foreign Editor, I. Ikhok, Assistant Foreign Editor, and Colonel Bakenow, Military Editor. Tea was the only drink served.

There was a long discussion. We learned that *Izvestia* had a circulation of 1,300,000 and was published in four cities, Moscow, Leningrad, Baku, and Kuibyshev, with plans made for another issue in the Urals. Mats were sent by plane, weather permitting. On bad days radio sent the news.

They had newsprint pains. The Germans had taken most of the newsprint-producing region. They go in for news beats, and there was lively competition. They even had little page-one boxes gloating over beats. There was no home delivery, but circulation was by mail, train and air, with street sales at kiosks. There was some circulation to groups. On collective farms, subscribing groups would appoint a reader to read the paper, usually after a meal when the whole group was together. Daily staff meetings were the rule.

We discovered another uncomfortable fact. About the only books they had read about American newspapering were Upton Sinclair's *Brass Check* and Seldes' *Lords of the Press*. They also read few American papers. They received occasional copies of the *Chicago Tribune*, some of the Hearst papers, the New York *Herald Tribune* and the New York *Times*.

I asked why they did not read a wider variety of American papers, and Ilyichev blew me down by asking right back how many Soviet papers I and the other members of the committee read.

I promised to send the *Atlanta Constitution*. This I did. I received

copies of *Pravda* for a time and then it ceased. After a few months, I discontinued the *Constitution*. At no time after our return did I ever receive any communication.

Ilyichev explained that the newspaper buildings all belonged to the state, as did the equipment, but that the management was expected to amortize the costs of the plant and to make a profit.

We heard the usual arguments against us—control by advertisers, lack of public support of our policies, especially in politics, and so on. We argued that the test was the man with the nickel who paid for the paper and that advertisers were interested only in buying ads which brought buyers into their stores; that a paper which didn't pull in customers couldn't survive, no matter how much influence an advertiser might have. And so on.

We checked the content of the papers and found, to our regret, that most of the Tass file seemed to constitute stories of American attacks on the Soviet policy and government, reports of Hollywood love nests, gang killings and lynchings. As a Southerner, I was the more disturbed by the fact that our racial crimes were international propaganda for the Soviets.

The paper revealed a letters-to-the-editor department and an information department, and the newsroom was broken down into a city desk and a national desk. There were reporters with beats covering the city, as with us.

We had to laugh when Ilyichev asked if we had many eccentrics who write letters and call at the office. That certainly was one place where the two systems were alike.

The discussion brought out the fact that there are no schools of journalism in Russia. Newspaper men of experience train the new ones.

It was obvious to us that not even the Soviet newspapermen received from Tass a cross-section view of American news. That we had the same handicap we readily admitted, but we pointed out that the Soviet Union restricted us from getting and sending a cross-section file.

The discussion at *Pravda* the next evening was about the same as the one at *Izvestia*. The discussions at each paper lasted about three-and-a-half hours, and we were able to argue freely and without restraint and without any ruffling of feelings.

On Wednesday evening, before our scheduled departure on Friday morning, the Soviet press gave us a dinner. Present were the editors who had attended the Ambassador's dinner plus some others: the famed gadfly, Ilya Ehrenburg, David Zaslavsky, and S. Marshak, an excellent and popular poet, who had a liking for the poems of our Robert Frost.

After the dinner, which was an excellent and cordial one, we broke up into groups, with interpreters available—both our own and those of the editors—and talked and argued.

When it was all done, it was possible to arrive at a few conclusions. The meetings, evaluated at the time, were judged worth while because, first of all, we had got into the country and actually had sat down with the Soviet editors and had presented our case and argued its points. It was the first time in all the history of the Soviet Union that any foreign editors had been given that opportunity. We felt they had enjoyed it as much as we. We felt, too, that on the part of the editors, notably those of *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, there would have been a perfect willingness to have a free flow of news in and out of their country, they deeming themselves fully competent to handle their side of it. This may have been pure imagination, but we felt it.

The Soviet newspaperman was either a product of the revolution or, if an old-timer, one who had worked on clandestine papers in the underground. They knew the set-up of American papers, but they could not understand the lack of control by the government. In fact, they resented this lack. To us it was preposterous that they should argue that a press was free which took its orders from the government, or that it even had a policy when that policy was laid down by the government.

It was in the domestic field that the Soviet press seemed even more paradoxical. When some local Communist manager of factory or mine fell down in production, the press was supplied with information and told to lash him. This was offered as illustration of their right of free criticism.

I was not too surprised to read, more than a year later, that some of the Soviet editors had been purged, along with staff members. When they did come across some examples of work in other countries, they were, of course, interested. The war did bring great hopes

of world peace and unity, and they began, perhaps unconsciously, to reflect it. For this they were liquidated as editors. Perhaps they were liquidated as persons.

The Soviet editors were well informed, technically, about the United States and the world. But, as Lozovsky had failed to think of our politicians in terms of votes and of the influence of foreign criticism on votes, so were they unable to think of an American people living under a constitution which allowed individual freedom to a degree often regarded by others as extravagant and, by some, fantastic. Publishing and writing by government orders, they could visualize our press only as working under like orders from some hidden, sinister source. To them the American Newspaper Publishers' Association was a totalitarian group, and when we told them its officers exercised no authority and its membership was loosely held, they smiled patiently.

They were sensitive to their many obvious shortcomings in consumer goods and in what we call "gadgets." Indeed, this sensitivity is reflected in most of the Soviet writings. The very able and skillful Ilya Ehrenburg savagely attacks electric refrigerators, gas and electric stoves, and our many other inventions which make life easier for the average person. I wish someone would send Mr. Ehrenburg a refrigerator, an electric coffee-maker, and an alarm clock which plays chimes to awaken him.

Our Embassy thought we had not sent enough correspondents to Russia who were technically able to write in terms of real evaluation. The Soviets, for instance, were able to make capital out of the fact that one visiting writer stayed in Russia six weeks and wrote a book of more than 300 pages telling all about Russia.

Our visit, and invitation for the editors and correspondents to visit us, bore some fruit. They did send a committee. And the committee saw what it wished. They had more time and they took more time and they saw more. We were traveling in wartime, and while we would have liked to stay longer and see more, we did our job and left.

I still think the Soviets are tragically disappointed in their own creation. Their "new man" will fight well, will work hard, and will strive mightily, but they still do not trust him. They still must watch him with secret police and they still must make fear a part of their governing.

Their "new man" also must continually be kept in the iron lung of their propaganda machine and be spoon-fed mentally. And they had hoped for something else.

I think the chief thing the Russians do not want us to see is this failure with their "new man," and their further failure to supply him with a decent standard of living. It is this they wish to hide, even more than armies, weapons, and concentration camps.

A free press mission to the Soviets today is discussed with sound effects of hollow laughter, the sound of the cuckoo clock striking at least twelve.

But, I don't know. Truth does its own work.

And the war has let some Russians know enough to doubt, and even if our committee was no great success as a Johnny Appleseed planting information saplings, a little bit of the truth is working like yeast, and the "new man" has heard something about it.

So, they have popped him back into the iron lung and put the Judas eye on him.

"Mama, What Shall I Say?"

INVARIABLY, in any conversation about the Soviet Union, someone is bound to bring up the subject of education. "Say what you will," they say, "Stalin is educating his people." Or, "What about the education system in the Soviet Union?"

Being no expert, I would like to begin with a quotation from someone who is, Columbia University's Dr. George S. Counts. He says: "In the first place education in the Soviet Union is essentially and profoundly social in purpose. Standing on the foundations of the historical materialism of Marx and Engels, the Soviet authorities assume in their approach to the educational question that throughout history organized education has been the handmaiden of politics. . . . The school therefore is regarded as the powerful and indispensable organ of the Communist Party, of the same order as the government, the economy, the army or the political police."

In other words, everyone is warned to bear in mind the case of the child who was taught to laugh when in pain, and weep when happy. The little monster might easily have grown into a commissar.

In the Soviet Union, illiteracy has doubtlessly been greatly reduced during the past fifty years, as it has elsewhere. But the definition of literacy remains the simple ability to read and write. During my two years' residence in Moscow, there was plenty of evidence that not every Soviet citizen had yet learned these basic requirements of formal education. Many times during the war, Soviet newspapers carried articles on the functions of the Communist Party's Agitation and Propaganda workers among Red Army troops, and in a number of these pieces one of the Agitprop's duties was declared to be the reading of newspapers and magazines to comrades who could not read for themselves.

More than that, the educational level of people who, due to war dislocations, were drawn into executive jobs for which they had

been inadequately educated, was a subject of constant comment. The Soviet newspaper *Izvestia*, on April 7, 1944, complained that in "the Kharkov province no less than 50 percent of the chairmen, secretaries, and heads of departments of the Executive Committees of the Raion [regional] Soviets are new workers. Their lack of experience in Soviet organizations, their unfamiliarity with Soviet legislation, at times their inadequate knowledge of political matters and their *poor general education*, impedes the work of the Soviets. In order to correct this state of affairs, the Kharkov committee of the Party has suggested that short seminars be arranged everywhere for the chairmen and secretaries of village Soviets."

We have here the picture of people being selected to manage local affairs and then being sent back to school for further education. Indeed, on one occasion in Moscow, a woman restaurant director who had been charged with the theft of a quantity of food, pleaded in her own defense that she had stolen nothing, but merely had kept her accounts very badly. She offered as an excuse the fact that her education had been inadequate to the job she had been given. From a mass of similar material, I was forced to conclude that while the opportunities for education in the Soviet Union are greater today than ever before, the educational level, even on the simplest non-political terms of the elemental three R's, still leaves a great deal to be accomplished.

At the present time there are about twenty-six million persons in Soviet schools, ranging from kindergartens to universities. The current Five Year Plan proposes to raise this figure to thirty-one million, based on anticipated population increase. But in Moscow and elsewhere, there are more children than classroom space, and schools generally are on a two-shift basis. There is also an enormous shortage of textbooks, which are sometimes sold from child to child at prices up to sixty times their original published price. The fulfillment of the Five Year Plan in education thus will depend at least as much on the construction of additional school buildings and the provision of more books as on population gains.

It was extremely difficult to find out how much schooling the average Soviet child gets. But an illuminating statistic was offered by, of all persons, Red Army General Antonov, then Chief of Staff, in his 1939 report on the annual Army call-up of nineteen-year-olds. Among the draftees, he said, 10 percent had received ten or more

years of instruction, 65 percent, between six and nine years, and 25 percent, from three to five. Since the draft is universal and universally applied, the 1939 call-up provided—for boys—as fair a sampling as possible. With some surprise, Antonov remarked that "none were illiterate."

In most of the villages there is usually one school for all the village children, and ordinarily three or four years is what the village child gets. In the towns and cities, seven years is the norm. The seven-year schools, or *Semiletki*, take the Soviet child from age seven to age fourteen. Under the Soviet system boys and girls at fourteen either go to work or they take examinations to determine their aptitude and qualifications for further education. In short, the high schools and universities waste no time on dullards.

There is an annual enrollment of about 500,000 boys and girls in what are called "technicums." These correspond roughly to what we call vocational high schools. Graduates of these schools are called "specialists" and find their way into various technical and industrial jobs in ranks somewhat higher than the ordinary worker, but lower than the more thoroughly trained engineer. The enrollment in universities and higher-bracket scientific schools amounts to about 400,000 per year. These are usually five-year courses resulting in degrees the equivalent of an M. A.

In addition to the seven-year schools, the ten-year schools, technicums, and universities, the Soviet educational system has two very large undertakings for which there is no counterpart in the U. S. system. One of these is a system of "industrial and trade" schools, the other, the Suvorov academies.

In 1939, Stalin said that the Soviet Union had to begin the orderly transfer of one and a half million "young people" per year from the rural villages to urban industry. This figure has never been reached, but the trade schools annually turn into Soviet industry between 750,000 and 800,000 children. Trade schools are directly connected with factories. Children drawn into them are usually those who have shown a degree of backwardness in academic studies. Recruiting seems to be largely on a persuasion or coercion basis. Soviet mothers unable to cope with the "hooliganism" of their teen-age sons sometimes ask the district police to put such boys in trade schools. Also, in at least one instance I know of, two girls who had failed to ad-

vance in their seven-year school were, over their tearful protests, turned over to a trade school. Doubtless, the major portion of the trade-school children are willing, but there is also no doubt that a portion of them are shunted into these institutions as dullards, or as a correctional measure. The trade schools are, in practice, a source of child labor, though in addition to a certain number of hours per day at the lathe or sewing machine, they do get some academic instruction.

Suvorov schools are military schools for boys from eight to eighteen. No figure for the number of boys in such academies was ever available to me, but on Moscow's streets one sees the uniform of the Suvorov boys as often as one does the dark-blue uniform of the trade-school children.

At the present time an effort is being made to put all Soviet school children in uniform. For girls this consists of a quaint dark-brown dress with white collars and cuffs and a black apron. The program of uniforming the children has not proceeded as fast as Soviet educators want it to, for the reason that there is too little material available in the shops, and what there is costs too much for most Soviet mothers. As far as I could find out, the little dears love the idea of having uniforms, which is in distinct contrast to the children of a time long past. A friend of mine, a woman now fifty who was born and raised in Odessa and has since become an American citizen, is now back in Moscow as a diplomat's wife. Her background was not a revolutionary but an aristocratic one, and she says that her childhood, as she remembers it, was all but blighted by her hatred of the school uniform she was required to wear. It was precisely the one that has now been prescribed for the new generation of the revolution.

In elementary, grammar, and high schools today, as a result of a 1943 decree, the sexes are segregated. The reason for this decision has never been clearly explained, but indications have been given in various newspaper and magazine articles written by Soviet educators that segregation was designed to improve discipline. Although, in the early days of the post-revolutionary period, Soviet educators lovingly embraced and adopted the Dalton system, the last vestiges of it have now been swept from Soviet schools. The return to the dunce-cap and hickory-stick sort of teaching has been complete.

Thus, one Soviet educator wrote:

The Soviet school must be distinguished from any other school primarily by its strict discipline, because the higher the human society for which the school is preparing young people, the firmer discipline must be. The regulations for Suvorov schools, where punishment goes as far as detention cells, have been accepted by the teachers. If firm discipline is set in ordinary schools, there must also be firm order. For inattentiveness in lessons the pupil can be sent out of the classroom, but it would be better to put the pupil in a corner of the classroom, where he would at least hear the lesson and not run about the corridors interfering with the work of other classes. If the pupil breaks the sanitary rules by dirtying the classroom, it would be wisest to make him clean the room. Such forms of punishment will be reasonable and justified. For hooliganism children can be expelled from school, but it would be more consistent to send the pupil to the labor education colony [trade school] where he would go through a new and more severe school and one which would perhaps be useful to him.

Those people who want to make the labor education colonies more interesting by means of games are wrong. Special children's rooms attached to police stations have become too much like clubs. Children who behave like hooligans are willing to go there because they find table games and good conversationalists or, as they are called, pedagogical workers. It should be recommended to the police that they should be police, and not pedagogues, so that young people who have been sent to a children's room will not want to go there again. People who say that children misbehave because they have nothing to do are wrong. Those people think that in order to keep children well behaved, they must be occupied and amused by all kinds of interesting things. Every person has his duty which he must fulfill.

This particular educator was talking more about boys than girls. However, the aim of the girls' schools was set forth at about the same time. Said this educator:

We are in no way trying to turn our girls into ladies in muslin. The task of the girls' schools is to form and bring up bold, work-loving patriots ready to do great things in their country's name. The girls' schools must bring into being girls who are equipped for useful work and useful social activity, and who have access to any profession. But at the same time the school must make the girls good members of the family, loving and capable mothers and bringer-uppers of children.

We can already see developing the outward appearance which ought

to belong to a member of a girls' school. We are advising our girls to wear their hair straight, in braids, and are teaching them to be tidy. In the junior classes there is a Tidiness Corner with needles, thread, soap, and towels. If a girl comes to school in torn clothes, it is suggested that she should mend them, or what is more effective, it is suggested that other pupils should help her. As the girls have plenty of self-respect, the needles and thread from the Tidiness Corner are now scarcely made use of. The girls mend their own torn clothes at home.

This is perhaps the place to remark that most boys, and many girls, in the younger classes of Soviet schools have shaven heads. Tidiness—you know.

What the Soviet schools teach besides reading and writing can be made the subject of a lifetime study. The view Soviet children, and even most university students, have of the world beyond the borders is as distorted as politics can make it. Not only have Soviet textbook writers—and their rewriters—warped their own history so that the revolution now appears to have been the sole handiwork of Lenin and Stalin, but they have ideologically distorted everything that has to do with many other parts of the world.

Textbooks in the Soviet Union are so scarce that children in the Soviet schools are still using some printed as far back as the early 1930's. One of these textbooks used in what is designated as a geography class for students in the sixth year contains the following:

The huge wealth of the United States is in the hands of a small bunch of millionaires who are the heads of capitalist industrial trusts—steel, oil, copper, etc.—having at their disposal hundreds of billions of dollars. The millionaires lead luxurious lives and sweat the workers as hard as they can. The working day lasts nine to ten hours. The labor of the American worker is more intensive than in Europe. At the age of forty-five the worker loses his health and becomes an old man. The world crisis [our 1932 depression] has badly hit American industry, thousands of factories have shut down and millions of workers have been thrown out on the streets. In 1934 the United States had seventeen million unemployed. Unemployment in the United States reached dimensions never before seen in other countries. In the very center of New York the unemployed evicted from their quarters lived in old boxes resembling dog kennels. Half-naked and starved, they searched for food in garbage dumps.

During the last two or three years, among class-conscious workers, a

revolutionary movement has made progress. Great strikes and clashes between the workers and the police have taken place.

Agriculture is also in decay. The sowing area and the number of cattle have decreased. Many farmers have been pauperized and have abandoned their farms. The bourgeois government is adopting measures in order still further to decrease the sowing area, and has even paid farmers for decreasing their acreage. The capitalist trust destroys grain and burns corn in engines in order to raise the price of grain and flour.

In cultural development, the United States is besieged by contrast. There are a few schools organized by American millionaires who are luxuriously equipped and are rich in all kinds of equipment. In contrast, the schools for the masses are poor, and frequently in one room, with one teacher, there are three classes. In Congress, they have two bourgeois parties—the Democrats and the Republicans—but both parties use the same words to defend the interests of the capitalists who are the real bosses of the country.

This textbook, prepared in 1934, was, in 1946, still being used by some students in Soviet sixth-year classes. Others had been equipped with a somewhat newer book prepared in 1942, which made obeisance to the Anglo-Soviet-American wartime alliance. This book described the United States as a country of great industrial power, where the people soon recognized the Fascist menace and began turning the power of their industrial production into the war effort against the Axis even before they had themselves been drawn into the war.

A little girl I know, who had the experience of having used both books in the course of one year, turned to her mother on the eve of an examination. With troubled mind said she, "Mama, we have been taught that the United States is a place where workers live in dog kennels and eat garbage, but we have also been told that the United States is a great rich country which got into the war against the Fascists soon. If they ask me about the United States in my examination tomorrow, what shall I say?"

This child had a very wise mother. She said, "Dearest, if they ask you about the United States, just say what is in both books."

The attitude of the Soviet teachers toward religion has been the subject of considerable discussion since the state recognition of the Orthodox church, but since the schools are directly run by the Party, the line has been laid down that teaching shall be anti-re-

ligious. *Komsomolskaya Pravda* in September 1944, laid down the line in unmistakable terms. It said:

By giving a correct scientific understanding of the essence of the phenomena of nature and human society, the school must dispel the prejudices and superstitions of children who are still under the influence of such things. It is no use concealing the fact that among the teachers there are people—a small number, it is true—who have recently begun to show great tolerance toward religion. Cases of the observance of religious ceremonies by teachers have increased somewhat. Our party's attitude toward religion is well known and has not changed. Our party fights against religious prejudices because it stands for science, while religious prejudices go against science, since all religion is contrary to science.

By means of the stick and intimidation, the bourgeois school brought up automatons, crushing and trampling down the will power and intelligence of school children and turning them into submissive servants for capitalists and landowners. In contrast to this system, and as a reaction against it, the anarchical petty-bourgeois teachers brought forward the so-called theory of free education, which at one time was introduced into the Soviet school only to be thrown out by the intervention of the Party.

In the Soviet school, education must be conducted on the basis of a correct combination between methods of persuasion and the need for the complete fulfillment by school children of the established rules and order, both in and out of school.

By this definition, the Soviet school is the place where the little ones are given concrete understanding of what Vishinsky meant when he said that the Soviet state was a welding of persuasion and coercion.

Management Techniques in Russia

A NUMBER—an uncomfortably large number—of Americans still nurse the mistaken notion that Russian workers are on an equal footing and draw the same income regardless of the work done. Even among those who realize that wages are scaled, few are aware that the income spread between the top and bottom layers of workers is greater than that in the United States.

Russia, after initial experiments with pure Marxism in which all were equal, abandoned the communistic philosophy and turned to a hodgepodge form of incentive management. As a result, Soviet industry is saddled with the so-called drawbacks of capitalistic-type management plus the bureaucratic headaches that are part and parcel of the totalitarian state.

The recent Soviet decision to scale down the ruble, which was more than a mere fiscal program, provides a propitious moment to take stock of Russian management techniques—because Moscow planners hope that the so-called currency-price reform will bring about an increase in productivity.

The entire management system of Russia is built around incentives. There is no set pattern to describe them. They vary by industry and by geographical location. Wage scales are equally variable. One worker in a factory regarded as important to the nation may receive more than another, who may be more skilled, in a different industry. In productive occupations, the piecework system prevails, while wages of distributive workers may be related to the proceeds of the enterprise.

The Russian incentive system, by American standards, is cock-eyed and would not be tolerated by an American labor union for one moment. The system, however, does make some sense when viewed in the light of the conditions under which Russia has to industrialize herself. The problem confronted by management in changing unskilled workers into skilled ones possibly could not have

been solved in any other way. The fact remains, however, that after thirty years of the Soviet regime, Russian workers are still inefficient by American standards.

During my last trip to Russia, I made a fairly comprehensive study of industrial production techniques. In every plant I visited there was constant evidence of incentive practices. Placards were to be found in all factories indicating machines at which quotas were being exceeded. Graphs of production progress were conspicuously posted. Bulletin boards carried pictures of workers with the highest output. There were announcements of special prizes and bonuses. In productive enterprises, a man's wage was in direct ratio to his output. The quality of his work also determined the size of his pay envelope.

Under such a system, American industry comes much closer to "equal pay for all" than that of the Russians—popular American opinion to the contrary.

Just how are these "incentive bonuses" determined? The amounts are established by a committee, comprising representatives of management and the trade union committee. A "norm" production is set as a goal. Any worker exceeding the target automatically becomes eligible for a bonus or prize. Under this set-up, of course, the "norms" are re-evaluated from time to time, invariably upward. These bonuses will range from 200 to 3,000 rubles. Prizes may range from a watch to an automobile. I was told by Soviet industrial leaders that special rewards of this type commonly affect 30 percent of the workers.

During the war, wage regulation by law rather than by negotiation was characteristic, and decrees of the Council of People's Commissars (now the Council of Ministers) contained elaborate provisions and standards for applying differentials to every branch of industry and every employment category.

Where straight piecework and progressive piecework (with rising scale of compensation for production beyond a minimum quota) prevail in productive occupations, as a basis of wage payments, the rates and output quotas are periodically reviewed. In the extension of straight piecework as a measure of payment, the factory manager has full authority and may determine the unit estimate of output in accordance with existing wage rates and quotas. Extension of the productive area covered by the straight

piecework system is encouraged and need not be referred to a higher authority for approval.

Because the whole system was knocked askew by the Stakhanovite movement in the thirties, all progressive piecework systems must be duly authorized from above. Introduction of this system usually requires special allocation of funds and readjustment of production quotas in related industries affected by the change in output of the industry concerned.

Progressive piecework is introduced, as a rule, in key industries, in work requiring heavy labor, and in "bottleneck" enterprises—which at present include the construction, coal, blast furnace and smelting, and cotton textile industries.

Progressive rate payments are estimated on the basis of a monthly period, except where wages are normally bi-monthly. A worker must exceed a monthly or semi-monthly quota before receiving progressive rates. In some instances, calculation of percent-of-quota fulfillment is made annually. Incidentally, time spent in production of rejected articles is included in calculations of time worked, according to which quotas are fixed. The book work involved—especially as it relates to rejected articles which may take months to come back to the plant—makes up a big part of management's headache.

Rejection of goods is much higher than generally known. From time to time bitter denunciations of the quality of products even find their way into the press, despite the close censorship. The most recent incident of this sort was in January, 1948, when the commercial director of Mostorg, Moscow's largest department store, openly criticized various factories for producing inferior products. Writing in the trade union newspaper *Trud*, the director, Y. Ganshitak, reported that Mostorg's inspectors had to throw out large amounts of bad-quality merchandise and scale down the retail price on many items because of the poorness of the goods. The poor quality is obviously the result of the factory speed-up. Workers, eager to make a bonus or win a prize, sacrifice quality for quantity.

Progressive rates apply only to the normal working day. In overtime work the quota is raised, and progressive rates are paid only for exceeding the increased quota. In certain instances, pay-

ment of progressive rates for overtime work is allowed in lieu of overtime pay.

The scale of rate increases in progressive wage rate systems is established for each branch of industry or category of labor. For example, production above quota to 10 percent above may be recompensed at double the normal rate, while production beyond 10 percent above quota is paid for at triple the norm.

Wage incentives have been used to speed the trend toward multiple-machine operation. Workers who handle more machines than the established quota are paid the full piecework rates on the production of the extra machines. Introduction of special techniques devised by multiple-machine operators calls for a revision of the over-all quota and rates. Under the law, however, the individual worker responsible for such an innovation retains the original quota and rates for six months, although the revised quotas and rates are applied to other multiple-machine operators.

Special formulas for calculating rates are introduced where the multiple-machine operation is a job requiring two men (skilled worker and helper), and where payment on a progressive piecework basis is customary.

During the war (in July, 1942) the People's Commissar of Construction introduced a system of lump-sum payments for urgent, individual jobs. The system was rare, but not unknown, before the war. Under this arrangement, a work team is given a specific assignment and a lump-sum wage-payment based upon an estimate of the time the job will require. The team profits by completing the work more quickly than originally calculated.

As with the progressive rate system, bonus schedules must be authorized from above before introduction at the industry or plant level. The bonus system is normally limited to (a) special categories of specialists or managers and (b) workers in industries of particular importance to over-all industrial plans. As distinguished from individual incentives, inherent in the progressive wage rate system, the bonus frequently applies to particular operating units within a plant, or to a plant itself, and is a collective reward. Fulfillment or overfulfillment of the state plan is usually the basis of the bonus.

In addition, bonuses may be awarded for meeting of production

schedules (as opposed to year-end overfulfillment, for instance), for lowering the percentage of rejects, for reducing costs below estimates, and for meeting other conditions apart from quota fulfillment. And bonuses may be withheld or reduced for non-performance in these respects, even though overfulfillment of plan may have earned a bonus. Bonuses are regulated according to a fixed scale but have a normal upper limit corresponding roughly to a month's income.

Regulations allow some industries to place a sum equivalent to the bonus available for wage-earners at the disposal of the plant manager for distribution among employees not covered by the regular bonus system. In some cases the bonus is regulated on a progressive system, increasing as the plant exceeds planned production by established percentages.

Since 1940, a Soviet law has provided a reward to managers of blast furnaces, steel smelting and rolling mills, coking plants, ore mines, coal mines, and quarries of the Commissariat of Ferrous Metallurgy. For each 1 percent of planned production above 80 percent these management men receive a bonus equivalent to 5 percent of their salary; for each 1 percent above 90 percent planned output they receive a bonus equal to 10 percent of salary; and for each 1 percent above 100 percent fulfillment of the plan, they receive a bonus of 25 percent of their salary. A similar exceptional collective bonus to key trades in the steel industry was established in 1939. The bonus in this instance started with attainment of 80 percent of plan fulfillment.

As a result of these bonuses, it is quite possible for executives and foremen in a steel plant to own a fifteen-room house complete with swimming pool. These special bonuses for top management create the wide range of income between the average worker and his boss. Even though the worker has a chance to increase his income by his output, the amount awarded is so small, proportionately, that the gap never narrows. The USSR is still so little developed, despite its tremendous industrial advances, that management men with the production know-how can command these special privileges.

The wide wage spread is not significant in itself—since it is bound to result in a land still short of highly trained industrialists. Significant, however, is the fact that Communist propagandists

outside of Russia give a completely distorted view of production conditions under the Stalin way of doing business. So effective is this propaganda, even in the United States, that a survey made by Elmo Roper several years ago showed that more than half of all Americans believe that every worker draws the same pay regardless of the work he does.

During the recent war, the incentive system technique was employed to an even greater degree. In addition to the regular system of bonuses, a wholly separate system of awards was established for outstanding achievement in an "all-union socialist competition" for overfulfillment of production norms.

These bonuses, awarded by the Central Council of Trade Unions and the People's Commissariats (now Ministries) in consultation with the State Planning Commission, are made to plants or organizations which win production contests, and awards to individual workers are made by the plant administration. The "ordinary" bonus is directly related to quota fulfillment (whereas the "socialist competition" bonus is related to a production contest) and cannot be denied to a worker, who may go to court to collect it if it is withheld. The "ordinary" bonus is subject to deductions for social security benefits and other purposes, and is taxable. The "socialist competition" bonus is tax-free and is not regarded as wage income or subject to deductions.

Although during the war a trend toward centralization of wage regulation admittedly occurred, the Soviets maintain that effective regulation is still the concern of the individual plant administration—within formulas and principles which have nationwide application. Outside the scope of legal regulation, the Soviets list such technical decisions as the planning of operating methods, setting time-sequence, methods of time and motion studies, correlating work and rest periods, estimating primary and total time involved, and other matters.

Output quotas and piecework rates for individual jobs are determined by plant directors on the advice of shop foremen. They are usually prepared by technicians who consult with individual workers and trade union representatives. The plant director is normally the final authority on such matters, rather than a higher authority. Differences of opinion between workers and management are referred to conciliation committees.

It is interesting to note that the labor unions in Russia make no outcry against this speed-up system. The explanation is simple. A labor leader's job is tantamount to government appointment. Trade-union autonomy has long since been abolished. The worker, or his union, has no redress against the continual raising of his performance standard.

Indirectly, the devaluing of the ruble and the general adjustment of prices in December, 1947, was aimed at increasing the productivity of the worker. Under law, old currency was retired on a one for ten basis, bank deposits were reduced, bonds were converted, and rationing was lifted. A comedown in prices was ordered, particularly for foods. Theretofore, Russia had had a three-price system for (1) state-owned ration stores, (2) state-owned stores that sold without ration coupons at higher prices, and (3) the free market in surplus farm goods and second-hand merchandise. All state prices by the decree were ordered down to the level of the ration stores, or, in some commodities, lower.

Wages, however, have not been changed. This means that the worker will be paid in new money at the old rate, and thus, without rationing and with prices down, the workers' real wages are increased. The obvious incentive, or so the Moscow planners reason, is to go out and make still more money in order to purchase these consumer items which are presumably now available. The planners argue that this will bring about increased production.

In passing, it should be noted that although the currency-price adjustment worked to the advantage of the city worker, it cracked down on the Russian farmer. It took him right out of the free market in which he had earned a great deal during the war years. The timing was such that the state had just paid off the farmer in the old ruble and then turned around and ordered him to give them back at the rate of one for ten. Russian peasants are notorious hoarders. Thus their under-the-mattress savings were hard hit by the order. Since 80 percent of all bank deposits are owned by city workers (these were only mildly scaled down), it was the farmer who really took the rap. The Soviet reasoning apparently was that the farmers had had their wartime sleigh ride; it was now time for the city workers to have an incentive to work harder and produce more.

Although this overnight shift in the Soviet economy—which was

more of a reshuffling of classes than it was a fiscal program—was not directly tied to management techniques, it must be considered in reviewing the various methods used by Stalin in getting the most out of his workers.

Even with what they gained in this reshuffle, however, Russian workers are still far behind American workers in comparable jobs in relation to both living conditions and purchasing power. So far behind that it is still difficult to make a case for the Russian incentive system.

How Are They Doing on the Farm?

IF MY American farm friends could visit the average collective farm in Russia today, they'd take one unbelieving look at barefooted women bending over with little sickles to cut the grain, a few straws at a time—and wonder if they'd not been reborn in great-granddad's day.

Right off the bat, they'd jump to the conclusion that women do more work than machines on Soviet farms. At least that's what impressed me on my 4,000-mile uncensored trip visiting collective farms in the Soviet Union.

In the Ukraine—which before the war claimed for itself the title of “most highly mechanized agricultural area in the world”—I saw field after field of grain being cut by hand. Long lines of sweating workers, mostly women, were cutting the grain with little sickles or swinging the cradles of a century ago. I saw a few reapers with crude reels raking off the grain in a manner reminiscent of the reaper experiments of early America. Stolid women were binding these bundles by twisting a few straws into a crude string.

Behind their log houses, I saw others swinging the jointed sticks our pioneer forefathers knew as flails, whipping out the grain from the straw. In all of my travels at the height of the harvest season, I didn't get close enough to a working combine to get a single picture.

“The war has set us back many years,” sadly observed a Ukrainian agronomist. “Before the war 90 percent of the grain in this area was cut with a combine. Now, as you see, we must go back to the sickles and reapers we have been discarding since the revolution.”

But I visited many farms where they had never used a combine. As a rough guess (all Soviet statistics are secret), I'd say that in the summer of 1946, two-thirds of the grain was cut with sickle, cradle, or old-fashioned reaper.

And women were the real heroes of this laborious toil. On one farm I visited, 116 of the 136 workers were women. On another, 96

of the 118, and on a third, 140 of the 180 were women. Good workers, too.

"I'd rather have them than men," said one brigadier, the straw boss of a small group of collective farm workers. Among them was a group of German war prisoners. He confidentially explained that he gave his crew of women a little head start, so the men—not wanting to be outdone by women—would work hard to keep up. "You'd be surprised how much work we get done this way," the brigadier chuckled.

Who takes care of the children? Each collective farm has a nursery where all children are cared for during the daytime while their mothers are at work. Assuming that the large number of women working on farms today was the result of war, I asked Minister of Agriculture Benediktov: "How much of the farm work will be done by women in 1960 or 1970—when things get back to normal?"

"Only about 55 percent," was his answer.

Farmers in the U.S.S.R. are working as hard as farmers ever worked—old men of eighty, mothers, and youngsters who have no time to play, and yet millions of Russians are still hungry today. A woman in Moscow told me: "We're not getting as much to eat now as we had during the war—then we had Lend-Lease food from America."

In the Ukraine, a barefooted woman swinging a cradle said: "Tell the people in America that we are starving." When I pointed in surprise to the huge wheat fields in which she was working, she answered. "Yes, but we get none of it."

There just isn't enough food to go around. And with medals and cash awards for mothers of ten or more children, there may soon be 200 million mouths to feed. This food problem is one of the fundamental weaknesses of the Soviet Union, and one of the big reasons why I don't think Russia can possibly fight an aggressive war in the near future.

The war is partially responsible for food shortages. The Russians could hardly expect to lose 26 million cattle, 32 million hogs and 200 million chickens without getting hunger cramps. No more than they could lose a third of their tractors and combines and 8½ million horses without going back to flails and barefoot spading to produce the food so desperately needed.

We must remember, too, that the Bolsheviks took over a wooden plow economy from the Czars and you don't make scientific farmers of peasants overnight, or in one generation. Soviet agriculture has made some progress with new machinery, new breeds, and new seeds, yet compared with the agriculture we know in America, Soviet farmers still have a long way to go.

Fundamentally, however, Ivan is hungry because the Soviet Union, which spreads over one-sixth of the earth's surface, just isn't blessed, on the whole, with a food-producing climate. It's either too hot or too cold—too wet or too dry. In the past decade there have been four bad drought years, and three more that were unfavorable.

More than three-fourths of the Soviet Union lies north of the continental United States. River mouths are choked with ice for many months of the year. Each spring the water spills over into vast marshes which form frozen tundra lands good for little except pasturing reindeer. In the south, there's another problem—the Great Central Asiatic Desert. Like our Mississippi Valley, the Russian steppes extend from the Urals to Bessarabia, a fertile black soil belt that would make any Iowa farmer start counting corn and soybean dollars. But the Mississippi valley has the Rocky Mountains as a providential screen to shield it from the hot dry winds of our Great American Desert. The Soviet Union is not so lucky. Only the Caspian Sea stands between the desert and what should be a real Garden of Eden. But cold winds from the desert whip across the Ukraine in the spring, and hot, dry winds in the summer.

"If we get one or two good crops out of five, we're lucky," a collective-farm chairman in the Ukraine told me. And he listened with wonder when I said the American farmer figured on getting four good crops out of five.

The Soviet Union—so abundantly endowed with territory, with timber, with so many valuable minerals that it would almost appear that some former czar had a King Midas touch—may be held back from developing these resources because of an inadequate food supply. For food is the fuel without which the Soviet industrial machine will stall.

In the early days of the United States, it took nineteen farm families to feed one urban family. The United States hit its industrial stride only when labor-saving machinery and scientific

agriculture combined to help the farmer produce vast amounts of surplus food for the workers in industry. Today one American farm family feeds five or six other families. Today Russian industry, trying desperately to take twentieth century strides, is being held back by an agriculture that is three parts Biblical and one part twentieth century.

To improve their precarious food position, the men in the Kremlin are banking on a fantastic system of incentives to both agricultural scientists and the men and women who work the collective farms.

Let's first take a look at the collective farm, the cornerstone of Soviet agriculture. The great mass of the 240,000 farms came into being during the First Five Year Plan, 1928-33, because Soviet officials recognized that a food supply for industrial workers must be guaranteed if Soviet industry was to expand. Big farms were divided into thousands of small farms right after the Russian revolution. These privately operated small farms—less than a dozen acres each—produced tiny dabs of surplus. In good crop years, the surplus food went to market, and city workers were fed. In bad crop years (of which the Soviet Union has many) there were no surpluses, and industrial workers went hungry.

That's why Soviet officials, after first dividing the big farms into small farms, reversed their field and liquidated the small, independent farmers and forced them to organize large collective farms. These farms concentrated food production in large units where the surplus could be more easily tapped by the government to feed the working masses in the growing Soviet industry.

So today farmers cannot own land. They must work together on these collective farms under the direction of the farm chairman, who is elected by the people on the farm. Of course, according to Communist custom, there's only one candidate for each office, so he's pretty sure to be elected. Farm produce is divided at the end of the season among the workers according to the number of labor-days each worker earns. But a labor-day is not necessarily a day's labor.

And that's where the incentive comes in. Russia has set up incentives that American businessmen have never dreamed of, adapting the industrial piece-work system to the farms in a "speed-up" campaign that would drive American labor leaders crazy.

As we watched a crew of collective farm women cut wheat, their brigadier explained that each got $1\frac{1}{2}$ labor-days credit for cutting enough grain to make 270 bundles, each 45 centimeters in circumference, and for binding and shocking those bundles. "Even if they can do this much in less than a day, they still get $1\frac{1}{2}$ labor-days credit." He explained there was a labor-day measurement for every job on the farm.

"Even hauling manure?" I asked jokingly.

He never cracked a smile. Yes, the man got $1\frac{1}{2}$ labor-days credit for hauling 15 cartloads of manure, each load weighing 350 kilograms, to the field three-quarters of a mile away where they had planted the cucumbers.

A woman came out of the big chicken house with a basket of eggs. "And how many eggs does the government expect a hen to lay each year?" I asked her with a smile.

"Eighty-five," was Tanya's prompt answer. Tanya receives a basic salary of 21 labor-days in winter, and 30 labor-days in summer, and then gets .6 of a labor-day for each 100 eggs the hens lay. She has a bonus clause too. She gets 15 percent of all eggs the hens lay over 85.

Anna's job on the collective farm was taking care of the pigs. She earns 3 labor-days each month as a sort of basic salary for being on the job. Then she gets 5 labor-days for each sow that farrows twice a year; $2\frac{1}{2}$ labor-days for each pig that lives one month; $4\frac{1}{2}$ labor-days for each pig that lives two months; $1\frac{1}{2}$ labor-days for each 22 pounds of increased weight put on by the pigs; and 3 labor-days for looking after the boar.

The brigadier pointed to a wheat field. The plan calls for that land to yield 16 bushels to the acre. But if the brigade of workers can coax 24 bushels to the acre from that field, they get to divide one-fourth of the surplus among themselves.

Everyone on the collective farm, from the chairman to the old hens, have their quotas to make—and their incentive bonuses. The chairman's salary is based on the sown acreage, the gross farm income, the length of time in office and the overfulfillment of the plan.

I met a teen-aged girl tractor-driver who had won a big bonus for covering so much ground with a tractor. (But all of this speed sometimes results in "skips" that my dad would have regarded as sufficient excuse to keep his boys home from the county fair.)

The collective farms have given the farmers another incentive. Each family has a half acre of ground back of its home for use as a garden, and each family can own a cow, calf, sow, 10 sheep, 10 beehives and as much poultry as they can feed. This produce is their own to eat or to sell.

But with all of their fantastic incentives and hard work, I couldn't get out of my mind the fact that my brothers down on the Wabash were handling more than 200 acres each—producing more per acre and not working as hard as the Russian struggling with 10 or 15 acres.

The Russian government, frantically trying to make Soviet agriculture more productive, has welded a twentieth century gadget—agricultural science—onto a machine that goes back to Biblical times.

Soviet scientists are encouraged with such un-Communitistic incentives as royalties for new seeds and breeds, motorcars for personal use, and some of the top salaries in the Soviet Union. The results? To say the least, theirs is an unorthodox approach that would convince a staid American scientist that some of these Soviet experimenters were either a bit crazy, or at least so hopped up with Red ideology that scientific principles had been abandoned.

Spearheading the Soviet scientific drive on the farm front is Nikolai Tsitsin, who became fascinated fifteen years ago by the vigor, but uselessness, of wild couch grass. It was a weed which spread like a pestilence, and once it had gained a foothold in a farmer's field it defied either drought or cold to kill it.

"If only wheat had such vigor," Tsitsin mused, and he pondered the fact that man had made plants "soft" by safeguarding them from bad influences—that man, in effect, had created a hothouse atmosphere for domesticated plants. While it is true that wheat became more productive as man bent it to his needs, it also lost some of its vigor and resistance to disease. It became poorly equipped to battle for its own existence against such deadly enemies as smut and rust—it relied too much on man for protection, he reasoned.

And so he did the natural thing. He crossed the useful but delicate domestic wheat with the tough but useless couch grass. That was the beginning of perennial wheat, the dream of bread-eating peoples everywhere, a wheat that would produce year after year without replanting. Tsitsin succeeded in giving the wheat the

weed's vitality, high reproductive capacity, and resistance to fungus disease.

"How about letting me take some of this wheat to America?" I asked Tsitsin.

"No, it is not yet perfected," he answered. Although I saw several plots of wheat which had come up the second, third, and even fourth years without replanting, it pays to reseed every year. As a vigorous first year hybrid, it has added thousands of extra bushels to the Soviet granary—and thousands of rubles to Tsitsin's bank account. He gets a royalty for each acre of wheat planted to his seed.

Tsitsin is now working on elymus, a wild grass with 800 to 1,000 grains in each head, instead of the 30 to 40 in a head of wheat. He's crossed it with wheat, barley, and rye. "It's clear to me," he told me, "that in the near future we shall be able to provide our farmers varieties of cultivated cereals with ears containing not 30 or 40 grains, but hundreds of them."

Tsitsin is also working on another experiment, which he thinks he can perfect in the present Soviet Five Year Plan. He is grafting tomatoes, peas, and string beans onto acacia bushes and pepper trees—and hopes to develop ever-bearing tomato bushes and string bean trees which will produce a crop of vegetables every year as an orchard bears fruit.

Soviet science, to put it mildly, is a mixture of orthodox and unorthodox. I saw a pear tree which produces two crops of pears in a single year, one in June, another three weeks later. Actually, a tree bearing one good crop produces more, but then who's to say the scientist doesn't have something?

I saw a grapefruit tree which had been dwarfed so that it would winter under the snow and thus avoid the frostbite of northern climates. The Russians hope thus to push citrus culture far enough northward to grow citrus for all of the Soviet Union.

Soviet scientists are experimenting with naturally colored cotton in nonfading colors of green, brown, and blue, but thus far are having difficulty in getting the color to remain constant. (American scientists also have done some experimenting along this line.) Soviet hormone serums makes ewes give birth to twins and triplets instead of single lambs. In 1941, they used this serum on 100,000

head of sheep, and for every 100 ewes, 40 bore one lamb, 40 had twins, 8 had triplets and 2 had quads.

When the sugar-beet crop in the Ukraine was attacked by weevil, academician T. D. Lysenko presented the solution—chickens. Eight million chickens were turned into the fields to eat the weevil. "The experiment succeeded so well," enthused an official, "that there was little need for replanting."

I saw crude laboratories fixed up on collective farms where young men and women, without any formal training whatsoever, experimented as their fancy dictated. Maybe nothing will come of it. Then again, maybe something will. After all, Tsitsin was only a factory apprentice. A student discovered *kok-sagyz*, the Russian dandelion which gives them a good share of their rubber.

At Timiriazev Academy, Professor Edelstein showed me how he grows muskmelons in a northern climate. Muskmelon vines don't have sufficient kick to mature melons before frost, so he grafted the muskmelon vines onto pumpkin vines. Now, he says "I get 4 tons of muskmelons and 16 tons of pumpkins from the same patch." Do the melons have a pumpkin-like taste? No, he says.

The newest wrinkle in bee-keeping is vitaminized and medicinal honey. Bee expert Arefyev has given his bees quinine and other medicinal preparations, and they in turn put them into the form of honey. How's that for sugaring up medicine?

Nikolai Bova of the Saratov Grain Institute says he is even doing something about the weather—at least enough to warn farmers of what's coming. "Our work has progressed to such an extent that we are sometimes able to prognosticate dry spells six or seven months in advance," he declared. In December, 1942, he said, his bureau predicted droughts for certain areas the following summer. Farmers, heeding the warning, put in dry weather crops and thus avoided large losses.

Soviet scientists have done a great deal of creditable work. They follow all U.S. Department of Agriculture bulletins and the studies of our state experiment stations. But they must bridge the gap of centuries to translate all of this scientific knowledge into practical use on the collective farms. To do this job, the Five Year Plan now under way calls for training 200,000 experts in the various branches of agriculture. There will be 79,000 agronomists who will hold

key positions on collective farms. There will be veterinarians and farm engineers.

How are they doing? Today the collective farm is chugging along, a weird mixture of tractors and wooden hand rakes, of combines and cradles, of agronomists and stolid peasants.

As I traveled from farm to farm, talking with workers in the field and in their homes, I came away with another impression—the Russian farm people have a high admiration for America and Americans. “America is our friend. We must never go to war.” I was told that too many times not to believe that they meant it.

Ivan doesn’t want war. He already has his hands more than full just improving his farm methods so he can get enough to eat, repairing the ravages of war, trying to get some of the things he’s been promised since the revolution. I’m sure the millions of Ivans and Annas don’t want war. And they just don’t grow enough food to feed a war machine. At least, not now.

Russia's Most Successful Experiment

OF THE entire constellation of radical experiments and hopeful social changes which burst upon a fascinated world thirty years ago with the Russian revolution, one comparatively small but important innovation has not met with the fate of most others. The heavy pall of disillusionment which has dimmed, and in some cases even wiped out entirely, some of the larger and brighter hopes of the great Upheaval, has left this one untouched, and it shines today with the same luster as it did a generation ago. To a non-partisan observer of the turbulent events in Soviet Russia, this particular manifestation appears to be one of those successful by-products which every great revolution usually contributes to history and which are judged by themselves, quite apart from the regime as a whole that has produced them. The particular experiment in question is the Soviet solution of the Jewish problem.

The Jewish problem in Russia was one of the most hideous inheritances taken over by the Soviet regime from its Czarist predecessors. Russia under the czars was throughout the nineteenth and the early part of the twentieth century the largest and most poisonous morass of anti-Semitism in the world. Under the Czarist regime, the entire Jewish population of the old Russian Empire, which then comprised seven millions, was confined to one great ghetto, known as the "Pale of Settlement," on the western and southern fringe of that empire. Within this huge ghetto, Jews were hedged in with Medieval restrictions and limitations which had anticipated Nazism by a full generation. Jews were not allowed to leave the "Pale" under pain of arrest. They were not allowed to engage in agriculture. Jews could not stay overnight on a farm outside the "Pale" limits without police permission. They were not allowed to work on the railways, or in municipal or government jobs of any kind, and since the "Pale" had no heavy industry, they were in practice excluded also from the factories and shops. The number of Jewish professional men was strictly limited by quotas.

So, too, was the number of Jewish students in the secondary and higher schools.

Penned up in what was virtually a huge concentration camp, these seven million people were forced to eke out a living, if their miserable existence could be so called, by petty trading, commerce, and small artisanship, with a smattering of a few professions. This life of semistarvation, discrimination, and perpetual insults was from time to time punctured by pogroms and punitive expeditions organized by government gangs. And this state of affairs lasted not for a decade-and-a-half, as under Nazism, but for nearly a century. The "Pale" had come to be the great swamp from which all the economic, political, and psychological ills of anti-Semitism rose like a poisonous miasma and spread to neighboring Poland, Rumania and Austrian Galicia and from there to Germany.

The Soviet government inherited that morass together with other evils of the Czarist regime, and with the terrific energy characteristic of the early Russian revolution, set about immediately on a thoroughgoing and radical operation of draining and cleaning it. It was a piece of good luck for the Jews that the early giants of Bolshevism were for a variety of reasons profound students of the question of national minorities and friends of the Jews. Lenin, Michael Kalinin, the late first president of the Soviet Republic, Peter Smidovitch, its first vice president, and M. Larin, an important theoretician of early Bolshevism, always took a special interest in the Jewish problem. The fact that Stalin is not a Russian by origin but a member of one of the smallest national minorities in Russia, doubtless also contributed much to the seriousness with which the problem of national minorities has always been considered in the U.S.S.R.

It was Lenin who more than forty years ago laid down the fundamentals of the Soviet program on anti-Semitism. As far back as 1900 he declared that anti-Semitism had its roots in the economic soil of present society; that it was not, in its larger aspect, a problem merely of the Jews, but of society as a whole, and that the Jewish problem could not therefore be separated from the larger problems of society and be treated in isolation as a ghetto problem. Anti-Semitism, according to him, was not an illness in itself, but a symptom of a greater sickness of society as a whole, and it could be cured only through the larger cure of the entire social organism.

It was upon this fundamental theory that the drive against anti-Semitism began with the outbreak of the revolution and has continued ever since then in Soviet Russia.

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The first step in that program was to attack the economic roots of the evil. The economic position of the Jews in Czarist Russia, as in fact in the whole of Eastern Europe, was highly abnormal. Jews had been barred by law from agriculture, heavy industry, and from most of the professions. In order to exist, they were obliged to crowd mostly into petty trading and small commerce. This was a source not only of uncertainty and indescribable poverty for the great masses of the Jews, but also of most of the prejudices and hatred against them. The Jewish shop-keeper and tradesman seemed to be the least productive member of society, and yet often he appeared to be better off than the workers and producers. The Jews thus became the symbol of easy gain and exploitation of the laboring masses and the easiest target of attack and of the expression of their social revolt. The Russian revolution, by sweeping away all individual trading and commerce from the country, performed inadvertently an important service to the Jews. But it was a negative service of destruction. It is to the credit of the early Bolshevik revolutionaries that they realized that destruction alone was not enough and that they followed it up with a positive program of constructive acts.

As soon as the civil wars and the great famine which had followed in the wake of the revolution were over, the Soviet government embarked upon a program of economic, political, and educational reconstruction and rehabilitation of the then practically annihilated Jewish position. The economic program consisted of two parts: colonization and industrialization.

In 1924 the government proclaimed its first colonization plan. Vast tracts of fertile land in the Crimea and in the Cherson district of southern Russia were thrown open to the Jews who wanted to go there. The settlers were also offered free livestock, machinery, transportation, and other assistance.

The plan was met with derision by some and skepticism by others. No one seriously believed that these Jews, city folk for centuries, would settle on the land voluntarily, or if they did, that they

would succeed in it. But the hungry men of the "Pale" took up the offer of the government with an eagerness and enthusiasm for which there is no parallel in modern times. From the ruined, poverty-stricken Jewish ghettos of White Russia and Ukraine started a trek on foot and in wagons which became rapidly a great stream of helpless and hopeless humanity, deprived of all means of subsistence, pressing towards a new hope, the Promised Land.

Modern history knows of no greater and more successful experiment in mass colonization than this one. In a little over a decade, more than a quarter of a million Jews who had never worked or even known the land were settled in special Jewish regions where they were granted complete cultural and local autonomy. A crop of Jewish agricultural colonies sprang up in the South of Russia which were the pride of the country. The legend that the Jew was not fit for farming was exploded for good, at least in Russia. A considerable percentage of Jews have been and are still working on the land.

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Encouraged by the spectacular success of Jewish colonization in the Crimea and in southern Russia, the government conceived an idea of a more ambitious and larger plan for settling the Jews on land. A large and rich area of land, the size of Belgium, a district on the Amur River in far-eastern Siberia, bordering on the Chinese frontier, named Biro-Bidjan, was assigned in 1928 as a Jewish autonomous district which was eventually to be transformed into a Jewish republic and to take its place as one of the many autonomous national republics which make up constitutionally the Soviet Union.

The plan was a pet scheme of the late Michael Kalinin, the first president of the Soviet Union, a kindly and warm-hearted Russian humanitarian of the type of Tolstoi, Korolenko and Gorki, who had all his life taken a warm interest in the Jews. The plan appealed also to the other, more practical, Bolshevik ideologists of the period because it coincided with the Soviet pattern of solving the problem of nationalities. According to that pattern, every nationality in Soviet Russia had an autonomous republic of its own. Why should the Jews not have one of their own, too? The fact that the Jews had been dispersed all over Russia and were not settled in one area, like most other nationalities, did not seem to those revolutionaries an insurmountable difficulty. They had overcome greater diffi-

culties than this one, and if they could succeed in Biro-Bidjan as they had in the Crimea, they would evolve a solution for the Jewish problem forever. It is possible that the Biro-Bidjan plan was not unaffected by the Zionist success in Palestine which at that time was sponsored by the British. It was quite human for the Russians, who in those days suffered from an inferiority complex with regard to the British, to want to show that they, too, could establish a Jewish national home of their own in Soviet Russia.

Whatever the causes, however, Biro-Bidjan never worked out as successfully as the other Jewish experiments in Soviet Russia. The idea of a Jewish autonomous district, or even of a Jewish republic in eastern Siberia, did not catch the imagination of the Russian Jews, and they failed to respond to it with the same enthusiasm as they did to the Crimean and other Soviet projects. Biro-Bidjan now has a fine and unique settlement of approximately twenty-five thousand Jews. The district is entirely Jewish and culturally autonomous. The administration, the language, the schools and culture are Yiddish. But Biro-Bidjan lacks the great mass of the Jewish people and the burning enthusiasm which, more than the Balfour Declaration, made of Palestine the Jewish homeland that it now is. The fact is that the dream of Michael Kalinin of a Jewish national republic in Soviet Russia has fallen flat and can be put down as a failure in the larger sense—one of the few Soviet failures in dealing with the Jews and their problems.

One possible reason for that failure may be the fact that exactly at the time of the promulgation of the Biro-Bidjan project, Soviet Russia had launched its first of the series of Five Year Plans for the industrialization of the country. These plans offered tremendous opportunities for the work, energy, and intelligence of the Jews nearer home than Siberia. The new factories and plants, as well as the entire project of transforming a backward agricultural sub-continent into a modern industrial state to outstrip the older industrial states of the West, made a special appeal to the newly released energies of the young Russian Jews. The bigness of the thing and its great possibilities called them louder even than the land.

City folks for centuries, who possessed in abundance the quick intelligence needed for the handling of the complicated machinery of modern industrial plants which the average Russian peasant could learn with difficulty, they flocked into the factories, mines, railways,

the big industrial plants and the engineering colleges with a fervor which exceeded even the rush of the older Jews to the land. In the early thirties, as many as six hundred thousand Jews, mostly of the younger generation, were working feverishly in the most unexpected places and industries of new Russia: in the mines of Donbas, in the gigantic plants of Moscow, Leningrad, and Dnepropetrovsk. Thus, caught between the two powerful movements of Soviet Russia in the twenties and thirties—colonization and industrialization—a nation that was literally made up of small shop-keepers and petty traders was in less than two decades transformed into a people of land and industrial workers with a generous admixture of technical and scientific professionals. The economic part of the Soviet program for the Jews has proved to be an unqualified success.

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The second step, taken simultaneously with the first, was in the political field. From its very inception, the Soviet government has followed a policy of strict, even ruthless, suppression of anti-Semitism by law. The theory upon which this policy rests is that while it is not possible to eliminate or even control antagonistic feelings and emotions toward Jews and other minorities, it is possible to control, and it is the duty of the state to suppress, any *overt* manifestations of these feelings and thus prevent them from spreading into hatred, discrimination, acts of bias, and crimes. With this theory as its moral basis, the government very early introduced strict laws against anti-Semitism such as do not exist yet in any other Western country. Anti-Semitism was proclaimed to be a criminal offense and has been treated as such. Not only were direct crimes against the Jews, collective and individual, such as pogroms, looting, or assaults on individual Jews severely punished, but every kind of anti-Jewish propaganda, direct or indirect incitement, even insulting speeches and behavior, were made subject to punishment.

At the same time all legal restrictions, norms, and quotas in schools, colleges, and universities, all discriminations in the professions, in jobs, in industry and agriculture, in government service, and in the Army and Navy were outlawed. Even the so-called unwritten laws of anti-Semitism, the various "gentlemen's agreements" to restrict Jews socially, educationally, or in any other way, were declared unlawful and punishable as legal offenses. The results were soon

obvious to all. A country which for centuries had been the most discriminatory of all, which was the original fountainhead of anti-Semitism for the rest of Europe, had in less than two decades been practically freed from the scourge. A people who introduced the first organized pogroms against Jews and produced the blueprints of most government persecutions of the Jews had eradicated the very word and meaning of anti-Semitism. The overwhelming majority of the Russian people (with the exception of the Ukrainians) are free from anti-Jewish bias. The younger generation in particular does not know the meaning of anti-Semitism. To them it is a strange and curious illness of a former age and world, like cholera and the Black Death, about which they read in history. In their own lives it has no substance in reality.

The effect of the experiment on the Jews in Russia was not less remarkable. They, of course, still know of anti-Semitism. The older people remember it and the younger know it as a form of fascism. But both young and old lack the conscious and subconscious fear of it which is constantly hovering about European Jews and which mars their lives. They do not share the morbid consciousness of an inferiority or superiority feeling which secretly tinges the thoughts and emotions of the average Jew in Europe and makes him constantly aware that he forms a "problem." Of all the changes this writer found when in Russia, this invisible one in the psychology of the Jews was to him the most significant. A people with a tradition of persecution and humiliation for generations, had not only been freed from all external signs of their bondage but had also been liberated spiritually and now looked and felt equal with all others.

I did meet many Jews in Soviet Russia who were very far from happy. Many were harassed by hardships and privations unknown in Western countries. Many were painfully aware of the restrictions of their personal liberties and civil rights; and some had the haunted look of people constantly expecting a police raid. But all this they shared with the other people around them. They were not singled out for this treatment because they were Jews. The most pathetic of all human sorrow—that of discrimination and humiliation—which is the lot of all persecuted minorities, was completely absent. These people suffered as citizens, *not as Jews*. The Jewish problem had

been solved for them. For it is not the task of those who undertake to solve the Jewish problem to make Jews happy but to make them equal with others in happiness as well as in suffering.

* * *

The test of the validity of the experiment came with the rise of Nazism and still more with its culmination in the Second World War. It is significant that the terrific anti-Semitic propaganda spread by the Nazis for fifteen years did not on the whole affect the Russian people, although the Nazi propagandists were next door and they did everything possible to inoculate the Russians with that poison. It is probably no exaggeration to say that the Russian people were less affected by the Nazi anti-Semitic barrage than the people of Great Britain and the United States.

The Jewish side of the test was also demonstrated during the war by the remarkable devotion, sacrifices, acts of heroism, and achievements which the Russian and foreign Jews contributed to the defense of the country. The part played by the Jews in the Red Army and as partisans in the occupied territories forms one of the most glorious chapters in the history of the war and is conclusive proof that the Russian method of dealing with a persecuted minority is not only infinitely more just and humane than the Nazi method, but also that it pays infinitely better. Viewed in historical perspective, Europe of the twentieth century has demonstrated two methods of dealing with the Jewish problem: the method of intensified anti-Semitism, persecution, and annihilation as typified by the Nazis; and the method of complete equality in economic, political, social, and cultural life, as demonstrated by the Russians. Of the two methods, the former degenerated into human beastliness and ended in complete moral degeneration and in the political collapse of its perpetrators. The second method helped raise the people who practiced it to a position of strength, power, and success such as it had never known in its history.

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Yet there is a considerable body of opinion among Jews outside Soviet Russia who believe sincerely that the Soviet solution of the Jewish problem is not a success at all. In spite of the obvious benefits which it has conferred on the Jews of Russia, and in spite of the extension of these benefits and privileges to other countries in Eu-

rope under Soviet influence since the end of the war, it is held to be a failure.

To understand this body of opinion, one must know one other significant fact about the Jews in Soviet Russia, without which the picture of their position is not complete. This fact is that the Jewish group as such has been rapidly, almost precipitously disappearing and merging with the general population in that country since the revolution. Jews in Russia are being assimilated much more quickly than in any other country. Inter-marriage between Jews and non-Jews is now the rule rather than the exception in Soviet Russia. Jewish religion, although not restricted now in any way, is limited to several synagogues which are frequented only by old people.

Moscow, with a Jewish population of more than half a million, has only three Yiddish-language schools with approximately one hundred and fifty students. In the whole of Soviet Russia, with a Jewish population of two-and-a-half millions, there is only one Yiddish weekly—*Einigkeit* (Unity)—the official organ of the Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee (compared with thirty Yiddish weeklies published in the Jewish DP camps in the American zone of Germany alone). Yiddish literature still has a few strong Russian talents in fiction and poetry, but these are mostly of the pre-revolutionary generation and they live on government subsidies. The Yiddish-language theater is still strong in Russia, firstly, because of its artistic quality, which attracts many non-Jews, and secondly, because of a certain nostalgic appeal which it makes by its visual presentation of a world that is gone, an appeal that is strengthened still more by the admixture of liturgical Jewish music and folksongs which the theater has introduced. But there is no denying that Judaism in Soviet Russia has reached the stage of a museum-piece which is honored and revered as such, but will presently be the subject of study by antiquarians and historians.

This is the reason why many non-Russian Jews, particularly Zionists, assume a critical attitude toward the Soviet solution of the Jewish problem. In their opinion the Soviet Jewish experiment represents a perfect example of a successful surgical operation which has ended in the death of the patient. In this they are correct, except that they fail to face the fact that the process of Jewish assimilation which is so obvious in Soviet Russia is not limited to that country, was not produced by it, and is one of the outstanding mani-

festations of Jewish life in the entire modern world. It is working in postwar France, Belgium, Holland, the Scandinavian countries, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Rumania, and Poland. It is also an outstanding fact of Jewish life in Great Britain and the United States and all non-European countries. The tempo of assimilation may be faster in Soviet Russia because there the social pulse still beats faster as a result of the revolution, and also because Russian Jews are not immigrants in Russia, as they are overseas. They have lived on Russian soil for hundreds of years and are as native as any of the natives. Their assimilation is therefore naturally swifter and more thorough than in countries where Jews have not yet struck roots in the soil. But the process is at work all over the world.

This is becoming clear especially since the end of World War II. All reports from Europe during the last two-and-a-half years indicate that assimilation is the one big factor of Jewish life on that continent since the war. All over Europe thousands of Jews who lived through the war and occupation disguised as "Aryans" are not returning to the Jewish communities and continue to live as non-Jews. Reports from every country in Europe, including even Poland and the Jewish DP camps, tell of the rising rate of intermarriage between Jews and non-Jews, of older Jewish children who have lived for years with Christian families refusing to leave them, of the decline of the separatist tendencies which have helped to keep the group a distinct entity. This is true also of Great Britain and even the United States. The fact is that the process of Jewish assimilation has been growing throughout the twentieth century in every country of Europe and overseas in exact ratio to the liberation of the Jews from the ghettos and to their acquisition of civil rights and equal status with other people. The rise of anti-Semitism after World War I, and its culmination under Hitlerism, interrupted the historic process for a brief period. With the defeat of Nazism, the artificial dam of anti-Semitism was broken and the tide of tolerance which had been held back by persecution and force has resumed its natural flow the world over. It is stronger in Soviet Russia than in most other countries because there the dam of anti-Jewish intolerance and bias has been cut in three places—economic, political and social. But the tide is rising all over the world. If the Soviet surgeons are to be blamed for the death of their Jewish patient, so are the American, British, French and other doctors who prescribe and practice equal

and free treatment for the Jews. Soviet Russia is ahead of the others only because she had the courage to experiment with an ancient, difficult problem in an all-out, thorough manner, and the experiment has proved most successful.

The Soviet Army

THE RUSSIAN ARMY is today the greatest single political and diplomatic force on the continent of Europe, just as the American Air Force, backed by the tremendous industrial potential of the United States and the atom bomb, is the most influential factor in the world.

In the struggle for power in Europe, behind the wordy wrangles at the Council of Foreign Ministers and the United Nations, lie two bald facts: that if the cold war erupted into a shooting war, it would be the Soviet infantryman versus the American airman.

One of the chief factors in the present fear of the Western world of the growing power of the Soviet Union is that no force exists in the Europe of today capable of withstanding a Russian military advance to the Atlantic Coast. No German Army exists; France, which less than a decade ago was popularly supposed to possess "the finest army in the world" finds herself scarcely capable of maintaining control in her colonial empire. Defeated Italy lies virtually unprotected by the terms of her peace treaty; Franco Spain is still recovering from the civil war. Scandinavia's position is compromised by its geographical proximity to Russia. Britain, with her Royal Navy greatly reduced, the result of war impoverishment and economic dislocation, remains the virtually unmanned Gibraltar of Europe, a highly strategic air base, but one presenting the most concentrated industrial target in the world. The United States has proved that with control of the air and seas we can land decisive forces on the European continent. As a D-Day veteran, I may say that we have proved that such an amphibious landing can be accomplished against any static defense.

The Soviet Army is the largest in the world. That is the outstanding fact that emerges from the extreme secrecy with which the U.S.S.R. cloaks its armed forces. At its peak strength, the Soviet Army numbered in excess of twenty million men. That number has been greatly decreased by demobilization since the end of the war.

According to the latest estimates of high military sources, the Soviet Union has now been reduced to a peacetime armed forces level of 4,500,000.

One must deliberately avoid using the term "standing army" where the Soviet Union is concerned. One of the basic elements of the prewar Soviet military system was the avoidance of the so-called "standing army," and there is little reason to believe that this factor will change in the future.

Soviet military theory demands the training of large cadres of regular army officers. Russia, therefore, has more military schools than any nation in the world. The troops under the command of these thousands of highly trained officers are the millions of young men drafted each year by the nationwide system of compulsory military training.

The peacetime draft is incorporated in the Soviet constitution of 1936. Basically it consists of preservice training of at least two months, active service from two to four years, and service in the reserves not exceeding three months a year until the male Soviet citizen is forty-one. In 1936, the age for beginning active service was reduced from twenty-one to nineteen. During the war years this was further reduced to include youths of eighteen. Now it is back to nineteen.

Contrary to popular belief, women are not subject to compulsory service except in time of war, and then, with the exception of a few extraordinary women, they are not accepted for combat service. However, women were employed in large numbers during the war in the specialized services, as they were in Britain and the United States. There were also instances in which women were accepted by the Soviet Air Force, especially as pilots of hospital planes and navigators in the transport command. I also had the opportunity of interviewing in Moscow the woman commander of an all-male heavy bombardment squadron. Heavy-set, dark, and masculine-looking, Major Valentina Grizadubova had been an outstanding woman civilian pilot before the war. She informed me that the Soviet Union possessed one all-woman fighter squadron.

During the darkest hours of the war, it was true that the Soviet Union called for women volunteers for combat, but few except snipers entered the front lines, and the call was abandoned even before the Red Army's successes at Stalingrad.

The Soviet Army has several distinguishing features. The first of these is that an officer must serve as a soldier before receiving a commission. The second is that promotion is by selection and not by seniority. The third is the presence in every unit, from squad up to division, of political officers and NCO's. The latter are known as "polytrooks," the high officers as political vice-commanders. Political commissars were abolished by name during the height of the war, on October 10, 1943. But they continued to exist as unit vice-commanders. Their under-officers and NCO's not only perform the duties of our special services in maintaining morale, but are employed as propagandists for the Communist Party. These special political instructors often entered the forward areas with the men, explained new or important events, relayed to the fighters the communiqués of the Soviet Information Bureau and kept the soldiers posted on international and domestic events. During the latter part of the war, many of these "Polytrooks" were young women, members of the Komsomol or Communist Youth League.

The Soviet Army was the only one to be reorganized during the war. It is most unusual, if not unprecedented, for an army to be reorganized in the midst of battle, but the subsequent successes of the Red Army have been largely attributed to this reorganization. Among the important changes were a simplification of the supply system and the streamlining of the Soviet division which formerly comprised 17,000 men. By the use of smaller divisions, the Red Army gained additional maneuverability and speed of operations.

It may be interesting to those aware of the vital role played by corps headquarters in the American Army to know that the reorganized Russian Army managed without them. By avoiding the interposition of corps headquarters, a Soviet army command handles nine or more divisions. The superior commanders in charge of a "front" control as many as seven armies.

What the power of the Red Army was on the eve of the German attack in June 1941, is only a guess. Virtually every United States military attaché in Russia guessed wrong. Only the Germans, favored by their treaty of nonaggression with the Soviet Union, were in a position to make any kind of military appreciation of the Red Army. And having made their estimate, the Germans chose to attack, but only after they had seized the war factories and military

stores of the rest of Europe. The result of their analysis of the Red Army is history.

Allied military men believe that the Germans made two mistakes. Firstly, they chose to fight the mass Russian army with a German mass army, attempting to reach a decision with an army inferior in size instead of fighting a mass army with a highly technical army and air force. Secondly, the Germans launched their invasion too late in the year. Caught by winter in front of Moscow, the Germans, after scoring tremendous victories, were forced to dig in for six months, fully extended in the coldest winter Russia had known since 1812. The Soviet Union was given the opportunity fully to mobilize its enormous manpower during the winter of 1941. After that even the German surge to Stalingrad never really put the issue in doubt.

I had the opportunity to see much of the Soviet Army in the field during the year between the battles of Moscow and Stalingrad. But it was not until I met up with them from the other side, in 1945, with the American Army at Torgau and the Danube, that we had any reasonably accurate idea of the Russian Army's size and power. At the end of the war the Soviet Army was believed to number no less than 400 combat divisions as well as a very large number of independent tank brigades. When one realizes that the Western Allies, including the United States, had fewer than 100 divisions in Europe, this will give an insight into the sheer weight of the Russian Army.

While the Russian Army, however, was the acknowledged superior in size to any other army in existence, it was believed inferior in technical skill and maneuverability, although not in endurance. It was uneven in quality. The Russian armies of the north and center, assaulting the most heavily fortified area in the world, East Prussia and the Berlin defense zone on the Oder, were well equipped, possessing the cream of Russian material and the bulk of American lend-lease supplies. The Russian armies of the south were far inferior in equipment and manpower standards to the American armies that made the junction with them.

To get an idea of the mass army mobilized by Soviet Russia, one must remember that the Russians had called up all men to the age of fifty. The older men, and those physically unfit for combat, were employed in the supply lines; everyone else except essential factory

workers was at the front. Spurred by an inexorable organization of the country's wealth and civilian resources, the Russian Army in turn was governed by an iron discipline. Not even the retreating German Army demanded as much from its men.

War correspondents who had been with the American and Russian armies in the field could not help but be struck by the difference in the Russian and American emphasis on headquarters staffs and supply depots. By the very nature of their battle for existence, the Russians were forced to strip headquarters and supply lines to the barest minimum.

Soviet divisions are considerably smaller than those of the American army. And Soviet armor is organized into brigades, rather than the American division. It may also be noteworthy that the Russians were first to organize their paratroop divisions into an army, although there is no recorded instance in which they used their paratroops as a mass force as we did at Arnhem and across the Rhine. Soviet paratroopers were mainly employed to sabotage the enemy communications line and to reinforce the partisan bands operating behind the German front.

The Soviet partisans filled a not unimportant role in Russian tactics. Controlled from headquarters in Moscow, the partisans became a coherent military force, supplied by air and organized by regular Soviet officers. The partisan cadres were created long before the German attack. Communist Party members in every collective farm and populated point were trained and armed in advance of the war. When about to be overrun by the advancing Germans, the Communist leaders gathered the loyal about them and took to the woods. It would be wrong to imagine that every Russian collective farmer was a partisan. Only the trusted were allowed to join the forest bands. "Johnny-come-lately's" were often liquidated as spies suspected of being employed by the German garrison forces.

In the latter part of the war, partisan attacks on the German rear were often co-ordinated with frontal attacks by the Russian Army. In fact, the partisans were eventually so intensively organized that their formations were given common military titles, from regiment up to army. The chief means of co-ordinating the guerilla movements was, of course, radio. Partisan travel back and forth over the enemy lines was frequent, especially for their leaders and wounded.

The vast expanses of the Russian land made "underground" landing fields practical, and difficult for the enemy to locate.

The partisan bands were frequently absorbed into the Russian Army when overtaken by the Soviet advance. The extent to which uncommon demands were made on them and the Russian troops was illustrated to me while on a trip to the Mozhaisk front during the Battle of Moscow.

Bundled in rugs and huddled in a Soviet "Zis" passenger car, we correspondents were escorted over the battlefield south of Borodino, where the Napoleonic Museum had been burnt to the ground by the retreating Germans. Upon passing over a small wooden bridge, the Soviet escorting officer jumped out and led us to a command post in a former schoolhouse.

There he instructed the unit commander to detach part of his force to rebuild the wooden bridge in order to accommodate the Russian tanks which would soon be coming that way. We heard the orders go out by telephone. This was not an engineer's brigade. It was a combat division, but everyone in the Soviet Army is apparently expected to know how to build a bridge, traditional workers in wood that the Russians are. Upon passing through the same area several days later, we were amazed to find the detached combat company in the process of completing a workmanlike peeled-log bridge.

There were no signs of any special supply force to feed this detached company. Each man carried his own rations—the inevitable brown bread, dehydrated cabbage, and dried sausage. Each cooked his own food in a small issue pot. The simplicity of the operation was amazing to those familiar with more complex armies and more highly civilized soldiers.

The Soviet Army was and is probably the most conglomerate force in the world from a racial standpoint. Brown-cheeked Uzbeks from the cotton lands of southern Russia slid through the northern countryside on skis over snow they had never seen before they were drafted. Slant-eyed Mongols from the virgin forest called the "Taiga" in eastern Siberia, peered from their hooded white snow suits and carried modern telescopic rifles. These trappers of sable were the snipers of the Russian Army.

Incidentally, it was from the Eastern front that the Germans

picked up the idea of leaving snipers behind to protect a retreat, on the well-proved theory that a few whistling bullets had the power to keep a hundred advancing men close to the ground. Those who travelled the sunken roads of Normandy will remember this acute discomfort.

The disorganization of war is traditional, but visitors to the Soviet front could not fail to be impressed by the Russian capacity for disorganization and genius for speedy improvisation. For example, in traffic pile-ups the Russians often found it convenient to completely reroute their army trucks, dispatching necessary supplies where they were most urgently needed, if not to their original destination.

No remarks on the Soviet Army would be complete without mention of its Cossack cavalry. Russian artillery, historically powerful, played a vital role in checking the early German advances until the Red Army was able to train and equip tank forces for the counteroffensive. Russian cavalry, equally renowned, played an important part until motorized forces became available. Useless in daylight against strafing aircraft, Russian cavalry earned the dread of the German during the hours of darkness. Equipped like no other force to penetrate the trackless forests, Cossack horsemen, surely the most picturesque soldiers in the world, were deadly against German supply lines. Although the fire-power of the Cossack horse divisions was correspondingly light, the born riders of the Don, Kuban, and Urals made important use of their hereditary swords and *tachankas*—heavy machine guns transported on high-wheeled wagons drawn by four spirited horses.

If the Russians began the war with obsolete weapons, they were not slow in developing the most modern inventions. First to make important use of the rocket as a weapon, the Red Army mounted them on the wings of its Stormovik aircraft and mystified the world for a time with their announced destruction of large numbers of German tanks. The Soviet multi-barreled rocket gun known as "Katyusha" was one of the most important secrets of the early part of the war.

The Russian Army believes that a decisive factor in modern war is high morale, and that this can only be expected from men of some cultural level. Hence the widespread establishment of Soviet schools covering all branches of military knowledge. The Army is one of the most privileged groups in the Soviet system. The food, clothing, and

other perquisites of army officers are comparable to those of Party officials. But the disparity between the wages of officers and privates is greater than in most armies. The ordinary private earns 10½ rubles per month, 21 when in the line, and about double if he has acquired some specialized skill. NCO's may earn as much as 130 rubles a month.

Cadets entering military academy begin at 900 rubles a month, captains receive 1,700 rubles, and colonels, 2,400 rubles. All members of the Army receive special privileges such as discounts at special stores and preferred places at the theater and sports events, and officers get large discounts at night clubs and commercial restaurants.

The iron discipline of the Soviet Army during wartime was uncompromising. Privates were compelled to give up their seats in subway and trolley cars to officers, commanders were forbidden to carry packages in the streets. The Soviet officer had the right to strike a recalcitrant enlisted man across the cheek with the flat of his sword.

An officer could be broken and given an eight-year suspended sentence for overstaying his leave. He would be sent to the front as a private, and if he survived, his sentence would be quashed after the war. When the Soviet Union had its back against the wall, a man could be shot for an offense which in the American Army would lead only to the guardhouse.

Napoleon once said: "To achieve victory, the first thing I ask of an army is endurance. After that, courage."

Russian soldiers are long on endurance. Their non-stop offensives against the Wehrmacht made military history. But the Soviet Army first demonstrated its ascendancy over the Germans by its mastery of winter warfare. Profiting by the mistakes of their 1939 winter campaign against Finland, the Russians put as many men as possible on skis for the winter campaign before Moscow in 1941-42. In their favor was the fact that theirs was a peasant army, mainly composed of hardy farm boys. The German ranks were filled with the urbanites of an industrial civilization.

The winter equipment of the Russian Army was excellent. Every soldier was provided with a heavy wool coat, sheep-skin hat, and the only type of footgear capable of withstanding extremely low temperatures. These felt shoes, called *valenki*, enabled the

Russians to march when the jack-boots of the Germans had frozen until the leather rang like metal. The endurance of the Russians was a source of amazement to the enemy. The methodical German destruction of all habitations in the wake of their retreat failed to stop the Russians.

I have seen Russian troops dig a pit beneath the foundation of a still-burning cottage, where the fire had thawed the earth, drag a tarpaulin over the hole, and bundle inside like so many hibernating bears. One oil stove served to keep the pit warm during the subzero Russian night. The Soviet Army slept in its overcoats, disrobing only once a week when steam baths were railroaded to the front. My interviews with German prisoners taken on the Eastern front showed that the ill-equipped Germans suffered greatly during the winters in Russia from frostbite and skin diseases incurred from lice.

In extremely cold weather, when the temperature sank to around 50 below zero Fahrenheit, the Russians customarily greased their faces against frostbite and blackened their cheekbones as protection against snow-blindness.

The Russians were first to mount anti-tank guns on skis to be dragged to forward positions. The landing wheels of their planes were designed to retract vertically instead of horizontally so that they could be fitted with skis in the winter.

The anti-freeze agent used by the Russians in their war machines has not been disclosed. I observed crude methods of preheating the oil for aircraft engines which enabled them to take off without warming up in subzero temperatures.

Probably the greatest Russian asset in winter warfare, however, is the natural hardiness of the natives of that bleak, uncompromising climate.

The end-of-the-war contact between the Anglo-American and Russian ground forces made it possible for Western military experts to ascertain much about the composition of the Russian Army. The Russian Air Force, however, is still a virtually unknown quantity. Its operational airfields were and are located behind the lines and barred to Western eyes.

An air contact between escorting P-51 Mustangs of the 8th Air Force and Soviet fighter planes was reported east of Berlin before V-E Day. According to my information, a dog-fight ensued before

recognition was effected. Several red-starred planes were shot down without loss to the USAAF. The American pilots were not impressed by the speed or maneuverability of the Russian planes. Yet those of us who have made frequent flights in Soviet transport planes know that Russian pilots are often well trained and possess natural ability. In particular, they are possessed of the Slavic dash which goes to make good fighter pilots.

Although the Soviet fighter aircraft employed during the war—the MIG, the YAK, and the LAGG—were not considered by Western airmen to be the equal of their German and American counterparts, there is little accurate information available regarding what the Russian Air Force flies today. During the war, the Russians were weak in heavy bombers and most of their medium bombers were supplied by the United States. Now, it is known, the Russians possess at least three B-29 Superforts which landed in the Soviet maritime provinces during the war in the Pacific. Like the Anglo-American forces, the Russians also captured the latest models of operational German jet planes. In their publicly shown newsreels, brief glimpses have been given of rocket planes, a field in which the Russians have demonstrated an early and keen interest.

At the latest Soviet military maneuvers, it was reported by foreign attachés that the Russian Air Force was equipped with six different types of jet and rocket planes: the Ilyushin, Yakovlev, Sukhov, Tupolev, Lavochkin, and Mikoyan.

Until the expansion of the USAAF in the latter days of the war, it was believed that the Russian Air Force was the largest in the world. It had to be to give sufficient air cover to the enormous land army. That it surpassed the Luftwaffe numerically was indicated by the Russian air superiority during the Soviet offensives. It is generally agreed that the great size of the Soviet Transport Command probably makes the Russian Air Force the largest in the world today.

While little is known of Russian developments in guided missiles, rumor has it that Soviet military scientists have improved on the German V-1 or subsonic "buzz-bomb" and have produced a controlled weapon with a range exceeding 1,500 miles.

Even less can be learned concerning Russian progress in atomic weapons. Only one thing is certain, that with the aid of German scientists, Russian physicists and engineers are attempting to over-

come the United States' lead in the development of the atom bomb. Soviet orders for electric generating equipment, a prime necessity for atom-splitting, have surpassed in the last two years all their orders placed in the United States before the war. There have been many conjectures regarding the location of the Soviet "Atomgrad." It is believed to be in the Lake Baikal region of Eastern Siberia, near a newly developed source of electric power.

Reports have indicated that Lavrenti Beria, Politburo member and former chief of the powerful MVD, or secret police, has been placed in command of Russia's atomic energy efforts.

Russia has long been conducting interesting mountain-top observations of cosmic rays. The energy of these naturally produced waves is many times greater than that released by the splitting of the atom. The results of the Soviet observations have not been disclosed in detail.

It may be said that while the qualitative and numerical relationship between the American and Russian armed forces and their allies may vary in the future, the only drastic change in the balance of world power will come if and when the Soviet Union furnishes evidence of possessing the atom bomb.

DELUSIONS

We Intervened in Russia

"THE SOVIETS act the way they do because we intervened in Russia after World War I. That intervention not only outraged the Russians but made them suspicious of us. It aroused in them the fear that we shall again attempt to intervene. It is the real reason behind their insistent demand for security. In short, our intervention in Russia was the root of all our troubles with the U.S.S.R. today."

Soviet apologists make these charges over and over again, and many Americans believe them. But have you ever heard the apologists mention our only really significant intervention in Russia?

That intervention took the form of the ARA (American Relief Administration) mission which stemmed the vast tide of famine and pestilence in the Soviet Union. It was a mission of mercy and good will that, during the period from August, 1921, to July, 1923, saved millions of lives and prevented suffering on an unimaginable scale. In the words of Sir Philip Gibbs, who investigated the work of the ARA on the spot, "History will record it as the greatest campaign of relief and international charity ever attempted or achieved."

Today few people know anything of what the ARA did for the Soviet Union. The work of the mission is never referred to favorably in Russian speeches or editorials. Nevertheless, an understanding of what the ARA accomplished in the U.S.S.R. is essential to any appraisal of American-Russian relations. It is a vital part of the record and historical background for today's headlines.

On July 23, 1921, the world press carried a sensational appeal from the noted Russian writer, Maxim Gorki. Addressed to "All Honest People," it told of the catastrophic crop failure in the Soviet Union. Millions of Russians were destined to die a slow and terrible death from starvation. Only aid from the outside world could save countless doomed men, women, and children. "I ask all

honest European and American people for prompt aid to the Russian people," Gorki appealed. "Give bread and medicine."

That very day Herbert Hoover, Chairman of the ARA, answered the Gorki call for help. "We are today caring for three and one half millions of children in ten different countries," Mr. Hoover telegraphed Gorki in part, "and would be willing to furnish necessary supplement of food, clothing and medical supplies to a million children in Russia as rapidly as organization could be effected."

Mr. Hoover stipulated that ARA aid could be rendered only if the U.S.S.R. was willing to enter agreements that would facilitate the work. On its side the ARA was willing to agree (1) that it would, within its resources, supply all children and invalids alike, without regard to race, creed, or social status, and (2) that its representatives and assistants in Russia would engage in no political activities.

Behind the Gorki appeal lay the breakdown of Russia's great black earth grain-producing economy. The drought of 1921, which brought it to the crisis stage, had been on the way for many months. H. H. Fisher describes the calamity in *The Famine In Soviet Russia*: "The drought seemed to crawl sneakingly out of the vast steppes of Western Siberia, across the trans-Volga plains, like a formless monster moving slowly, and relentlessly destroying the living things in its path. Men noticed the signs of its coming in 1920. The spring was hot and almost rainless, and the land at the time of the spring planting was caked and dry. The summer followed with scant rain, cereals ripened before their time, and the crops were far from satisfactory. In the autumn, again, there was insufficient rain, and the winter crops were sown in soil too dry to promise fruition. The meaning of these ominous signs was not lost on the peasants."

During the spring and summer of 1921 virtually no rain fell in the immense Volga Valley. Fields were baked; grass and the sparse crops turned brown, shriveled, and died. Heat and dust enveloped the parched lands of the Volga countryside. Then panic came. The already frightened peasants began leaving their stricken villages, taking to the roads, congregating in the cities. Epidemics—typhus, typhoid, dysentery—accelerated the appalling death rate.

Coming as it did on the heels of about seven years of war, economic collapse, revolution, counterrevolution, civil war, and military Communism, the drought was a *coup de grace*. With the prospect of village depopulation and an abandoned agricultural

economy, the outlook for the future was dark. In the summer of 1921, the Soviet leadership faced a crisis that might well mean social and economic breakdown on a nation-wide scale.

The Soviet Union in those days was isolated. Few foreigners were living there. Little news dribbled out. The Kremlin was on bad terms with most of the world. Moscow's self-induced isolation on the one hand, and the West's *cordon sanitaire* on the other, created a sharper dividing line between East and West than even the Iron Curtain of today. In 1921, the Soviet regime had not been recognized by the United States. Because of his international literary reputation, Gorki's was the voice that carried greatest weight with the Western world. Up to the time of his appeal, the Soviet leadership had kept secret the extent of the economic disaster. Now it was out in the open.

Herbert Hoover's forthright answer to the Gorki appeal might have been expected to bring cheers from the pro-Soviet element in the United States. It brought nothing of the kind. True, for some time pro-Soviet publications and sympathizers had been castigating him for not extending to Russian children the same kind of help that his organization (the ARA) had given to the children of other countries. Actually, every effort on his part to extend such aid to the children of Russia had been stymied by the Kremlin. Now that Mr. Hoover was moving to carry to the U.S.S.R. the aid that Gorki asked for, the tune of the pro-Soviet press changed. The ARA was now attacked as a counterrevolutionary organization which was preparing to take advantage of the Soviets' weakness, overthrow the Red regime, and bring into power a White government. On the other hand, Mr. Hoover was assailed by some American conservatives who objected that the ARA was saving the Soviet experiment. Without American help, they argued, the whole Soviet government was bound to collapse and the world would be the better for it.

After Mr. Hoover's reply to the Gorki appeal, events moved rapidly. On August 10, ARA representatives met at Riga with Maxim Litvinov, the Kremlin's Assistant Commissar for Foreign Affairs. During the negotiations, the Americans were to hear many times the Litvinov cliché: "Food is a weapon!" It was hard to convince him—if he ever was convinced—that for the ARA food was no weapon against anything but hunger. He was shown Mr.

Hoover's orders that every ARA man who entered Russia was obligated to keep "entirely aloof not only from action but even from the discussion of political and social questions." After ten days of negotiations, the Riga Agreement between the Soviet government and the ARA was signed. Each party was pledged to live up to certain plainly defined conditions.

Meanwhile, realizing the crucial importance of time, Mr. Hoover had been mobilizing his relief forces. ARA veterans from the Polish, Austrian, and Baltic missions were assembling at Riga. Food shipments were all set to be sped to the famine victims just as soon as the Riga Agreement was signed. The Russians were, consequently, amazed by the speed of ARA operations.

One week after the Riga Agreement was signed, the first ARA party arrived at the Windau station in Moscow. It was only an advance party of some half dozen men, but it was the spearhead of the ARA attack on the famine. Eleven days later, September 7, the first ARA child-feeding kitchen was opened in Petrograd (now Leningrad). Four days after that, the first kitchen was opened in Moscow. It was housed in the former Hermitage, a restaurant famous in prerevolutionary days for fine food and Gypsy music.

Ships with ARA food and supplies were now unloading in Petrograd; other shipments were arriving in Russia by rail from the Baltic ports of Riga and Reval. More Americans were coming in to supervise the relief work. The ARA administrative headquarters in Moscow were beginning to teem with activity.

The immediate objective of the ARA was to feed children and aid the sick. The longer-range objective, however, was to attack and defeat the famine at its source. From the outset, Mr. Hoover recognized the salient fact that if the rich granary of the Volga Valley were depopulated, the famine problem would continue to exist indefinitely. With this in mind, he instructed his men in Russia to the effect that feeding must be carried on in the villages. He ordered that no distribution should be made to people in flight. The goal was to get the people to return to their homes. This policy was, at first, misunderstood by the suspicious Soviet authorities. But as time went on, its wisdom was recognized not only in the Kremlin but by the populace as well.

At this period, the wheels of Russian economy had almost come to a stop. Industry was barely functioning. The railroads were run

down, short of rolling stock, badly in need of replacements in every category. Military Communism had destroyed business and trade. It was to alleviate this situation that Lenin had, the previous March, made his famous "two steps forward, one step backward" speech in which he introduced the NEP (New Economic Policy). This policy restored some measure of private trade. It was to be only an intermediate form of pump-priming, a temporary expedient to gain time. Meanwhile, it was hoped, the NEP would act as a shot in the arm for the nation's economy.

Moscow, in the fall and winter of 1921-22, was a dreary place. Many houses were uninhabitable because no one had any interest in making repairs. It was a custom to move in, chop up the stairs for firewood, poke a stove chimney through a wall, use a spare room as a latrine. Stores were empty, the streets were full of shabby, dispirited people. The railway stations were indescribable. Ragged, vermin-ridden refugees from the Volga country swarmed in these buildings, cooked whatever bits of food they could scrape together, ate, slept, and died there. Such places were virulent breeding spots for typhus, passed from person to person by lice. I shall never forget my first experience in a Moscow railway station. The mass of tattered, cadaverous, hopeless-eyed humanity shocked and horrified me. The stench of the living, the dying, and the dead seemed to penetrate my brain. Never, even during war service on the Western front in 1917-18, had I seen anything that approached such mass-scale horror.

In drab, somber Moscow there was one bright spot—the ballet. In spite of economic disaster, famine, and epidemics, the ballet went right on at the Bolshoi. Performances had been given even when civil war raged in the streets outside. Every evening theater crowds applauded such standbys as "Swan Lake" or "The Hunchbacked Horse." Other favorites that season were "Don Quixote" and "The Corsair." Geltzowa, then in her late fifties, was the star of the ballet, the toast of hungry Moscow.

Not far from the Bolshoi, in the Kremlin, the ailing Lenin lived and guided the destiny of the new revolutionary regime of the proletariat. Trotzky was head of the Red Army. Zinoviev was chief of the Petrograd Soviet. Kamenev was chief of the Moscow Soviet. Bukharin was charting the party line. Karakhan was directing Soviet penetration in the Far East. Tomskey, Radek, Sokolnikov,

Rakovsky, Rykov, Krestinsky were other "Old Bolshevik" leaders prominent in the government. Little more than a dozen years later they were to be purged by a man who at the time of the famine was hardly known, even in Russia. His name was Josef Stalin.

As the winter set in, the severity of the famine in the U.S.S.R. brought action by the American Congress. On December 22, a bill was passed appropriating twenty million dollars to buy corn for adult feeding in Russia. The ARA, an unofficial organization, was authorized as the distributing agency. Meantime, the child-feeding program was being expanded and the tempo steadily speeded up.

Although there were child-feeding stations in Moscow, Petrograd, and cities in western Russia and the Ukraine, the main effort was centered on the Volga Valley. Seven districts were laid out with headquarters in five cities on the Volga—Kazan, Simbirsk, Samara, Saratov and Tzaritsyn—and two cities in the Ural region—Ufa and Orenburg. In later years Simbirsk was changed to Ulianovsk, Orenburg to Chkalov, Samara to Kuibyshev and Tzaritsyn to Stalingrad.

In mid-January (1922) I was assigned to Samara, capital of the *gubernia* of the same name. Situated on the middle Volga and in the heart of the black earth country, the Samara province in normal times was one of the world's foremost wheat producing areas. The main rail line running from Moscow to Siberia and the maritime provinces passes through Samara. During the summer months the city is a center of important river traffic on the broad Volga.

My train pulled into the Samara station on time. There was no one to meet me, because the telegram announcing my coming, sent three days previously, had not arrived yet. In those days no one thought of expecting a Russian train at some specified hour. It was on time if it arrived the day of the week it was expected. A porter helped me with my trunk, bags, and box of food to a sled. The ground was covered with snow; it was bitter cold and there was a cutting wind. As the sled bumped along over the snow, I saw a body lying half covered by a drift at the side of the street. It was a sight that was to be commonplace for the next three months till the American corn arrived.

Will Shafroth, the chief of the Samara unit, and his five-man

American staff had been busily organizing feeding committees and opening kitchens for children. They had extended their organization to distant parts of the *gubernia*. The city of Samara itself was crammed with refugees from other regions, with starving peasants still crowding in from nearby villages, abandoned children, and families stricken with typhus. An air of doom hung over the city. On my first evening there I took a walk with Ronald Allen and Oscar Anderson of Samara's ARA staff. In the course of half an hour we counted fourteen bodies lying in the streets. And every now and then we would see a man or woman settle down into the snow, never to rise again.

The territory under my supervision was the northern part of the *gubernia*, with headquarters in Melekes. As Americans in the field, our role was largely supervisory. It was our duty to direct the thousands of Russian employees who manned the warehouses and kitchens, staffed the regional offices, and arranged the transportation of supplies. It was not difficult to compel the local communities to follow ARA instructions. If they refused to co-operate, we could cut off that community until they complied. This was a threat we rarely had to make. (Our real troubles were not with the peasants but with the Soviet officials.)

There was one cardinal rule that had to be followed. Each child had to eat its daily meal inside the ARA kitchen. The reason for that rule was simple. We found that when a child was allowed to take its portion of food home, the whole family shared it. That way the child was receiving less than enough to keep it from starving. Our goal was to save children. As soon as the corn from America came, we could save adults too.

On my arrival in Melekes, I visited the hospital, a hospital typical of those in the Russian famine area at that time. There were 329 patients. No more could be crammed in. To care for them were 140 beds and some 160 tattered, filthy blankets. Once a day the patients were served a tiny piece of black bread and some watery soup. The hospital pharmacy was empty. It contained not so much as a drop of iodine or an aspirin tablet. Dr. Petrov, the physician in charge, explained to me that all operations had to be performed without anesthetics.

Because of the frightful overcrowding, they had to put two patients in each single-size bed. Dr. Petrov pointed out that they

tried to arrange it so that two typhus patients were put together, or two pneumonia patients. They were paired according to disease; sex did not count.

The Communist Party members were on slim rations at this time. But they had first claim on food. No Communist was starving. A party membership card was a guarantee against that. The ARA did not provide food directly for the Communists, but it helped them indirectly by preserving the economic base of the country, by bringing aid to the starving peasants.

The peasant, let it be kept in mind, was not by nature a Communist. He was an individualist. For centuries his ancestors had wanted to own land. It was his ambition to possess a small farm and achieve economic independence. For that reason Lenin's 1917 slogan "Bread, land and peace!" made a powerful appeal to him. From the beginning the peasant was against collectivism. A "little capitalist," he was a last-ditch opponent of what the Soviet dictatorship actually stood for.

It should be pointed out that while there was danger to the Soviet regime inherent in the famine, there was by 1921 no threat of counterrevolution. By the time the ARA entered Russia, there remained no serious military challenge to the Soviet regime and no nucleus in the U.S.S.R. around which counterrevolution could rally. But the famine was a menace just the same. It held the threat of disintegration, of the breaking up of the country, the collapse of the transportation and communications systems, the flooding of the cities with refugees, of uncontrolled epidemics, lawlessness, anarchy.

In the villages of my district the death rate was staggering. In one town, people were dying so fast that no effort was made to bury them. I saw hundreds of bodies, piled like cordwood, in a warehouse. Peasants were making a foul bread of ground bark, bones, and manure. In most villages every dog and cat had been eaten. Passing through a village one day, I saw an emaciated horse, hitched to a sled, collapse. Immediately peasants ran out of houses with knives and axes, fell on the beast, and slashed him to pieces. One bewhiskered *mouzhik* threw himself on the carcass and drank the blood pouring from the throat. He was something out of a nightmare as he arose, his beard covered with gore.

In all justice to them, let it be said that the starving Samara peasants were victims not only of the weather, but also of civil war

and military Communism. Normally, in that land where famine was nothing new, they would have had at least some reserve supply of wheat. But Samara province had been a battlefield for the combat between the White troops of Kolchak and Krasnov on one side, Trotzky's Red forces on the other. Both sides pillaged the peasants' wheat. The Czech legions, retreating toward Vladivostok, also plundered the helpless farmers. To finish off the disaster, companies of armed Communists from the urban centers—the "Iron Brooms"—seized whatever grain and foodstuffs they could find. It made no difference whether it was the peasant's last bushel of wheat. At times desperate peasants wreaked bloody reprisals on small "Iron Broom" squads, but they and their villages in turn suffered brutal revenge from the Communist Party.

In some villages, families succumbed to what the ARA doctors called "hunger psychosis." That was a euphemistic way of saying that people whose minds had cracked were resorting to cannibalism. I brought back with me photographs that proved all too clearly this hideous recourse to savagery.

By early winter, we had the child-feeding situation well in hand. Not only was our work saving the children's lives, but it had the stabilizing effect of keeping more families at home in their villages. The ARA kitchen meant food for a man's children. If they took to the road, the little ones lost their chance to eat. Furthermore, after the American Congress passed the corn appropriation, we could assure the adults that food was on the way to them too. But they would have to remain in their village to be eligible for it. This was all part of the battle to prevent a peasant migration that would make the food situation just as bad next year as this.

All through January, February, and March (1922) the peasants eagerly awaited the coming of the corn. "Is our corn here yet?" was the pitiful daily query. To our Melekes headquarters there came from distant regions, often on foot, suppliants to whose ears rumors of the corn's arrival had crossed the frozen steppes. Among the peasants our child-feeding kitchens in remote villages inspired tremendous faith in America and the ARA. On one occasion, peasants approached a Russian ARA employee in Melekes and said: "These Americans must have been sent from God, because otherwise they would not have been able to find such small villages in such a vast and far away country."

Meanwhile, affairs were not proceeding smoothly between the ARA headquarters in Moscow and the Soviet government. Despite the explicit language of the Riga Agreement, the Soviet authorities were welshing on their word. Comrade Eiduk, the Kremlin liaison agent for the ARA, was unco-operative. His men in the field were even more so. The Kremlin's representatives were violating not only the spirit of the Riga Agreement but also the letter. ARA officials found it difficult, often impossible, to contact key Soviet officials whose co-operation was imperative if our work was to proceed efficiently. Again, the Soviet practice of arresting on every charge and no charge affected Russians engaged in ARA work and slowed down our operations. Promises made by Soviet officials one day were brazenly violated the next.

Then came the showdown. Dr. Herschel C. Walker, ARA director in Petrograd, notified Moscow headquarters that Eiduk's office had authorized Petrograd railway officials to seize the first forty cars of corn to arrive. Word came from Shafroth in Samara that local officials had seized thirty-four cars of ARA corn at Russaevka, sixty-one cars at Penza and Balashov. These seizures, it should be emphasized, were made in the face of the ARA's desperate efforts to rush corn to the suffering peasants. Every day's delay meant thousands of lives lost.

Lieutenant Colonel William N. Haskell, ARA Director for Russia, sought an interview with Kamenev, Chairman of the Commission of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee for Helping the Famine-Stricken Population. Comrade Kamenev was too busy to receive Colonel Haskell.

By this time Colonel Haskell had had enough of stalling, welshing, and double-crossing. On April 10, he sent a telegram to Mr. Hoover over the Soviet diplomatic wire. Inasmuch as the Soviet officials were certain to read the cable, it was actually an ultimatum. "I recommend," the cable said bluntly, "that all pending shipments from America be stopped beyond actual present commitments until such time as I can advise how present difficulties are met here and whether a sincere effort to co-operate with us manifests itself."

This was language the Kremlin understood and respected. The ultimatum had an immediate and favorable effect. The next day Colonel Haskell received a visit from Kamenev. In a two hour and a half talk, the Soviet leader went over the whole situation. "In the

name of the Soviet government," Kamenev stated, "I confirm that the Soviet government has no right to requisition or to divert supplies sent to the ARA." He went on to praise the ARA and its officers. "No one in the Russian government doubts the humanitarian work being done under your direction," he assured Haskell. "Everyone has absolute confidence in you."

Desiring action to supplement these words, Colonel Haskell replied: "I am following results, and the minute I get them, I will advise my people back home."

Results came quickly. The next day another conference was called, this time to enable Haskell to talk with the top railway officials. Kamenev and Eiduk were present. An element of drama was added by the presence of Dzherzhinsky, famous head of the dreaded Cheka (later the OGPU, today the MVD). Dzherzhinsky knew little about railroading and transportation of food. But he knew how to throw the fear of death into any Russian below Lenin. When Dzherzhinsky announced that he had sent out orders that no more ARA seals were to be violated, that was a ukase no Russian dared defy.

The Americans at the conference noted that the railway officials nervously watched Dzherzhinsky and eagerly agreed to carry out every order that the Cheka chieftain approved. After months of struggling with Soviet indecision and postponement, it seemed strange to have the Russians co-operating on every issue. The logjam was broken. The corn shipments began to move to the distribution centers.

Haskell's ultimatum cleared the air and brought a new era of Soviet co-operation. Now that the snow and ice were melting, the great Volga artery of commerce could be used to ship our corn from the rail heads to river stations. Dzherzhinsky gave the ARA further aid by putting at our service a number of steamers and barges. On April 27, Haskell cabled Mr. Hoover that this particular crisis was over and he recommended that shipments be resumed.

In Melekes the corn was greeted by thousands of people who lined the tracks and watched the first trainload pull in. Among them were Russians, Tartars, Chuvashes, Mordvas and Kalmuks, the five principal peoples of the district. Despite their hunger, the crowds were orderly and patient. The worst-off villages were given their share first. One village that had eaten all its horses and cattle

sent every resident able to walk to carry home a portion of the grain. Back in the village, the corn was pooled, then distributed according to ration card.

A few days after the first corn distribution, I was visited by Volkov, the head man of the town of Novo Maina. He came to express his thanks to the ARA and tell me that the corn had saved the lives of fifteen thousand people in his *volost*.

In addition to the corn, large supplies of medicines were arriving. It was a delight to see the Melekes hospital supplied with plenty of sheets, blankets, towels, and soap as well as copious quantities of medicines. A week after the shipment came, I visited the hospital and found Dr. Petrov and his staff working in clean surroundings among smiling nurses and orderlies. It was now a hospital, not a plague spot. Altogether the ARA distributed in Russia medical supplies to the value of more than seven and a half million dollars.

It would be incorrect to give the impression that everything moved smoothly after the April crisis and ultimatum. There was another crisis and ultimatum the following October. Indeed, there were frequent Soviet breaches of the Riga Agreement. But only on a few occasions did they reach the showdown stage. As far as the Americans were concerned, the prime motivation was to get on with the job. It probably is an understatement to say that the Soviet leaders never understood what we were trying to do and why we were doing it. They were constantly looking for plots and counterrevolutionary activities. They were suspicious of everything we did and spied on us continually. We knew there were Cheka agents in all our offices. There were *agents provocateurs*. At times the Cheka men gave the show away, sometimes in an amusing way, sometimes not.

One American noticed that his Russian secretary was red-eyed and distracted. He finally got the explanation out of her. The Cheka was demanding that she give a complete daily report of her employer's acts, conversations, and associations. When she refused, she was taken to prison, where she found her father locked up. If she did not work with the Cheka, she was informed, she would never see her father again. The American advised her to go right ahead and play along with the Cheka. "Report everything, Marusha. We have nothing to hide."

At Samara, the Russian chauffeur of our staff car emphasized

the fact that he spoke no English, not a single word of it. One day when he was driving Oscar Anderson and me, he carelessly ditched the car. Fortunately no one was hurt. The chauffeur was so excited that he blurted out in English: "That wasn't my fault! I struck a soft shoulder of the road. I couldn't help it."

In October, 1922, I went down to the Ukraine for a stay of several weeks. My interpreter there was a very smart chap named Maxim. The first time Maxim and I went into a government office, I suspected that he was a Cheka operative. For one thing, he could not quite hide his air of assurance. For another, he was brusque with the Russian ARA personnel, and they seemed afraid of him.

One evening, Maxim and I were inspecting a gloomy, poorly lighted warehouse. We were making our way through corridors of food stacks when there was a sudden thud behind us. Bandit activity in the town had put everybody on the alert. Maxim whirled around, pulling a pistol from inside his coat as he did so. It was only a bag of rice that had fallen off a stack. As Maxim put his pistol back into his left armpit, I whispered, "Don't you know that only Cheka men are allowed to carry arms. If they find out you have that pistol, the Cheka will shoot you."

Later, when we were alone together, I said to Maxim, "Look here, I suspected right along that you were a Cheka man. Personally, it makes no difference to me. I haven't a thing to hide. As you certainly must know by now, I am down here to do just one thing, my job." Maxim shrugged his shoulders. We understood each other.

Overseas in a country ravaged by typhus and other epidemics, the ARA had its own health problems. There were not, by the way, any typhus shots in those days. We took our chances. Eight came down with it and a member of the Ufa unit died of it. One of our staff at Simbirsk disappeared without a trace. Several of our men cracked under the mental and physical strain and had to be invalided back to the United States.

The ARA closed down its Russian operations in July, 1923. At the height of those operations we were feeding ten and a half million people a day. Kamenev, on behalf of the Soviet Government, paid our work a striking tribute. In the course of an official farewell, he said: "Thanks to the tremendous, utterly unselfish efforts of the ARA, millions of people of all ages were saved from death, and whole

villages and even cities were saved from the terrible catastrophe that was threatening them."

In the light of Kamenev's words, is it unreasonable to conclude that there were at least hundreds of thousands of Red soldiers in World War II who owed their survival a generation ago to the ARA? Or to suggest that some of the heroes of Stalingrad were men who had been saved twenty years earlier by American food? Is it beyond the range of possibility that the victorious Soviet stand at the Volga was due in some measure to the work of the ARA in helping prevent the depopulation of that fertile valley?

This we know for certain. There were no political or economic strings attached to ARA help. No American business enterprises were furthered; no economic favors were received. The ARA had only one objective: to save lives, to alleviate suffering, to help a stricken people survive a cataclysmic disaster. The objective was attained.

In that sense, we did intervene in Russia.

My Six Years in Moscow

I COULD NOT realize, when I reached Moscow as United Press correspondent on February 8, 1928, that the moment was historically portentous. Only in retrospect I became aware that I had arrived just in time to witness the agonized death of one era, the bloody birth of another.

The Russia which I left six years later, on February 1, 1934, was as different from the one I had found as both of them were from the Russia of the czars. That change has been fateful for all mankind. It spelled the final bankruptcy of the hopes aroused in 1917, the consolidation of the totalitarian dictatorship which today darkens human affairs on this planet.

The story of that transformation is therefore well worth telling, though the most I can hope to do in one brief chapter is to convey my own sense of the event by recalling its highlights. What occurred in those years amounted to a second revolution—or rather counterrevolution—more far-reaching in its effects than the one initiated by Lenin and Trotsky in 1917. Much of the confusion in the world's thinking about the Soviet facts, indeed, can be traced to a failure to comprehend that grim period, which Stalin himself once identified as the *perelom*—the great break with the past.

Communism in the years of my sojourn became Stalinism. A one-party dictatorship was replaced by a personal oligarchy. Centralized and tyrannical power, which had been a means to an end, now became the supreme end in itself. Everything, from the bread of the people to the precepts of Marxism, was sacrificed to safeguard that power. The last pretenses that the state would "wither away" to make room for human freedom faded out and a rigid police state, as self-perpetuating as that of the Nazis in Germany, took shape.

The sorry remnants of popular institutions and influences—such as trade unions, co-operatives, production artels, new artistic movements—were finally and wholly subjected to the state. The names of such institutions remained—that is one of the most effective

propaganda tricks of modern dictatorship—but their substance was destroyed.

Even the ruling Communist Party, so far as genuine authority or initiative or influence on events is concerned, ceased to exist. It was converted into just one more inert instrument in the hands of the bosses, as helpless, as terrorized, as subservient as any other Soviet group.

That is one of the significant facts about Russia which few outsiders have grasped. In the first decade of Soviet history the party elite of a million had been a link with the people; in an indirect and distorted way it did reflect popular opinions, hopes and despairs. Thereafter, with the rise of Stalin to supreme power, that last link was broken and the breach between the regime and its subjects became complete. The last margins of free discussion within the party were wiped out. It came to reflect only the purposes and obsessions of the small ruling group at the top; in the final analysis, of one man.

In 1928, there were still traces of the high mood of dedication of the early revolutionary years. There was still an edge of embarrassment about the more brutal forms of suppression and oppression; some self-conscious attempts to conceal the extent of forced labor, for instance. An approximation of economic equality now, a promise of real equality later, was still part of the propaganda pattern. Communists could not earn more than the so-called "party maximum," a sum roughly equal to the national average wage. That was a kind of vow of poverty to symbolize devotion to a cause.

By 1934 even the vocabulary of idealism was outlawed. Piece-work, bonuses, speed-up systems were in effect in every branch of economy. Equality was ridiculed as a piece of bourgeois romanticism. The "party maximum" was no more. Everyone, Communist or non-party, was expected and encouraged to earn as much as possible and to spend it conspicuously.

Most important of all, the verbal camouflage was peeled from arbitrary power. Terror was no longer a furtive process to be explained away as a sad necessity. It was raw, open, arrogant. It was glorified as a species of "human engineering." There even developed among those who wielded the power a grotesque pride in the "Bolshevik firmness" that could enslave, starve, and kill

millions without sentimental squeamishness. Bursts of terror were no longer episodes that had a beginning and an end. They flowed one into the other—in mass purges, liquidations of entire classes, man-made famine, ever-expanding slave armies—to form a new pattern of existence.

In 1928, there were still some areas of personal expression and initiative. They were narrow, tenuous, and police-ridden, of course. The NEP system, a burlesque of economic freedom, was being rapidly strangled, but there were still some private shops, independent artels, individual artisans plying their trades. The peasants owned their plots of land, their livestock and farm implements though the government used the most brutal methods to take away their crops at confiscatory prices.

By 1934, these things became distant memories. All economy was in the fists of the bureaucracy. Through so-called collectivization of agriculture, the peasants had been stripped of their land and turned into serfs on government estates; their *kolkhozes*, or collective farms, where they worked on a piece-work basis, did not even have the right to own machinery; in effect, a gigantic share-cropping system had been imposed on a proletarianized peasantry tied to the land.

There had been in the first Soviet decade a burgeoning of creative effort in literature, the films, theater, music. It was muted by fear and oppressed by multiple censorships. Yet there was eager experimentation, a striving for new forms. Not only in culture but in human relations there had been a corresponding search for new forms, mirrored in revised concepts of the family, child-bearing, sex morality, educational methods.

By 1934, all that was history. A new orthodoxy prevailed and was enforced by the police. Innovation in any field was punished as heresy and treason. The needs of the state and the vulgar tastes of its oligarchs became the sole standards. Thought became congealed. The pursuit of truth, even in such nonpolitical areas as medicine, psychology, genetics, became a hazardous pursuit; the writing or teaching of history and philosophy became the shortest roads to a concentration camp.

It is no accident, of course, that the most notable new names in Russian literature since the revolution belong, with very few exceptions, to the first decade. The world reputation of Soviet

motion pictures, implicit in such names as Pudovkin and Eisenstein, was achieved in the pre-Stalin years. The vitality of the Soviet theater summed up by names like Meierhold, Tairov, Vakhtangov, had all but petered out by 1934.

It was my fate to watch that great transformation. Little of what I saw got into the daily budget of news dispatches. The process was too vast to lend itself to routine journalism. I could only report daily events, edicts, speeches, trials. These could not even suggest the sinister fact that a totalitarian night was engulfing the Russian land and its people.

Because I brought with me to Moscow all the eager illusions and misconceptions about the country held at that time by American liberals, the tragedy of Russia became in a sense my personal tragedy.

As a youngster in college I had hailed the Russian revolution as a new dawn for mankind and, like so many others eager to believe, I developed a kind of vested emotional stake in the flamboyant dream. Though I never joined the Communist Party, I was sympathetic to its program and ready to serve on its fringes. As early as 1922, I had edited the *Soviet Russia Pictorial*, one of the first of the Kremlin's propaganda organs in America. For four years before I went to Moscow I was on the New York staff of Tass, the official Soviet news agency.

Worship of Russia at that time had not yet become fashionable. Hollywood, Broadway, and Park Avenue had not yet "found" Communism. That sad comedy was to unfold much later—and ironically, precisely when revolutionary idealism in Russia had expired, precisely when the dream had turned into a nightmare. Those of us in America who championed the Soviet regime in its earlier, more hopeful period were a tiny and isolated lot, quite different from the cocktail-party set who mixed Marx and martinis, social consciousness and social climbing in more recent years.

I do not mean that I was unaware, before I went to Moscow, of the political tyranny, the injustice, the concentration camps, the economic destitution in the USSR. No one this side of sanity could be quite so innocent. But like all long-distance admirers, I could take the sufferings of the Russian people in my stride easily and self-righteously. I explained them away as growing pains, un-

fortunate excesses, part of the price of a great change. There were formulas for the purpose: You can't make a revolution with silk gloves. . .you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs. . . .

At close range, the incredible poverty and the pervasive terror were not so easy to "take." Placating formulas sounded hollow and base. A million prisoners in Siberia is a statistic, without intimate human content. It can be shrugged off. You couldn't shrug off the sudden disappearance of Russian neighbors and acquaintances, the execution of people who only yesterday were national heroes, the droves of beggars everywhere, the teeming prostitutes, the tragic homeless waifs who slept in dirty hallways or rode the rods on your train, the anguish unloosed all around you by every new Draconian edict.

From the first day, now that I look back at the experience, I was distressed and horrified by the contrast between the propaganda myth abroad and the living Soviet facts. But I consoled myself that these were transitory difficulties. In a curious way the very malignity of conditions which I found on arrival became a source of consolation. Things couldn't be any worse, I argued inwardly, and therefore they would improve. The chief thing to watch was *the direction* in which the regime was moving.

That was the dynamic test by which I judged the crowded years I spent under the hammer and sickle. It left me no corner for illusion to take root. The despotism, it became all too clear, was not a passing phase but a permanent system which would yield, if at all, only to superior force.

By the time I departed, I looked back on 1928—everyone in Russia looked back on 1928, drab, hungry and oppressive though it had been—as "the good old days." By contrast it seemed to have been liberal and ample and hopeful. There was not a single department of Soviet life which had not deteriorated when measured by the yardstick of human decencies, personal well-being and political rights.

There were large achievements of a statistical nature, dealing with impersonal industrial entities. The decay, the degradations, the tortures, and the sufferings were not in the official charts. Only those who accepted the monstrous theory that human beings are the cheap, expendable raw stuff for building states could look upon the piled-up horrors with equanimity.

Moscow, at the time of my arrival, still echoed with stories and rumors about the arrest and banishment of Leon Trotsky and other leading Bolsheviks in the preceding months. Trotsky was in Alma Ata in Central Asia, the first stage of a journey that would end with a pickaxe lodged in his skull by an agent of Stalin in Mexico City.

Arrests and exiles of party leaders and members became epidemic. They ceased to be news. Joseph Vissarionovich Djughashvili, self-styled Stalin, had become dictator in a sense that Lenin had never been. Lenin and Trotsky in their day used wiles and eloquence and the weight of their prestige to impose their policies. They won over or browbeat their associates to their points of view. Vital decisions were subjected to inner party discussion of which the government took account. There was a species of public opinion, at least on the elite levels.

With the enthronement of Stalin, such "bourgeois nonsense" was swept aside. The new master did not consult the party, he *told* the party. Stalin, it should be remembered, did not make a revolution in the sense that Lenin, Mussolini or Hitler made one. He had no need, therefore, for the personal magnetism and other talents required to hypnotize and lead amorphous masses. No, Stalin hijacked a revolution made by others and needed only the skills of a hijacker.

Unlike the earlier leaders, he is neither a good speaker nor a good writer. His disdain for intellectuals, for argument, is bottomless. He is essentially the machine boss, the manipulator. His sole reliance is on force—the cold force of regimented propaganda, the hot force of unabridged terror.

Having disposed of the so-called Left opposition of Trotsky, Zinoviev, and Kamenev—and taken over as booty their whole Left program of collectivization and industrialization—he proceeded to exterminate the so-called Right opposition of Rykov, Bukharin, and Tomsky. But soon enough, even as I watched and recorded the bloody business, Left and Right lost all meaning. The struggle was no longer in the realm of ideas or programs but in the domain of pure power. To survive, it was no longer enough to think along the prescribed lines; one had to stop thinking altogether.

The liquidated men I have mentioned, and thousands of their political generation, summed up the 1917 revolution. Their elimination meant that an era was ended. Their ultimate slaughter by firing squads, with or without benefit of rigged "trials" and confessions to imaginary crimes, merely confirmed a long accomplished fact. Politically they were corpses from the moment Stalin solidified his dictatorial power in 1928-29.

The iron logic of the dictatorship principle is wondrous to behold. First the Communist Party usurped the right to speak and act for "the people." To make the fable stick, it had to wipe out all people's rights. Then a small group within the party began to speak and act for the whole organization. To make their authority stick, they had to limit the rights and initiative of the rank-and-file members. Finally Stalin arrogated to himself the sole right to speak and act for the party, terrorizing the membership into abject submission. Rule by an elite degenerated, inexorably, to rule by one man.

I have recalled the name of Mikhail Tomskey. His fall was particularly meaningful. He had been for many years the head of the Soviet trade unions. His crime was that he personified "old-fashioned" views about the function of trade unions in a collectivist state. Like most of the early Bolsheviks, Tomskey believed that labor needed protection against management, even if the management was government. With a monopoly of both political and economic controls, the collectivist state has more power over its workers than any private employer or any supertrust. Without some safeguards against this terrific power, the individual workers are obviously helpless.

In theory at least, the Soviet labor unions, set up by Lenin and administered until 1928 by Tomskey, were to provide those safeguards. They were to act as brakes on the state-employer in exploiting its labor forces. In practice, of course, the theory was largely resolved into fraudulent farce. Since the same Communist Party ruled the state and the labor unions, the rigamarole of collective bargaining on wages, hours, and conditions was makebelieve from the outset.

Yet there was a wholesome recognition in principle of labor's special interests vis-à-vis the government. A representative of the

trade union was part of the "triangle," along with management and the party, which administered factories, mines, and other enterprises.

Under Stalin, during the period I was there, all this was changed. The hokum that the workers, being the "owners" of their enterprise, had no need for special rights or protections against the state—that is, against themselves—became official dogma. It was scant consolation for a worker speeded up beyond his physical endurance, or shipped to a Siberian camp for coming late to work.

The "triangle" was dismantled and single administration, an autocratic director designated at the center, took its place. This director, with a special unit of the secret police on the premises to uphold his authority, had more power over his employees than any capitalist owner or manager ever dreamed of. Since the worker normally received his living space and his rations through his factory, he could be stripped of everything by the socialist boss with one blow. There being only one employer (the state), a worker who falls out with him might as well commit suicide—and often does.

The trade unions were thus reduced to another impotent technical branch of the government. Their new function was to step up production, to wring from its members (and membership is obligatory) the most work for the least wages. It was the "company union" principle carried to its utmost extreme. Only idiots could continue to refer to this set-up as "economic democracy."

The revision of Soviet trade unionism along these lines completed the process of turning every worker into an industrial serf, into an economic soldier under rigid military-like discipline. He was forced to carry a humiliating "labor passport" which recorded his every fall from grace and had the effect of binding him to his machine.

Wages, hours, and conditions were decided by the economic generals and enforced with pitiless strictness. The fomenting of strikes was punished as insurrection—the death penalty was applied to ringleaders in the years which I reported. Abstention without sufficient reason, and lateness beyond twenty minutes, automatically drew prison or labor colony sentences. The state established in the name of the workers ended by enslaving them, exploiting them mercilessly, and insulting them at every turn into the bargain.

From the vantage point of "human engineering," all of this

made consistency, if not sense. Stalin launched the first Five Year Plan of Industrialization, which condemned the Russian people to terrifying sacrifices. The forced tempo of industrial construction would have been unthinkable had labor retained the slightest margin of economic freedom. It required absolute dominion over the labor supply.

Those who put machines above men have sung hosannahs of praise for the Five Year Plans. No matter that a few million more die of exhaustion; that undernourished men, women, and children are herded like cattle and worked like mules; that putrid concentration camps multiply until their victims must be counted by the million; that torture chambers and executioners work overtime. Flesh and blood and the human spirit were the most abundant materials available in setting records for speed, and more speed, in opening mines, building foundries, erecting new factories.

It was my duty to report every major step in the first Five Year Plan. I do not hesitate to attest that its main feature was planlessness. The undertaking was too vast for bureaucratic management from Moscow. Overexpansion in one direction was matched by dismal failures elsewhere, and the population paid the price for both the excess and the failure. The waste was fantastic. Because every director and engineer knew that he faced prison or even death if he did not fulfill exorbitant, and sometimes impossible, orders, he was forced to lie, to manipulate figures, to forget quality in the desperate race for quantity.

The Plan "succeeded" statistically. By judicious juggling of accounts, by averaging overfulfillment against under-fulfillment, a semblance of completion was attained. But such juggling concealed the disbalance without curing it. The resultant industrial structure was jerry-built and lopsided. I am convinced that had an equivalent investment of capital and effort been made under conditions of even approximate freedom, the job would have been slower but infinitely sounder—and without the cumulative human horrors which no arithmetic can justify. The proof of the tragic failure under the purported success came in 1941, in the test of war. Though everything had been sacrificed for heavy industry, that is to say for war industries, during three successive Five Year Plans, the Soviet regime was unable to meet the German onslaught until capitalist American industry came to its rescue.

Whatever the verdict of historians and statisticians, one reporter looking upon the process from close-up had no inner doubts that the Five Year Plan was an unprecedented crime. A group of men in the Kremlin had assumed the prerogatives of gods; they had decided to cripple, and in part kill off, a living generation in the supposed interests of generations unborn.

That insane audacity was even more cruelly exercised against the peasantry, which made up the majority of the population. Stalin ordained "liquidation of the kulaks as a class." That technical-sounding formula covered an undertaking without mortal precedent for brutality on such a scale.

Formally, a "kulak" was a peasant who owned more than two cows. In practice, it was any peasant, no matter how impoverished, who refused to pool his land "voluntarily" in a *kolkhoz*. I haven't the space here even to suggest the dimensions of the tragedy. A true and intimate picture of how it affected one village of the hundred thousand Russian villages has recently been provided by Victor Kravchenko in his autobiographical *I Chose Freedom*.

The peasant everywhere is rooted in his land and will fight to retain it. It was for his land that the average Russian made the revolution which the Bolsheviks usurped. Millions of them now resisted collectivization to the death. The government had to resort to medieval forms of torture, to break-up of families, to large-scale banishments, before the resistance collapsed. At least five million human beings were packed into stinking cattlecars and hauled to savage parts of the empire, either to fend for themselves or to be impressed into slave-labor colonies.

Yes, it was a famous victory for a conscienceless state which had declared war on the majority of its subjects. The serfdom abolished by Alexander II was reinstated under lying "socialist" labels by his successor in the Kremlin. For me, as for many other former sympathizers, this conquest of the peasants marked the final despairing disillusionment. One had to choose between totalitarian cruelty and simple human decency; between the man-eating state and man.

The last spasm of peasant resistance took the form of passive non-co-operation—the same kind of non-co-operation which liberals supported and justified when it was practiced by the masses in India. The unwilling denizens of the *kolkhozes* throughout the bread-raising regions slowed down on the job, sowing only what

they needed for their own minimal sustenance. The self-proclaimed gods in the Kremlin thereupon decided to "punish" some forty million human beings by confiscating their crops and letting them starve.

Russia has had many famines in its history. But the great famine of 1932-33 was in a class by itself. It was man-made, the direct and clearly foreseen result of a political decision. In previous famines the outside world had been given a chance to help. In this one the monstrous artisans of death went to extreme lengths to conceal the catastrophe and head off outside succor. It happened to be a year of lush grain crops throughout the world. Had Stalin cared to divert a few of the hundreds of millions of dollars he was spending for his Plan to the purchase of surplus wheat in the Western hemisphere, multitudes of children, women, and men could have been saved from the slow, ugly death by hunger.

The estimates of the dead ranged from four to seven millions. Some officials, in a perverse pride in their "Bolshevik firmness," boasted to me that the casualties exceeded seven millions. But arithmetic loses its meaning on that level. The mustached god conquered. His minions at home and abroad shouted hallelujah and scraped the blood-soaked earth with their foreheads in humble worship.

The first Five Year Plan, including collectivization and its resultant famine, cost Russia more lives, imposed a greater total of misery, than the First World War and the revolutionary civil war combined. Not until the Nazis undertook the extermination of the Jewish race by poison gas and cremation could history cite a crime approaching in scope and ferocity the one perpetrated by the masters of the Kremlin in those incredible years.

There was one episode during my sojourn which remains in my mind as symbolic of the temper and malignity of the Stalinist terror. It added only a few tens of thousands to the aggregate casualties. Statistically it was therefore negligible. But I was one of the few foreigners who watched it at relatively close range, and it has been seared indelibly upon my memory.

The government was desperately in need of *valuta*: foreign currencies and precious metals for the purchase of American and German machines and brains. Many of its citizens had saved and

hidden gold coins, dollars, pounds and the like from the pre-1917 days and from the more recent years when there was still a free flow of outside currencies. The secret police of all cities and towns was charged with the job of extracting this concealed wealth from the people.

This it proceeded to do with great professional zeal and relish. Its method was simple and everywhere the same—torture and more torture until the suspect disgorged. The police of every locality had a quota to fulfill—was not this the Planned Society?—and did their patriotic duty.

In every city thousands accused of possessing *valuta* (which was no crime under the law) were gathered in and “processed” with diabolic thoroughness. Voluntary surrender of hoards did not save the unfortunates from Asiatic types of horror. They were flayed and fried and frozen, their wives and children were tortured while they looked on, they were forced to drink their own urine and lived close-packed for weeks in their own filth—on the acute theory that, having surrendered some dollars, they perhaps had a few more to surrender.

Most pitiful of all was the tragedy of those who had nothing to give, since they lacked the means for capitulation; they might be tortured until mad or dead. Having been through the wringer once, the victim was never again safe. He could be picked up and tortured over again on the chance that he had another gold coin or diamond chip or other *valuta* to contribute “voluntarily” to the Socialist Fatherland. Men and women known to have well-to-do relatives abroad were forced to write letters pleading for immediate money transmissions to meet “emergencies” the nature of which they did not explain. It was ransom money paid to the bandit state.

I have described this episode in some detail in my book *Assignment in Utopia*, in a chapter titled “Gold Mining in Torture Chambers”. I knew then, I know now, that few Americans could believe the hellish horror. The normal imagination is incapable of crediting such malevolence. But, alas, it was true and more terrible than my poor words could convey.

Whenever well-meaning, befuddled Americans in after years apologized for Soviet “excesses” in my hearing, I thought of the torture chambers. One day—no, one hour—in the *parilka*, the

sweat rooms, or some other standard torture chamber, I thought, would cure them forever of their tolerance for any and all police states. Not all the fine words and theories in Marx and Lenin have any relevance except in reference to the dark, cruel, tortured reality of Communism-in-Action in Stalinland. Its very soul is distorted.

Such, in brief, is the summary of the six years I lived and worked and watched and judged in Soviet Russia.

Turning Point

THERE SEEM to be times when history, like a giant swing upended, teeters at the perpendicular, undecided whether to fall back or to continue on around.

The spring of 1945 may well have been such a moment, when it seemed given to the rulers of Russia to form the future. Wiser, less arrogant, more mellow leaders would have trembled under this responsibility. But the men of the Kremlin, at the pinnacle of their strength, seemed possessed only of superb self-confidence that they could arrange and demolish and build as they wished.

Brave though the picture was, it revealed traces of almost feverish haste, glints of hysteria, as if the eager architects of the future realized dimly that the tools with which they worked were not true, their blueprints in error, and the site they had chosen a bottomless bog.

In the spring of 1945, the Soviet Union was no longer committed to its course in world politics. The foreign emergency had been met. Of its two greatest dangers, Germany had been beaten to her knees, and the downfall of Japan was inevitable. No outside circumstances, no need of self-preservation bound the U.S.S.R. to any other nation, to any established commitment.

It was both prudent and timely for the Politburo at this juncture to examine its policy and decide whether to retain policies which had been forced on it by a naked struggle for survival. It was time to decide either to develop the wartime alliance with the great capitalist powers or to end it.

All during the war, Russian policy had actually remained equivocal. On the one hand there was the great alliance with the West, the Atlantic Charter, the twenty-year treaty with Great Britain, the pledge to support a United Nations Organization. There was the abolition of the Comintern—vehement lip service to the ideals of democracy, freedom, and peace—formal agreements about the future of Eastern European countries and Korea, and even a

certain degree of favorable propaganda for Western military victories and institutions.

On the other hand stood the many reservations which the U.S.S.R. brought into the coalition, the aloofness, the "security" and the deliberate stifling of any warm bonds of feeling between the Russian people and their comrades-in-arms. While the doors of Britain and America stood wide open to Soviet observers, technicians, and liaison officers, the U.S.S.R. kept its plans, its tactics, and its strategy completely to itself. Every Western overture toward combined military planning for the common victory was bluntly, even churlishly, rebuffed. Foreign visitors, inspectors, helpers were not only not welcome but circumscribed to the point of ultimate frustration, if not forbidden altogether. Even at the lowest ebb of Soviet fortunes an American offer to man an air base for the help of beleaguered Stalingrad was rejected. Nor was there contact in the economic and industrial fields.

Perhaps more important as an index of intent was the systematic suppression by the Department of Agitation and Propaganda of the friendship that the little people of Russia felt in very great measure for their allies in the West. The British and American public lionized the female snipers and one-man air forces that came through on Russian War Relief tours. Tears were shed for Soviet martyrs and heroes. Acres of newspaper space and eternities of radio time were devoted to the achievements of the Russian people as vouchsafed by Agitprop. But in the U.S.S.R. human friendliness was never given official expression. The record of Lend-Lease was suppressed and distorted. No Commando Kelly with his Congressional Medal or Guy Gibson with his Victoria Cross ever got a line in a Soviet newspaper. The whole human side of the Western war effort was concealed. *Pravda* and *Izvestia* never hinted that millions of workers and soldiers were suffering, fighting, and dying in the struggle against the single enemy, that there were orphans and widows and bombs and ruins in the West as well.

In any event, commitments and reservations balanced out evenly, and in the spring of 1945, Soviet policy was quite free to follow the one course or the other. It may well be that there was never any doubt in Stalin's mind as to which path he would pursue and that there never was such a thing as a "shift" in policy. But it does seem as though at least tactical orders were issued in February or

March of that year to drop even the pretense of collaboration with the capitalist West and revert to death-and-damnation Bolshevism. They mark one of the fateful decisions of our era.

The Yalta Conference, which took place in February, provided what was probably the last instance of sweeping agreement between East and West. Soviet power and influence were at their peak. Immediately after Yalta, Stalin felt strong enough to throw appearances as well as pledges to the winds in imposing Communist regimes on Rumania and Poland. Even the good tone was discarded in sordid accusations of treachery that Stalin flung at Roosevelt. By April, when the Kremlin ordered the renascence of the American Communist Party, the new line was obviously in universal application.

Earl Browder came to Moscow in the spring of 1946 and quite candidly told some Americans there what train of thought the Politburo had followed. Victory would be followed in America by shattering social and economic troubles. The contradictions which Marxism-Leninism holds to be inherent in capitalism had been only temporarily reconciled by the necessity and economic planning of wartime. With the war emergency past, reckoned Moscow, these contradictions and conflicts would come bubbling up to dominate the American scene. There would be strikes, reconversion and demobilization troubles, unemployment, financial crises. And, lashing this domestic storm to greater fury, would come struggles among the capitalist nations for the control of international markets and raw materials that would ease the strain of reconversion. Heat and friction were inevitable, and the wartime alliance would break up into its inherently jealous components.

All this, the Kremlin thought, might well constitute the beginning of a revolutionary situation. It would, in any case, be a condition in which a militant Communist Party might reap a rich political harvest. But in the United States the Party had been liquidated by Mr. Browder, who had transformed it into a passive, co-operative political association. In April, 1945, Moscow ordered the Party revived.

Facts are stubborn things, and it is possible for anyone to sweep aside the shrouds of propaganda and pious protestation and establish whether there existed objectively valid cause for the Politburo's decision. In everyday life, when a man justifies extravagant, harm-

ful actions on the grounds of fear for his safety and persecution by others, an alienist examines him and his environment. If the cause in no way justifies the effect, the individual is certified a paranoid. In the case of the Politburo and its postwar policy, history is the alienist.

The wellspring of Soviet conduct was not alone too rigorous an intellectual interpretation of the Marxist-Leninist dogma. Intellectually this had already been turned completely topsy-turvy. The capitalist nations had not devoured each other, nor had they combined to crush the Soviet state. On the contrary, the U.S.S.R. was preserved only through alliance with two of the most double-dyed capitalist powers on earth.

What of suspicion of ultimate capitalist motives? It would seem that the British and American assistance during the war eliminates this as a serious contention. It may be recalled as only one instance, that sorely pressed Britain, faced with imminent invasion, had been offered peace by Hitler in the summer of 1940. This overture had been contemptuously, stinging rejected, even though it held the promise of a respite from fearful blows and the additional attraction of paving the way for Hitler to turn upon his faithful ally, Soviet Russia. A number of other circumstances refute this argument, among them the concessions that had been made to Stalin politically and territorially to assuage his "fears," and the binding guarantees given by the Western Powers for peaceful collaboration under a world rule of Law; not to mention the enormous reservoir of good will of which the Soviet Union disposed among the people of all nations.

Did a blind, unreasoning desire for security motivate the Kremlin? Conservative—yes, reactionary—though they may be, not even the rulers of Russia could assert, in this age, that a few more mountain ranges, rivers, or buffer states provide security. And the manner in which they pursued their expansion was anything but blind and unreasoning.

Include in the balance sheet the actions of both sides since 1917, weigh the debits and the credits, and it becomes clear that there was no external necessity that forced the adoption of the Soviet postwar policy. Nor were there any domestic reasons that history could qualify as valid. Quite to the contrary, nothing less than the welfare of the Soviet peoples demanded the end of the arti-

ficially continued emergency and the rise in their miserable standard of living which would best be achieved by world collaboration.

The explanation for the decision of spring, 1945 must be sought, therefore, in the minds of the men who rule—perhaps more accurately, in the mind of the man who rules—the U.S.S.R. And there it will be found in sufficiently clear form to satisfy the most impartial investigator.

For fifty years Stalin had been a Marxist revolutionary. As a young man his struggle had imparted content to an otherwise desolate life. He helped organize party circles and strikes, helped “expropriate” money, run underground presses. He spent years in prison and in exile for conspiratorial work. His character revealed itself as powerful and tenacious. For the preceding twenty-one years as head of the Communist Party, he had been leader of the Soviet state, successfully fighting, even to the death, all who challenged his interpretation of the principles of Marx and Lenin. His position was supreme, his voice decisive.

On many occasions Stalin had demonstrated that he and his regime were adaptable. Much, almost all, of principle and doctrine could be sacrificed or rationalized as a tactical expedient. But this was deeper than a tactical maneuver. The crossroads of spring, 1945 presented a choice of fundamentals. For Stalin to depart from his own past and turn a friendly face to capitalism would have been as logical as for the Pope to confess that he had been altogether wrong about God.

But intellectual allegiance is by no means the complete answer. One must reckon with another imponderable, the quest of power for the exhilaration that comes of moving masses, of shaping destiny.

The power of Stalin is inseparable from its instrument, its *apparatus*, the regime which supports him and thereby itself as well. And in the winter of 1944, with the primary task of military victory all but accomplished, Stalin had the leisure to reflect on wartime trends inside the U.S.S.R. and future prospects for the Soviet regime. The results of this reflection could not but have been frightening. Stalin must have seen the symptoms of his whole system's fatal weakness. They were unmistakable. They demanded radical, swift counteraction, and this was set in motion, as we have seen, without even waiting for the end of the war.

Many things happened inside the Soviet Union between June, 1941 and early 1945. They revealed that the U.S.S.R. had been saved in spite of the Soviet system rather than because of it. They showed that progress in mobilization of national strength had been accomplished only by proportional relaxation of dogma, that after twenty-five years of Soviet power, the natural instincts of the people were still mainly away from its dictates and toward bourgeois, liberal forms. Manifestly, if events were left to their natural course, they would sweep aside the Soviet regime as completely dispensable.

Genuine alliance with the rest of the world would mean continued assistance from abroad—Lend-Lease, relief, loans, use of foreign technicians. It would be obvious, then, to all inside the U.S.S.R. that the Soviet Union was surrounded only by friends, that her enemies had, in fact, been eliminated by the war. In a world of friends, there would be no use for the fantastic security empire of the NKVD, for the millions of better fed, clothed, housed drones whose snooping and slave-driving contributed nothing to the wealth of the people. In a world of friends, emphasis could be put where it belonged, on raising the nation's standard of living. There would be no point in furthering Five Year Plans, whole eons of them, in which Ivan and Nadya wore rags, lived in hovels, and hungered in order to build up heavy war industry. There would be no point in having a war industry, because world security would be guaranteed by the United Nations. And if these various sterile burdens were not lifted from his shoulders by the state itself, Ivan might rise up in his primeval mass and sweep the state superstructure away.

What did it matter to Ivan that without a war industry the Soviet state would have to rely on peaceful persuasion to spread the gospel of Marx-Lenin-Stalin? To him it mattered not at all. But it deeply concerned the Politburo and the *apparatus*. Reliance on peaceful persuasion was practically a guarantee that Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism and the physical power of Moscow would spread no farther. Concentration on consumers' goods would slow the pace of heavy industrial expansion, weaken the sinews of brute force. Liquidation of the NKVD would mean dissolving the foundation on which rested the power, the position, the privilege, and the future prospects of the members of the elite and the *apparatus*.

To the *apparat*, then, world conciliation was the shortest road to self-destruction. And the best way of justifying indefinitely continued existence was to proclaim the new emergency, surround the Soviet Union once again with rapacious enemies, call upon 200 million Ivans and Nadyas to work without reward in bondage or in semi-slavery as the only alternative to destruction by the capitalist wolves.

In following the course of events inside the Soviet Union after June 21, 1941, one should not underestimate the shock to Bolshevik dogma when the U.S.S.R. was catapulted from the warm womb of cunningly contrived safety into the fiercest hell of the capitalist imperialist war. After all, the Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist ideology was not merely another way of life, it was the self-proclaimed, unique, infallible science of society. How hollow the proclamation, how fallible the "science," was revealed in the first two summers of German victory, and in Russia's extrication from disaster only through the direct and indirect help of her capitalist allies.

From the outset it was obvious that the Soviet Union was in mortal peril. And from the outset the people were called upon to fight, not in the name of Marx or Lenin or Stalin, not to preserve any socialist order, but to preserve the Fatherland. Old heroes were resurrected from the oblivion to which the Communist Party had consigned most of the history of Czarist Russia. The Russian people had defeated many invaders, they were told—Poles, Germans, Lithuanians, the Swedes, and the great Napoleon himself. Alexander Nevski, Peter the Great, Kutuzov, and Suvorov became patron saints. The war itself was given the same name applied to the War of 1812—"The Patriotic War."

The Nazis themselves had made this approach irresistible. Hitler, with his race theory, had left the Soviet peoples a very simple choice. They could either surrender and become beasts of burden for the Nazi New Order, or fight. They fought.

Motion pictures, books, magazines, songs—every instrument in the propaganda orchestra called to them to fight for their soil, their Fatherland. Subsequently the "International" was dropped as national anthem and a new, more parochial hymn adopted. General Rokossovsky was not the only man to be brought back from Siberia to help win the war. And half-forgotten authors and poets reemerged to add their voices to the call for Russian victory, men

like Mikhail Zoshchenko, women like Anna Akhmatova. The new patriotic atmosphere was as if native to them, more stimulating than the barren Soviet ideology. The new sense of freedom promised to flower in a literary revival, especially in Leningrad, and, left more or less to themselves, they produced works that fitted in with the new Soviet patriotic line but which were flagrantly unideological. Like Marshal Rokossovsky, when the war was over and reconversion under way, they found themselves returned to obscurity, if not oblivion. Upon arrival, they found Messrs. Nevski, Peter, Kutuzov, and Suvorov already there. But that is getting ahead of events.

Religion was revived in 1943. The rights and privileges of the Russian Orthodox Church were nominally restored, and the Metropolitan Sergius was anointed Patriarch of All Russia in the first ceremony of its kind since the Russian revolution. He marked, as a matter of fact, the first permanent re-establishment of the Patriarchate since its destruction by Peter the Great. Had the issue of the war remained in doubt longer than it did, the people of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics might well have found themselves adjured to fight for Holy Russia.

The revival of religion remains one of the most remarkable of Stalin's compromises, because it gave official permission to a group of men with a large following to violate the official Soviet philosophy. The Marxist doctrine of dialectical materialism rests on the axiom that physical matter is the only reality. Even thought is a function of matter and must reflect the material world. Its acceptance of a spirit or a soul, a supernatural, or a God is patently impossible. Every Russian *papa* (parish priest), every church service, and every ikon could be nothing but an open demonstration against the Bolshevik cosmogony.

It was true that the official Communist view of religion remained hostile. Church and religious services continued to be soft-pedaled, the League of the Militant Godless remained in being, despite official dissolution, and it was worth a party member's standing to be seen in church. But, had all things remained equal, the party would never have countenanced the revival of religion. That it was forced to do so was one of its greatest admissions that things were not as they should have been.

Compulsion moved the party from two quarters. Great masses

of people had themselves turned to religion spontaneously with the first coming of disaster, as if they could find there reserves of strength and of patience not available in Marx. In the villages, particularly, it was plain how well religion had survived twenty-five years of atheist propaganda and political suppression. And in the Ukraine and White Russia, the Germans and Rumanians had reopened the churches, providing the Soviet government with an unmistakable object lesson in the value of religion as a factor of stability and support.

"For organizing patriotic activity" was the citation with which the next Patriarch, Alexis, was awarded the Order of the Red Banner of Labor in 1946. In addition, it must be said that the Kremlin made use of the Church for another definite, tactical purpose. A Russian Orthodox Church synchronized with Soviet policy would be very useful to the Kremlin in the Near East and throughout the Balkans, where the Orthodox Church had many believers. It offered a bridge for *rapprochement* with, and, ultimately, possible utilization of, the Coptic Church, the Armenian Church—any and all Christian groups that rejected the authority of Rome.

Parenthetically, antiracist scruples did not prevent the Kremlin from capitalizing later on another old Russian institution, the Pan-Slavic movement.

One should not leap to the harsh conclusion that the heads of the Orthodox Church were willing to become the creatures of the Soviet state. This is probably no more true than that the Politburo intended to embrace religion. What is more likely—and the situation has an almost comic flavor—is that both bodies bowed to expediency with complete confidence that each would outlast the other. The Communists could not but believe that such unscientific superstition would gradually disappear. The Church was supported by the conviction that the word of God would outlast any number of Stalins and Soviet regimes.

The flames of war left nothing unseared. The Communist Party itself was dramatically affected. During the war it had more than doubled its membership. From 2,477,666 members and candidates in 1939 it had leaped by war's end to more than 6,000,000. This increase was the result of mass admission—not only admission practically on demand, but even outright recruitment. Not until the summer of 1946 was it officially admitted how spongy the party

had become. Lenin had conceived it as a small, disciplined, highly indoctrinated, dynamic elite. The party was to lead the proletariat which was to lead the revolution and the progress toward Communism. Quality, not quantity, was his watchword. Between 1941 and 1945 this standard had been bent out of recognition.

No longer had it been necessary to be selected individually, as for a high honor. No longer was there a detailed personal check of political reliability or public examination of political knowledge and of zeal in the Bolshevik cause. While the war was on, practically anyone who applied was received into the party. Ideological prerequisites were not required. The measure of a man's fitness was his contribution to the war effort. A good soldier, a good worker was a good Communist because the state most urgently needed both. Army officers were admitted into the VKP (b)¹ if not drafted on a wholesale basis. On occasion smaller military staffs and units were inducted *en masse*. In factories it was the same.

The purpose would seem to have been to broaden the base of the party, to establish it more firmly by giving a larger number of people a stake in its survival—at best an admission of uncertainty if not of desperation. There was a rate of turnover during the war that makes the membership figures even more noteworthy. On August 29, 1947, *Pravda* printed an article about the party organization of the Karelo-Finnish SSR in which it said: "At the present day it numbers over 15,000 in its ranks, which is nearly 40 percent more than before the war. The number of young Communists admitted to the party during and since the war amount to 70 percent of the total number of the party's organization." Since recruitment was sharply curtailed toward the end of the war, the simple arithmetic of this statement is that about 6,000 old Communists left the organization through death, transfer, or expulsion. Had all, or the majority, died on the battle field *Pravda* would certainly have mentioned it, but no explanation was given.

The quality of wartime recruits and functioning of the party were reflected in some 1946 figures published by the Plenum of the Ukrainian Communist Party. In the Voroshilovgrad and Kharkov *Oblasts* (provinces) there had been a turnover of 50 percent in the previous year among occupants of responsible party and state posts. 38 percent of the secretaries of district (*Raion*) party committees,

¹ All Union Communist Party of Bolsheviks.

64 percent of chairmen of town Soviets, 66 percent of directors of machine and tractor stations had had to be replaced. In Sumskaya Oblast, 91 percent of the chairmen of district Soviets had been changed in the preceding year-and-a-half—in Nikolaevska 83 percent and in Rovno 88 percent.

What must have disturbed the men in the Kremlin, however, more than anything else was the obvious degree to which the leadership function of the party declined and the fabric of the party fell apart. In industry, where the class of industrial managers moved more and more to an ascendancy over their party supervisors, the primary party organizations and the party-controlled labor unions seemed at times to exist only on sufferance. In a number of cases, party members received bribes from industrial organizations and heads of factories. Party newspapers were subsidized, if not taken over completely, by combines, trusts, or factories. The production man had become captain of the team, and the party was reduced in these cases to the running of political interference. This function was a valuable one in that it assisted the vital task of producing for victory, but the position in which it put the "General Staff of the Proletariat" was palpably impossible.

In the rural districts, the party maintained its superiority, but the presumably exclusively bourgeois corruption of power and greed for loot led to the extraction of various kinds of tribute from the *kolkhozy*. Throughout the country, in addition, even the pretense of "party democracy" vanished in the stress of war. Members of regional (*Krei*) and provincial (*Oblast*) party committees and Soviets were "co-opted," appointed from above.

During the war there occurred in Soviet industry and agriculture other changes the continuation of which would have undermined the Bolshevik state. The war criterion was production. Production was as necessary to survival as armed combat and was furthered by all means, even though these means more often than not were in violation of Bolshevik principles. Money was expended, restrictions lifted, regulations cut short, blind eyes turned to irregularities. Anything was tolerated that turned out more guns or more grain.

In agriculture, the burden of production fell mainly on women, children, and old men. The young men, the tractors, and the horses were mostly in the army. Life was hard, compensations for the people few. It came to be general practice to permit a collective-

farm family to take over more ground for its private cultivation than the acre legally allowed it, and to keep an extra cow or pig or so in addition to its strictly limited private livestock quota. The peasant family could drink the extra milk or eat the additional meat or take its private surplus to market at officially tolerated black market prices. As far as the state was concerned, every additional pumpkin or slab of beef was so much more nourishment for the nation's stomach.

The policy was not without result. More food was produced, and the peasants who returned from market bulging with ruble notes were pleased. But, although the state had probably never thought of this practice—which gnawed at the bowels of collectivized agriculture—as anything more than temporary, the peasantry obviously did, and took to it with most un-Bolshevik enthusiasm. It spread wide, and official reports later told of collective farms in which the *kolkhozniki* spent more time tilling their own fields than the farm's, and in which the best-cared for and largest part of the livestock was privately owned. After fourteen years of collectivized agriculture, the peasantry found private ownership very much to its taste. Lenin had warned that small production engenders capitalism. After thirty years of the Soviet system, the people seemed to have no objections to this either.

Such practice had extended across the U.S.S.R. But, in addition, when the Kremlin was making its assessment of the domestic situation at the end of 1944, it had to reckon with the effects of enemy occupation, especially in the Ukraine. It goes without saying that the same was true in the Baltic States, where the Soviet regime had lasted barely a year, and in Galicia and the Carpatho-Ukraine, which had never been under Russian rule.

In the Ukraine, a nationalist feeling revived which, whether fostered by the Germans or spontaneous, was sufficient to set off three alarms in Moscow. A certain amount of the responsibility lay with Ukrainian writers who, like their colleagues in Leningrad, had found the new, patriotic atmosphere too invigorating and had mistaken it for a permanent relaxation of Bolshevism. But heresy was not confined to word or pen, it also took arms in hand; and the names Vlasov and Bandera symbolized two serious weaknesses in the Soviet body politic.

Stephen Bandera and his corps of Banderovci actually had their

origins in the Polish Ukraine, and in their time they fought the Poles, Germans, and Russians in the cause of Ukrainian independence. During the German occupation they were able to recruit a sizeable number of followers in the Soviet Ukraine. For years after the war, gathering to themselves the remnants of defeated armies, they continued to fight against the Soviet Army.

Far more dangerous and revealing was the case of General Vlasov. One of the most capable of the Red Army commanders, a hero of the defense of Moscow, he became, after capture, the rallying point of the only large force of auxiliary troops that the Nazis could mobilize in occupied territory. Soviet legend has it that there were no Soviet traitors or quislings. But history points to the thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, of Soviet volunteers to the Vlasov army and to the various Eastern "Legions" of the Wehrmacht and the SS. The Germans found no larger body of quislings to assist them anywhere, either in terms of absolute number or on a percentage basis, than they found in the Soviet Union. The subsequent complete liquidation by the Soviet regime of the Chechen-Ingush ASSR, the Crimean Tatar ASSR, the Kalmuck ASSR, and the Karachayev Autonomous *Oblast* was proof of the hollowness of the "monolithic" union of Soviet peoples and the wobbliness of the "unshakable solidarity" of the U.S.S.R.

Whichever may have seemed worse to the Kremlin, that the *soviet-sky chelovek*—the new "Soviet Man"—should be willing to shed his twenty-five years of indoctrination, or that he should prefer even the Nazis to Soviet totalitarianism, in either event it reflected a mortal danger. Even after the war was over, there was a ceaseless trickle of deserters from the Soviet Army to the contiguous British and American occupation zones. The Politburo might also in this connection have reflected on the development of the highly advertised partisan movement against the Germans. That they were genuine Soviet patriots is obviously beyond doubt, as is also the fact that there were many who fought the Germans from the first day. But it is meaningful that there was nothing that could be called guerrilla warfare until late in 1942. In other words, the Germans faced no mass opposition anywhere they went in the Soviet Union until their own arrogance, ruthlessness, and stupidity provoked it.

The Germans, just as intent as the Soviets upon squeezing the peasant, had not tampered with the collective system of agriculture,

and in general had merely exchanged one form of police state for another. The political climate remained essentially the same. The Rumanians were far more easy-going, and the effects of their occupation of the Black Sea littoral as far as the Odessa area disturbed Moscow longer than the aftermath of the German regime. In Bessarabia and in the southeastern Ukraine, the Rumanians had at least not discouraged private property and enterprise in trade and agriculture, and they soon replaced the Soviet forms.

Wartime changes in Soviet industry ran parallel to Soviet agriculture. But where in agriculture the state had appealed nakedly to the individual's appetite for food as well as financial profit to grow more produce, the lure in industry was just money. Production bonuses were lavished on factories that fulfilled or exceeded their production plans. The bonus was divided among the workers of the enterprise by the leading engineers and administrators, who allotted themselves the lion's share. The cost of living raced upward throughout the war. The supply of available rationed goods at fixed state prices diminished. It became less a matter of graft than of economic necessity that a man's income be doubled and trebled by bonuses. In the open black market of urban areas it took all the money a man had to survive.

If printing a few billion more rubles would oil the wheels of production, the state was willing to run the printing presses until they cracked. The danger of inflation in a police state is negligible. But the soil grew fertile for *blat*. *Blat* is graft, both large and small. It is *blat* when the head of a construction trust builds a factory director a summer house in return for bribes or favors. It is *blat* if the manager of a dry-cleaning establishment returns a pair of pants in less than two months for a 30 ruble donation. It was this *blat* that helped lay the foundation of a proper Soviet industrialist class during the war. The bonus sums were given to the top factory management to divide in accordance with performance and achievements which it alone measured. There was no possibility of wide supervision with manpower as short as it was, so there was no limit to the favor and privilege these men could demand. Directors of factories producing textiles or footwear or other extinct consumer goods could write their own ticket in the great confraternity of *blat*.

Not all these men were venal or devoted entirely to their own well-being. *Blat* on occasion provided the only channel through

which a factory director could secure otherwise unobtainable raw materials for the fulfillment or overfulfillment of his plan. It was perfectly plain, though, that it was being carried much too far. Factory directors who did not fulfill their plans found ways of falsifying their production figures in order to collect bonuses nonetheless. Stockpiles were added into current output, figures were juggled, production was coldly invented. The underlying motives were doubtless not politically sinister. It was all merely an intensification of practices long since existing in Soviet industry, encouraged by the weakening of control machinery. But it also helped damage the foundations of the Soviet state, in which all unsupervised initiative is equally illicit. A more specific danger was to the work of the statistical authorities and to the Gosplan—the State Planning Commission—which found itself depending in many instances on crude and misleading approximations instead of precise figures.

All this was possible because the control machinery of the state had been forced to relax. In addition to the People's Commissariat for Internal Affairs, with its high security and low police functions, a huge hierarchy of supervisors and snoopers were part of the state *apparat*. Various ordinary and extraordinary party control and investigating commissions were in operation. The Gosplan had its own auditors. And there was a Commissariat of State Control for the discovery of fiscal irregularities. Bureaucratic and overlapping as it is, this complex control machinery demands an enormous amount of men, and during the war it suffered heavily from the manpower demands of the armed forces. It lies in the nature of the Soviet system that the political and military security agencies take full precedence over the fiscal. The Commissariat of State Control was drained dry, and in its absence, corruption, graft, *blat*, and fraud flourished—as indeed they flourished in every capitalist country during the upheaval and makeshift of war. But more than they undermine the foundation of a capitalist state, these excesses rot the core of a system which lays brazen-tongued claim to its own total superiority over capitalism, and its ability to remold not only its own people but the entire world.

Anyone who feels that the men in the Kremlin would have been disturbed by the emergence of a new class of socially privileged can add this to the various woes that confronted the rulers of Russia as the war drew to an end. What was almost certain to trouble them

much more was that this class emerged practically spontaneously at the expense of the party and the party's instrument, the labor unions. The principle of *yedinonachalye*—single authority—which had given the factory director full responsibility, was being carried intolerably far.

Another alarming tendency appeared toward the close of the war. Descriptions of conditions in the surrounding countries began to come back to Russia from the Red Army which had penetrated deep into East Prussia, Poland, Rumania and Hungary. They came by word of mouth from wounded men, by letter and, most convincing, in the form of "trophies." Silk stockings, dresses, shoes, gloves, sewing machines, cameras of a quality which the average Russian had not seen in his lifetime threw a question mark on his ideological horizon. When troops from the West began to cross the U.S.S.R. en route to the Far East and war against Japan these stories swelled a hundred thousand-fold. This incredible loot had not been taken from palaces or villas of monopolistic capitalists. It had been found in ordinary houses in average towns and villages. No soldier of a Western army would have wasted his time or outraged his standards by taking clothing so poor. That these garments should have been worth their weight in platinum to the Russian soldier marked the whole tragic difference. Nor should it be forgotten that the area of Russian occupation covered, by and large, the poorest part of Europe. The average Russian is no more inclined by nature to be a fool than the average American, and the never-never land he found in Eastern European clothes closets left its impression.

The average soldier and his family tended to feel that something was wrong, that there was no reason why the self-proclaimed workers' paradise had not ever produced the sort of goods the capitalist exploiters provided for their slaves. And this feeling seemed to grow much more intense after the war, when the announcement of an indefinite number of Five-Year Plans projected the prospect of physical comfort into eternity. By the time the war ended, the average Russian was tired, dead tired. He wanted a square meal, a suit of clothes, and the chance to climb back on the stove for a much needed rest. Though perfectly willing to rejoice in the Agitprop's picture of him as the hero-victor, he had nevertheless had enough of the heroic life to last his lifetime.

In so far as every state prefers the active, conscious support of its

people, the Soviet regime may have worried about the effect of all this on the mass mind. But in practice, the masses' intellectual attitude toward the regime was not important. The Russian masses are the spearbearers of a political opera. They are important to the regime for their brawn and their cumulative weight. Whether they like or dislike it is of no practical consequence since even if they can not always be propagandized they can always be bludgeoned or frightened into compliance.

What must have weighed heavily with the Kremlin was evidence that the intelligentsia, the leading segment of the nation on the fringes of the *apparatus* itself, had been affected.

There were still people, even thinking people, in the Soviet intelligentsia for whom necessity was an acceptable—and safe—explanation. For them the ultimate goal of the Communist state justified all the tactical gyrations, all the compromise, all the incredible brutality, cynicism, sophistry that the Soviet regime had displayed. They could regard the flow of events as part of a revolutionary process, and the whole moved by a revolutionary ideal. But the metamorphoses of the war period must have sickened many of them. It had become apparent then, if it had not already been, that the Bolshevik revolution, though twenty-four to twenty-eight years old, was not displaying the sure-footed, clear-thinking progress to be expected of the only true science of society. On the contrary, from the time of the Finnish war until the eve of victory, Kremlin policy often seemed only frightened fumbling with an uncertain fate. Lenin's NEP had been a resolute, purposeful retreat. What was visible in the U.S.S.R. during the war was flabby ideological decomposition, a scurrying in all directions. Emergencies were met by jettisoning points of the infallible doctrine. The Bolshevik regime seemed able to save itself only by amputating Bolshevism piecemeal and falling back on the reserves and instincts of a pre-Bolshevik Russia.

It was obvious that the new order of society had not struck root in the hearts and minds of the people. In no case, when a control was lifted or simply broken down, was there a trace of "Bolshevik discipline" or "Soviet consciousness" which would automatically or voluntarily carry out the party line. On the contrary, tastes and inclinations were still dangerously bourgeois. Obviously the Soviet state existed by virtue of its police and propaganda instruments. Any thinking mind must have responded to this realization with pro-

gressive disillusionment in the quality of his leadership and in the ever more vague goal to which he was being so uncertainly led.

Stalin and the men at the top, zealots and bigots though they were, and imprisoned by the very height of their own position, were nevertheless thinking human beings. Bukharin once spoke of the "dilemma of insufficient faith." Could it perhaps have been that Stalin himself began to doubt, and that this secret, searing doubt lashed him on to the frantic corrective measures that were immediately set in motion?

In the spring of 1945 the time was ripe for decision, and the choice was clear. Either the Soviet Union allowed the wartime trend to continue, and the Soviet regime, as presided over by Stalin and incarnated in the *apparatus* altered to the point of disappearance, or else radical steps were taken to alter the prevailing course and return to orthodoxy.

For Stalin it contained the personal alternatives—to disembowel himself and all he stood for in the eyes of his own vanity or, by moving mountains of doctrine and carrying through total ideological mobilization, to re-establish his self-esteem and perhaps even banish the cancerous doubt.

The choice was plain, the decision inevitable. The history of the world will ring with its consequences.

The material for this chapter was gathered in 1946 while the author was Moscow correspondent of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

An enormous field is here dealt with superficially, at best. Some challenging and promising avenues of further thought and investigation remain only hinted at. To what extent, for instance, has the lust for personal power, however thickly disguised as power to do good, to improve society, to right wrongs, prodded people like Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin? How far has this drive, especially in an almost theocratic dictatorship, replaced the traditional economic and social motivations of historical change?

At least one other important side of this critical period has not been considered at all. What part did Soviet Russia's Allies play? How did they, by their action or inaction, by deliberate obfuscation

or out of sheer helplessness in the face of overwhelming events, contribute to the Politburo's decision?

To be specific, the intellectual line of Soviet strategy has remained completely consistent. The character of the Soviet leaders and the nature of their ultimate aims has been quite clear for decades. Does fault not lie with the Western Allies for leaping to the unwarranted conclusion that Soviet policy could be changed by sweeping gestures in support of a non-existent and avowedly impossible blood brotherhood? Was not the Western blank check—unsolicited as it was—an irresistible invitation to the Russians to continue as before, even positive proof of Stalin's tactical genius? When the Western Powers held the door open for Stalin to walk into China and into Central Europe, who is to blame that he did enter with all his baggage? There was, after all, not the least doubt what his trunks contained, whatever label they wore at the time.

In short, the political situation created by Britain and the United States had reached the point, by winter 1944, where no dictator (opportunists as dictators necessarily are) could have afforded *not* to take advantage of the unbelievably favorable opportunities that had been thrust upon Stalin.

But in this case, as in all of history, it is the inner motivation that counts. I feel that this hidden cause of the now very visible effect can be found in what happened inside Russia up to the period of shift, the turning point.

Twilight Sleep

ONE EVENING a young Englishman, a neighbor's protégé who had decided to pursue the higher learning at an American university, paid a friendly pop call at my house. He had youth's vivid interest in everything and, after a brief tour of my bookshelves, elected to talk about Lincoln Steffens. Who and what, he wanted to know, was Lincoln Steffens? Trying to answer that I found myself talking not only about Steffens but also about American liberalism and, in the end, since I had only recently returned from a two-year tour of duty as a correspondent in Moscow, about the impact of the Bolshevik revolution on U. S. liberalism.

Steffens, I seem to remember saying, was the arch-type of the American liberal. He lived a long, energetic, inquiring life, enlisted himself in many causes, not all of which he fully understood, and in the end lined himself up solidly on the side of Lenin. I recalled that Steffens, having taken a brief look at the Bolshevik revolution while it was still in the making, had reported to Woodrow Wilson: "I have been looking at the future—and it works." At that point I had not thought much about Steffens for a long time, and it suddenly came to me as a shock that he, of all people, had done what he did. For a man to travel, as Steffens did, all the way from a firm devotion to the Golden Rule to an equally firm devotion to Lenin was, indeed, a spiritual journey of colossal length. But more shocking was the realization that, even after thirty years, the spell of Lenin still seems to exert a hypnotic effect on any number of men who think of themselves as "liberals."

This is a fact which can be laid, at least in part, to the lazy ignorance of the American intellectual. Through some quirk of prejudice, too many of them prefer to live in a condition of twilight sleep, at least where the Soviet Union is concerned. At the time of Steffens' conversion this was easier to do, for the facts, buried behind the smoke pall of revolution and civil war, were hard to get at. But today, although the Soviet propaganda machine is tirelessly rewriting,

distorting, and suppressing big chunks of Soviet history, facts can be had. And it is often disconcerting how little known they are.

Lenin himself is a case in point. It has become fashionable in some circles to ascribe present conditions in the Soviet Union to Stalin's evil genius, and to assert that Lenin was a good man who, had he lived, would have led the revolution into nobler paths. I don't know what this sort of naïveté proves unless it is that Communism, per se, is good and that only Stalin is bad. But Lenin's own behavior denies that. It is true that Lenin sought and seized power for the sake of power itself, whereas most men want it for self aggrandizement. But it is also true that out of Lenin's methods nothing could ever have come except the totalitarian dictatorship that did come.

Russia's real revolution took place in February, 1917, when the Czar's government collapsed under the pressure of Kaiser Wilhelm's armies and its own internal incompetence, and a liberal interim government took over. This government abolished the Czar's hated secret police, freed political prisoners, speech, and press, and ordered a genuinely democratic election. But in October, before that election could be held, Lenin at the head of a minor party—the Bolsheviks numbered only 200,000 among a population of 160,000,000—seized the state by kidnaping its leaders.

Lenin could not stop the election, and he did not have time to cook it. The result was that on November 25, 1917, for the first and last time in Russian history, the Russian people freely voted a government into power. But the voters gave a majority—320 seats in the 601 seat Constituent Assembly—not to Lenin's Bolsheviks but to a milder, socialistic Social Revolutionary party. That legally elected Constituent Assembly met only once. Lenin had it dispersed at the points of the bayonets of his Lettish regiment, especially chosen for this task because he was afraid that Russian soldiery might be swayed from following his orders by the eloquence of the delegates.

By this one act, Lenin deliberately plunged his native land into a civil war which lasted three years and killed twice as many Russians as had died fighting Germany. But the civil war was also the Red Terror. Within six weeks of the time he seized power, Lenin had recreated a secret police, the Cheka. Through the land its "Iron Brooms" swept Lenin's political opponents into prisons, or before executioners. Felix Dzherzhinsky, Lenin's frail, ascetic, fanatical

executioner, regularly brought Lenin the lists of arrests and suspects. In a calm voice Lenin would order: "It would be better to shoot these two, hold these five, and let the rest go." By the time of his death in 1924, Lenin's concentration camps held five times as many political prisoners as had ever been held at one time by any czar. There had to be more, because more people were against him.

Steffens' report and prophecy was indeed right. Lenin's way did become the future for a great part of the world.

First Mussolini, then Hitler aped him, and vast patches of the earth's fair face festered with the twentieth century's most hideous blight—the concentration camp. But what, possibly, could account for Steffens' behavior except ignorance? Certainly no man ever lived to whom slavery could have been more abhorrent.

But there is now less excuse for the ignorance of American intellectuals who have followed in Steffens' footsteps. Yet, thousands have. In his 1939 report on the world-wide progress of the Comintern, Dmitri Manuilsky told the Communist Congress in Moscow that the U. S. Communist Party contained 60,000 card-carrying members. Amid the millions of U. S. population, so small a number is but a sliver of discontent. But both Manuilsky and the FBI would, I think, agree on the one point: Its influence and penetration, its capacity to play upon official and popular opinion, far exceeded its numerical strength. Its actual penetration of labor unions, professional and scientific organizations, rump political movements, and even U. S. government offices was an astonishing feat which was made possible only by the indulgence, naïveté or ignorance of the U. S. "liberal" mind. Seldom have Americans heard a line as comic and ironic as the testimony of an ex-Communist to a Congressional committee: "It required just one month for a girl from the *Daily Worker* office to take over the Epworth League!"

Perusal of any copy of the *Daily Worker*, or that other organ of the U. S. Communists, the *New Masses*, should leave no doubt anywhere that the first loyalty of the U. S. Communist, as of all Communists everywhere, is to Moscow. Neither the Kremlin nor U. S. Communism's William Z. Foster presently believe that U. S. Communists could capture the government by revolution or any other way, however much that might remain the eventual aim. But until that time comes, as it probably never will, there are many ways in which Foster's following can serve the Kremlin.

As long as the press of the United States remains a forum of many opinions and a conduit of information earnestly gathered and factually stated, its greatest enemy will be the Kremlin and Communism. For it is partly on the technique of the big lie (brazenly copied by Hitler and Goebbels) that the Kremlin keeps its power in Russia and seeks to extend it elsewhere. If it were a fact, as the Kremlin's propaganda makes it out to be, that thirty years of Communist Party rule in the Soviet Union had produced a people's paradise, it is doubtful if anything could stand in the way of the triumphant march of world Communism. The U. S. press treats news of the Soviet Union with no more, or less, passion than it does news from Washington. It reports both good and bad. But the Kremlin could not maintain its external policies—i. e., extension of power through development of its Communist Party fifth columns in other countries—on a diet of truth. It must falsely prettify its accomplishments so that its agents everywhere can use the big lie as revolutionary lure. Hence, in the United States, Communists must spread the lie while at the same time they try to destroy everything and everybody who contradicts it.

The Communist campaign against the United States press has been going on for many years. First the target was William Randolph Hearst and the *Chicago Tribune's* Colonel Robert R. McCormick. Gradually the list grew to include Roy Howard, Henry R. Luce, and the *New York Times* and many others. It says, in effect, these men are capitalists, capitalism is antagonistic to the masses, therefore these men, as publishers, are trying to destroy the working class by a diet of false news. Whatever the real flaws of the U. S. press, none is so great as the flaw of this syllogism. Without a prosperous U. S. wage-earning class to buy their printed products and patronize their advertisers, U. S. publishers would soon be reduced to a shadow. But the Communists' syllogistic monstrosity is insignificant beside the number of muddle-headed, non-Communist intellectuals—and I especially allude to groups of university chair holders—who have fallen for it. Lenin said: "The public does not know what is good or bad for it." Can it be that they agree?

It is not the intent of this article to take up Communist tactics piece by piece, for that would be too tedious and repetitive. But there is at least one other strategem that needs examination, for it shows how

far the Communists have extended their influence in the United States in their ability to make stooges of prominent men.

As this is written, Henry Agard Wallace, a corn-breeder and former Vice-President of the United States, is exerting every sinew in the formation of a third political party with which to enter the Presidential lists in 1948. Mr. Wallace says that what he wants in the United States is a return to the Rooseveltian liberalism which, he asserts, was abandoned by Roosevelt's successor, President Harry Truman. Even Henry Wallace should have realized he was talking nonsense. Assuming a fairly hearty backing among dissatisfied labor union members, fellow-traveling liberals, and the politically naïve for his third party, the very best it can achieve in positive terms is the election of a Republican candidate. For whatever strength it had would have to come from nominal Democratic voters. Does Wallace believe that the installation of a Republican President is the road back to Rooseveltian liberalism? He hardly could. What was he really after? To get the answer, I turned, as I often do for explanations of Henry Wallace, to the *Daily Worker*. This Communist organ instructed all "progressive" citizens to support Wallace's third party because, it said, only the threat of a political defeat was likely to cause President Truman to change U. S. foreign policy. What changes were desired? Again the answer came from an official Communist organ—the Moscow-published *New Times* which is a voice of international Communism. They were: "Cancellation of the Marshall Plan and the ending of American aid to Greece, Turkey, and China." In other words, the Kremlin, the U. S. Communists, and Henry Wallace all want the U. S. government to stop opposing Soviet expansion. Is it not a matter of singular note that when the Kremlin wants to induce or coerce the U. S. government to get out of its way, it can enlist the earnest services of a former U. S. cabinet minister and Vice-President?

Henry Wallace has been around enough to know that Stalin regards as friends only those who, like the carefully coached girls in the annual Moscow Sports Parade, bow low, touch their foreheads to the turf, and while so prostrated, chant, "Glory to Great Stalin—Our Sun, Our Life." Yet, in a very lively sense Wallace is the self-devised remainder-man of that portion of Franklin D. Roosevelt's liberalism which was once summed up as "Let's not be beastly to the Russians." At its best it was a very unreal policy.

When I arrived in Moscow, early in 1945, I met a State Department career man whom, above all other U. S. citizens, I regard as the best-informed man on the Soviet Union in the United States. He uttered what was then a heresy, saying substantially this: "Our policy is all wrong, and in the end can only lead to disaster. At Teheran, at Yalta, with our Lend-Lease, we have done nothing but give, give, in exchange for promises that are broken as fast as they are made. Appeasement did not work with Hitler, and it will not work with Stalin. But I am afraid we will not realize that until too late. With Communists, the more they are given, the more they want. They are already laughing at us. But at home, helped by fellow travelers and twilight sleepers among our so-called intellectuals, and cheered by the Roosevelt administration, the Communists have worked the people into a lather of enthusiasm for the Soviet Union."

By late 1947, the early 1945 lather of enthusiasm had dried into a patchy itch, and U. S. policy sharply turned from soporific indulgence to alert containment. But the same tireless intellectuals who had so violently denounced the appeasement of Hitler, were equally loud in screaming that the nonappeasement of Stalin was the shortest road to war. The sum of this tortuous campaign is simply that it was grievous error not to stop Hitler while he might still have been stopped without bloodshed; and it is grievous error to stop Stalin at all.

For the hard core of dues-paying, card-carrying Communists to adopt this attitude is natural and readily to be expected; they are Stalin's creatures. But when a larger, more impressive, substantial segment, which thinks of itself as politically "progressive" and socially "advanced," follows the same course, some attempt to understand their conduct becomes necessary. Surely, not all the preachers, writers, artists, sculptors, labor leaders, scientists, doctors, lawyers, and occasional politicians whose names so incurably often appear at the mastheads of Communist front organizations are ready to bow before Stalin and chant as must the pretty maidens of the Sports Parade.

Searching for an answer, I came across some lines written by a serious and brilliant young American who, though no fellow traveler, had nonetheless fallen for the same parts of the bright myth which, I suspect, has lulled many another of our "liberals." He wrote: "But what about Russia? There is no tradition of freedom in Russia.

Moreover, most of the conditions of freedom as we know them are denied there and the country is ruled by a dictatorship that has perpetrated crimes against freedom and against the individual on a scale comparable to that in the fascist countries.

"But there are fundamental differences between the communist and fascist philosophy and government, both in theory and in practice. In the first place, there is no racism in the Soviet Union. There is no glorification of a superrace, or of war and aggression as ends in themselves. Secondly, the Soviet Union was founded as a people's government, by and for the people. The theory of the Soviet state is the quintessence of democracy, and its structure is based on the elective representative principle; the forms of representative government are strictly observed from the smallest soviet in village or in factory to the Supreme Soviet of the Union. And, although major policies are not determined democratically, there is no doubt that in the Soviet Union many tens of millions of farmers and workers who two decades ago were illiterate peasants, without social or political standing whatever, are today literate and active participants in government and in farm and factory management at the lower levels."¹

Communism, being as much a religion as a diagram for political action, has, like most religions, its own demonology. Highest on its list of devils are those who utter criticism of the party's works. But it is only through criticism that the rest of us can arrive at any honest appraisal of what Communism has to offer; hence a point by point analysis of the two paragraphs quoted above is essential. So here goes:

1. "*There is no tradition of freedom.*" This is true. But it is almost always forgotten that the February, 1917, revolution did establish freedoms which Lenin obliterated when he deliberately returned to a system of government by autocracy buttressed by a secret political police. Now, thirty years later, the plain fact is that there is less freedom than ever in Russian history. Does this lay any theoretical foundation for belief that freedoms will be returned to the people as the revolution "mellows"? In my book, the answer must be NO.

2. "*Crimes against . . . the individual—*" This is also true. But the scale is more than merely comparable to the fascist countries. Never

¹ Joseph Marion Jones, *Modern Foreign Policy for the United States*, copyright 1943 and 1944. Used by permission of The Macmillan Company.

in history have so many persons been held in conditions of slavery as are now held in the Soviet Union.

3. "*There is no racism—*" In view of Russian imperial history this would seem to mean Jews. It is true that there is no acknowledged, overt anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union. But anti-Semitism does exist—on approximately the same terms and prevalence as in the United States. No U. S. citizen is required to carry an identity card, but every Soviet citizen must. And on these passports, Jews are designated as such, regardless of whether born in Russia, the Ukraine, or wherever. This is both a recognition of a landless nationality and a quiet invitation to evasive discrimination. It is also an incentive to Jews to bury their Jewish identity, and that is what they are doing as fast as they can. Jews as Jews are disappearing in the Soviet Union, and if submergence is what Jews want, the Soviet Union does offer them an affirmative program.

4. "*There is no glorification of a superrace—*" False. The Communist Party is the superrace. Its membership is restricted, regulated, and often purged. But it is endlessly glorified as the ordained and infallible leadership of the masses. It seems to me as great a crime against humanity to persecute men for their political nonconformity as for their race.

5. "*War and aggression as ends in themselves—*" False. Preparation for war is a facet of Soviet education which the child begins to encounter in the first (age seven) grade. Aggression is the function of the party. It may be carried out by force of arms, as in Greece, by a combination of political maneuvering and violence, as in France, by propaganda as in the United States. But always behind this multilinear and often deceptive war there stands the armed might of the Soviet Union, which today maintains the largest standing army of any of the world's nations.

6. "*Founded as a people's government—*" On paper, yes. In fact, no. A people's government can never exist until the people have the right to peaceably vote a government out of power. The Soviet people do not have this right.

7. "*The forms of representative government are strictly observed—*" This is a characteristically muddled half-truth. Periodically the people of the Soviet Union go through a farce that is called an election. They are herded to the polling places by whatever pressures can be brought to bear on them, and those too ill to go get the

ballot boxes brought to their bedside. But their ballot contains only one name—that of the person who has been selected by the party. In theory, they can scratch that name and write down the name of some other choice. But since only the Communist party is permitted to hold meetings and conduct election campaigns, it is impossible for enough people to agree on someone other than the party nominee, and hence the theoretical free choice is nullified. The “form” does in fact exist, but it is an empty form.

8. *“Many tens of millions of farmers and workers who two decades ago were illiterate peasants . . . are today literate and active participants in government . . . farm and factory management.”* Once again we have a muddled half-truth. Collective farms and factories are run by directors in whose selection neither peasant nor worker has any significant voice. As for participation in government, the nature of elections robs this supposition of any substantial meaning. But the implication in this statement—that of an enormous accomplishment in universal education—also demands examination. Contrary to Soviet propaganda, universal education is not a post-revolutionary innovation. It was Russian law years before the revolution, and substantial progress had been made in that direction. In 1913 there were 130,000 schools of all categories in Russia, and in 1947, 180,000. In other words, the extension of literacy which Soviet propaganda claims as one of the more glorious accomplishments of Soviet socialism, is in fact hardly anything more than the normal growth of a system which was not only existent but flourishing before the Bolsheviks seized power.

All in all, it becomes impossible to conceive what there is in the thirty years of the Soviet revolution's accomplishments that the American liberal can applaud. It is easy to understand that in a world where devastating wars are still possible, and demoralizing economic depressions remain a real specter, imaginative men should be pre-occupied with the search for some system of life which will lead to man's universal betterment. But any objective analysis of the Soviet system produces only the conclusion that it has enslaved the spirits of its people without providing any material compensations. Even if it had provided every citizen with a palace, a fleet of cars, a yacht, and the wardrobe of a Hollywood writer, which it has not, it still would be hard to see how a truly liberal mind could accept the payment as enough to offset the deprivation of mental freedom.

Still, I am depressingly aware that for many of those "liberals" who do worship at the Soviet shrine the devotion is an act of faith rather than an intellectual exercise. Objective facts are unlikely to change their faith, and to them I can only quote Lenin: "Every god worship is copulation with death."

THE AUTHORS

A Few Posies

ORIANA ATKINSON, a native New Yorker, was born in Greenwich Village and educated in the New York City schools. She began writing poetry soon after being born, and still writes it. She has published poetry in many magazines and newspapers, feature articles in the *New York Herald Tribune* and the *New York Times*, and short stories in women's magazines, including *McCall's* and *Woman's Home Companion*. An accredited correspondent during World War II, she accompanied her husband, Brooks Atkinson, to Russia when he went there as foreign correspondent for the *New York Times* in 1945-1946. She is the author of *Over at Uncle Joe's*, a book about Moscow based on her experiences in that city during her ten months' residence there.

A Mission For Zhdanov

HENRY CASSIDY is European news manager for the National Broadcasting Company, with headquarters in Paris but with all of Europe as his beat. Born in a Boston suburb in 1910, Cassidy broke into the news business as a reporter on the *Boston Traveler*, for which he worked until he went to The Associated Press in 1933. He stayed with that organization, at home and abroad, until 1945, when he joined NBC. For four years of the war period he was AP Chief of Bureau in Moscow, and topped off a brilliant career in Russia by becoming two-time winner in a game of Post Office that American correspondents used to play with Premier Stalin. Unable to make any other contact with the chief of the Soviet regime, the correspondents used to mail him frequent lists of questions, all of which drew blanks until suddenly, to everyone's surprise, including Cassidy's, Stalin answered a Cassidy list of questions. This happened twice, and the streets of Moscow were carpeted with the hair other correspondents tore from their own heads. Since joining NBC, Cassidy has broadcast almost daily from Europe, moving about with the news. He returned to Russia for the Moscow Conference of Foreign Ministers. He was recently made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor by the French government, in recognition of his straightforward presentation of European happenings and his penetrating analysis of the news. He lives in a Paris suburb with his wife and their daughter.

Management Techniques in Russia

JOHN F. CHAPMAN is presently Vice-President of the McGraw-Hill International Corporation and Director of the McGraw-Hill World

News Service. The Service receives a constant flow of information from its correspondent in Moscow and from stringer correspondents in areas now under Russian influence.

As Foreign Editor of *Business Week*, Mr. Chapman visited the Soviet Union in 1937, 1939, and 1940. During these trips he also covered what have become the Russian satellite territories in the Far East, Near East, and Eastern Europe. And during the early part of his reporting career, he worked and studied in China and Greece.

Mr. Chapman has recently been made a member of the board of the Foreign Policy Association and is a member of the Council on Foreign Relations.

A Cake of Soap

BILL DOWNS (William Randall Downs, Jr.) headed the Moscow bureau of the Columbia Broadcasting System from December, 1942 to January, 1944. Then, landing with British troops on D-day in Normandy, he covered the campaign in northern France and Germany until the Nazi surrender, arrived in Manila to see the end of the Pacific war and landed with the initial occupying units in Japan. Mr. Downs was one of the flying reporting unit organized by Tex McCrary to cover the U.S. Twentieth Air Force in the Pacific, and after Japan he toured China, Burma, Siam, Indo-China, the Malay States, and Java with this group.

Before going to Moscow for CBS, Mr. Downs was a foreign correspondent for the United Press in London. Born in Kansas City, Kansas, in 1914, he began his news career with the UP in Denver and in 1939 was transferred to New York. Since the war, Mr. Down's assignments for CBS have included America's postwar industry and labor readjustments, Test Able at Bikini, and a trip back over the European victory route to Berlin. Currently, he is based in Detroit, covering the steel, coal, rubber, and automotive industries for CBS's "News of America."

I Remember Natasha

LEO M. GLASSMAN was born in a small Russian village near the city of Kherson, in the Ukraine. When he was a small child, his family migrated to Egypt, then to the United States. He grew up in Meriden and Hartford, Connecticut, attending the public schools there, and entered newspaper work.

Now a public relations consultant in New York City, Mr. Glassman served in 1928-29 as the Moscow correspondent of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency. He also represented the agency in London, Paris, and Berlin. From 1939 to 1942 he did a weekly news summary for the Overseas News Agency. He wrote extensively on the Soviets for newspapers and magazines. Articles of his have appeared in the *New York Times*, *Sunday Magazine*, *Current History*, *The Commonwealth*, the *Washington Post*, *Springfield Republican*, *Opinion*, *National Jewish Monthly*, *To-*

tomorrow, *This Week*, etc. He has lectured on the U.S.S.R. before the Foreign Policy Association and other groups.

Mr. Glassman has contributed short stories to *Liberty*, *Tomorrow*, and other magazines. His forthcoming book, *Janie's Wonderful Journey*, is, he says, a modern fantasy for the young from eight to eighty. He has begun a second book of fiction. Mr. Glassman lives in New York City.

Turning Point

RICHARD C. HOTTELET was born in New York City on September 22, 1917. He went through the New York public school system and emerged in 1937 with a B.A. degree from Brooklyn College.

In the same year he went to Europe, specifically the University of Berlin, to continue his studies, but quickly concluded that the Nazi atmosphere made this impossible. That winter he began doing work for the Berlin bureau of the United Press, and when the prewar crisis began in the spring of 1938, he joined the UP staff. He worked on the German aspect of many of the biggest political and military stories of the next three years—Hitler speeches, Munich, Poland, the invasion of France. Outspoken in criticism of the Nazis and their regime, he was arrested by the Gestapo in March, 1941, as a reprisal for the arrest in New York of two Germans accused of espionage. After four months in solitary confinement, he was exchanged.

With Pearl Harbor, Mr. Hottelet entered what became the Office of War Information to work on psychological warfare against the Germans, moving to London and the Mediterranean in that connection.

In 1944 he joined the Columbia Broadcasting System as correspondent. As such he covered the Normandy invasion, the various stages on the way to Berlin, the re-entry into the German capital, the Potsdam Conference, and some of the aftermath. In 1946, he was assigned to Moscow, where he remained until, in December of that year, the Soviet government forbade further radio reporting by foreign correspondents and he was ordered to close the CBS bureau. After a stay in Germany, Mr. Hottelet returned to the United States.

Russia In Asia

HAROLD R. ISAACS is a veteran newsman and student of Far Eastern affairs. A native New Yorker, and now 37 years old, Mr. Isaacs served his apprenticeship on the *New York Times* and went out to the Far East for the first time in 1930. He worked in Honolulu and the Philippines before he got to China, where he remained for five years, working as reporter and editor of several publications and traveling extensively across the Chinese hinterland. He covered the first Japanese attack on Shanghai in 1932, and later that same year, when he was editor of the *China Forum* in Shanghai, his critical reports on Kuomintang terror against anti-Japanese students led to an unsuccessful attempt by the Kuomintang government to imprison or deport him. In Peiping,

in 1934, he began his study of the great nationalist upheavals in China in the twenties, and the result was his book, *The Tragedy of the Chinese Revolution*, published in London in 1938 and regarded by specialists of almost every political hue as the most complete and thoroughly documented history of that period.

In 1943, Mr. Isaacs left a CBS writing stint in Washington to join *Newsweek* and went overseas as war correspondent in the China-Burma-India theater. In 1945 he was barred from China by Chiang Kai-shek's government because of his outspoken reporting of conditions in that country. He finished his two-year assignment overseas in Japan, where he saw the beginning of the MacArthur era; in Korea, where he arrived with the occupation troops and was one of the few American reporters to catch an early glimpse of the Russian zone; and Southeast Asia, where he saw some of the embattled beginnings of the new nationalist republics of Viet Nam and Indonesia. In 1947, appeared his book, *No Peace For Asia*, a blistering account of postwar conditions in Asia and a critical analysis of Russian and American acts and policies in the new power pattern created by the collapse of Japan. Another book published in 1947 was his *New Cycle In Asia*, a selection of recent key documents on international affairs in the Far East. Mr. Isaacs is now working in New York as Special Projects Editor of *Newsweek*.

You Can't Do Business With Stalin

JOSEF ISRAELS II has been in foreign correspondence for nearly twenty years. After some years at sea as a radio operator, and a spell on the city staffs of the *New York World* and the *New York Times*, he turned up in Ethiopia in 1930. Here he soon became closely associated with that country's regent, who later became the Emperor Haile Selassie. In addition to writing, Mr. Israels flew in the minute Ethiopian Air Force and later returned for coverage of Haile Selassie's coronation ceremony and for still longer stays during the Italo-Ethiopian War.

Making a policy of following trouble around, Mr. Israels turned up in China, Spain, Palestine, Iraq, and various other irritated spots. During World War II he served as a radio officer of the Maritime Service on ships in both the Atlantic and the Pacific. Later, following the war up through northern Italy and into the Balkans, he free-lanced out of Vienna into Hungary, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Yugoslavia, until late in 1947. During that period he had a close view of the metamorphosis of our Russian ally into the Soviet menace.

The Dead Hour

PAULA LECLER's interviews with public figures of Europe and the Far East have appeared in many leading newspapers and magazines here and abroad. Her seven-month visit to Russia in 1932 so intensified her interest in the fundamentals of government that she varied her adventu-

rous news-gathering career by earning an LL.B. degree. She covered the Italo-Ethiopian war in 1935-1936, visited wartime China, and reported the Spanish civil war. She says the worst scare of her career came when for twenty-one days she was held *incommunicado* as a prisoner of war in Valencia.

In the autumn of 1939, Miss LeCler was awakened in the Hotel Europejski, Warsaw, by the initial bombardment of World War II. In blacked-out France and England she interviewed war leaders and surveyed the "phoney war." After the French defeat, she entered Germany, where she interviewed Hitler and other high Nazis, crossing the Balkans to Ankara in the spring of 1941. Her next project was a news and photo gathering tour of the unoccupied zone of France. During both her German and French surveys she fooled the Gestapo by smuggling out news reports to the *New York Post* and Overseas News Agency under the pseudonym "Vaughan Henry."

Returning to London in 1945 for the first Big Four Conference, and later flying to Berlin and Warsaw, Miss LeCler was accredited to the American occupation zones in Europe and made surveys of conditions in Poland and Eastern Europe. She filed, in the fall of 1947, an interview with former Premier Mikolajczyk, in which he prophesied an attempt to seize him, shortly before his flight from Poland. Miss LeCler has flown over 300,000 miles, including a round-the-world circuit in 1936, fourteen Atlantic crossings by Clipper, and one by Zeppelin. She has toured the United States from coast to coast for lecture engagements. She is writing now for Transradio Press and NANA.

Soviet Policy In The Balkans

HAL LEHRMAN has recently spent eighteen months in Eastern Europe, the area dealt with in his article. "In the half of Europe the Soviets now own," he writes, "I've seen the Russians up close. When I got there, in late 1945, I was a pro-Soviet liberal—the correspondent of *PM* and *The Nation*. I watched the Communists, the Red Army, and Soviet commissars at work on the Yugoslavs, Hungarians, Rumanians, Bulgarians, Czechoslovaks, Austrians, and Germans. In the end, I had to become anti-Soviet in order to remain liberal at all. So now, according to Moscow and the *Daily Worker*, I'm a 'fascist reactionary,' and my new book, *Russia's Europe*, in which I quietly blow my top about looting, rape, murder, terrorism, and totalitarianism in the happy lands under Soviet rule, makes me a 'warmonger.' Henry Wallace wouldn't vote for me either.

"Before I got involved in the Russian argument, I had twelve serene years of thinking and writing about foreign affairs. They started at Cornell, where I taught European history. Then a year of Ph.D. study at the *École des Chartes* in Paris, where I labored over medieval parchments in the morning and spent the afternoon and evening chasing down the next day's news for the Associated Press. After that, jobs

with *Newsweek* magazine, a French news agency, and the *New York Daily News*. During the war I served with the Office of War Information in North Africa and Turkey, where I was bureau chief for a year. I've written for about thirty American and British publications, including *Fortune*, *Redbook*, *Harper's*, *Time*, *This Week*, *Toronto Star*, *London News Chronicle*, and the *Fortnightly*." Mr. Lehrman, who is married and has two young sons, lives in New York City.

The Russians' Warm Water Thirst

EMIL LENGYEL was born in Budapest, on the banks of the "beautiful blue Danube," which he never found beautiful nor blue and which is called the "Duna." His introduction to Russia was during the First World War when he served in the Austro-Hungarian infantry, was taken prisoner by the Russians and shipped to Siberia for two years. He found his captors decent to war prisoners and took a liking to them. He has visited Russia several times since then. After his return home, he became the Vienna correspondent of a Budapest newspaper and was sent to cover the Washington disarmament conference. He did not like the conference, but liked Washington and decided to make the United States his home. Lengyel became an American citizen in 1927, and in that year the *New York Times Magazine* published his series of articles about Napoleon's son, "L'Aiglon," based upon documents in the Vienna archives of the Hapsburgs.

That was the beginning of a long and fruitful association, lasting for over a decade, in the course of which he wrote for the *Times* about the death agony of European democracy and the rise of the dictators. The first of his dozen books was published in 1930 under the title *Cattle Car Express*, and contained a fictionalized account of his own experiences as a prisoner in Russia. He wrote the first full-length English-language biography of Hitler, for which his name was placed on the blackest of the Nazi blacklists. He enjoyed the unusual privilege of being one of the few Americans listed by the Gestapo as to be taken into custody after the Nazis' projected invasion of England. The Nazis were mistaken about that one, too, since he saw no part of Britain during the war. He wrote a book about Siberia, translated into many languages, another one about Turkey, which achieved the unique distinction of being liked both by Turks and Armenians. During recent summers he has covered the Balkans, before and behind the Iron Curtain, as well as the Middle East, as a correspondent of the *Toronto Star Weekly*. The rest of the year he offers graduate courses on "The Orient and Russia in World Affairs" and on international economics at New York University. He is also a lecturer. His most recent book, *Americans from Hungary*, is a Spring, 1948, publication.

The Soviet Army

LAURENCE (LARRY) LESUEUR journeyed to Russia by convoy in 1941. He remained there until 1943 as the correspondent of the Columbia

Broadcasting System. Mr. Lesueur covered the battles of Moscow and Stalingrad. A third-generation newsman, brought up in the Mid-West, he is the son of a foreign correspondent for the old *New York Tribune* and grandson of the publisher of several Mid-Western newspapers. He was a United Press staff correspondent before joining the Columbia Broadcasting System in London in 1939. Mr. Lesueur covered the war in 1939 and the retreat of the B.E.F. in France in 1940. He spent the following year reporting the London "Blitz." He related his experiences in Russia in a wartime best seller, *Twelve Months That Changed the World*. After reporting the air bombardment of Germany by the Eighth Air Force in 1943 and 1944, Mr. Lesueur landed on D-Day in Normandy with forward elements of the Fourth Division. He broadcast from Paris on Liberation Day and covered the advance of the American armies into Germany, Austria, and Czechoslovakia until V-E Day.

Since the war, Mr. Lesueur has been a news analyst in Washington and New York. He is now CBS United Nations correspondent.

My Six Years In Moscow

EUGENE LYONS, born on July 1, 1898, grew up to be one of the founders of the Overseas Press Club, and its second President. Beyond that, he attests, he has no boasts to record. Brought to America as a little boy, he was raised in the slums of New York and educated sketchily in Manhattan. He has been at various times an elevator operator, a reporter, journalist, editor, press agent, radio commentator and lecturer. At this writing he is a roving editor for the *Reader's Digest*.

"My most notorious job of journalism," Mr. Lyons writes, "was what I called my *Assignment in Utopia*, the name I gave to a book in 1937 largely devoted to my six years as United Press correspondent in Soviet Russia. My most notorious editorial stint was as editor of the *American Mercury*, 1939 to 1944, when I conducted a campaign against all totalitarian 'isms, Communism included. For these labors I was duly awarded the title 'red-baiter' by Communists and fellow-travelers, and wear it with understandable pride."

Mr. Lyons' first newspaper job was on the Erie, Pa., *Dispatch*. It was followed by a year of free-lancing in Italy and France, but he was deported only from Italy. Back home, he did the publicity in defense of two unknown Italians; immediately after their execution he wrote *The Life and Death of Sacco and Vanzetti*. For a while he edited *Soviet Russia Pictorial*, after which he put in four years of reporting America to Russia as correspondent of the Soviet news agency Tass, then, reversing the process, six years reporting Russia to America from Moscow.

Besides *Assignment in Utopia* he has authored *Moscow Carrousel*; *The Red Decade*; *Stalin, Czar of All the Russias* and other books; and he has edited *Six Soviet Plays*, an anthology, and *We Cover the World*, by sixteen foreign correspondents. His most recent book is *Our Un-*

known Ex-President, a Portrait of Herbert Hoover. He has been a contributor to virtually all national magazines.

Bulgaria: In The Same Church

REUBEN HENRY MARKHAM was born in Smith County, Kansas, of pioneer parents. After graduating from Washburn College in Topeka and from Union Theological Seminary in New York City, and receiving a Masters degree from Columbia University, he went with his wife to Bulgaria as a missionary educator under the Congregational Church.

In 1918, Mr. Markham went to Russia on a special mission for the Y.M.C.A. He spent part of 1919 in France working with Russian prisoners. Returning to Bulgaria in 1920, he edited a mission weekly in the Bulgarian language and later a very widely read weekly of his own, devoted largely to peasants and workers. In 1926 he began working for the *Christian Science Monitor* and he has continued to ever since. Mr. Markham has lived with his family in Sofia, Geneva, Vienna, and Budapest. He has been sent on special assignments to Abyssinia and the Middle East. He has had almost unequalled opportunity to observe at first hand the rise of Fascism, Nazism, and Communism, and to become acquainted with their leaders. He has had the privilege of being a close friend of most of the peasant leaders in southeast Europe.

During World War II, Mr. Markham was Deputy Director of the Office of War Information for the Balkans, and served part of that time in the Mediterranean area.

In 1945 he returned to the Balkans as foreign correspondent of the *Monitor* and worked there until 1946, when the Red Army kicked him out of Rumania and all Soviet-dominated lands because they were displeased with his dispatches to his paper.

Mr. Markham is the author of *Meet Bulgaria*, published in Sofia in 1931, of *The Wave of the Past*, 1941; and *Tito's Imperial Communism*, 1947.

Few people have had a better opportunity to observe the rise and operation of Communism at first hand.

The Man In The Iron Lung

RALPH MCGILL is the Editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*. The TVA dams on the Tennessee River flooded forever the farmhouse and most of the river-valley farm where he came into being, some thirty miles up the river from Chattanooga and ten miles from the nearest post office. He was educated in Tennessee schools and at Vanderbilt University. After serving in the Marine Corps in the First World War, Mr. McGill went to work on the *Nashville Banner* as political writer and sports editor, often doing both jobs. He joined the *Constitution* in 1929.

Mr. McGill's first major foreign assignment came in 1933 when he went to Cuba to cover the Machado revolution. One of the luckiest things that ever happened to him, he says, was a Rosenwald Fellowship,

won in 1937, that gave him almost a year of travel and study in Europe. He saw the Nazis take over Austria and start the ball rolling that was to knock over most of the ten-pins of the world. He came home after Munich. By 1943 he was back in England for a stay, and in 1945 was chosen as one of the committee of three to make a globe-circling trip in an effort to create world-wide interest in a freer flow of information in and out of all countries once the war ended. "We didn't kid ourselves," Mr. McGill says. "We knew all along no miracles could be accomplished. We did get world-wide discussion and maybe it will bear fruit in the years ahead."

In 1946, Mr. McGill spent some time at the Nuremberg trials and elsewhere in Germany, going on to do a series in Palestine. He went back in late 1947 for another visit to Germany, Austria, and the Free Territory of Trieste.

Where Are The Russian People?

"A LONG TIME AGO, in the spring of 1932 in Shanghai," GEORGE MOORAD writes, "Chinese Nationalists floated a mine down Soochow creek and aimed it at the Japanese battleship *Idzumo*. The mine exploded opposite the courtly old Astor House, whose windows, Chinese servants, and luncheon entree of snipe-in-nest sailed through the air in wonderful confusion. A few blocks away, a Korean patriot tossed a bomb which blew off the leg of the Japanese Ambassador to China, Mamoru Shigemitsu. And that is why Mr. Shigemitsu had to struggle so painfully up the gangway of the *USS Missouri* to sign the articles of surrender. All of these things—one April day in 1932—led me to a job on the unbelievable *China Press*, then owned by an affable opium gangster whose hobby was Sino-American friendship.

"In retrospect it seems that the world was already giving at the seams. There was a pudgy fellow named Mussolini in Rome and a wild-eyed *Bierstube* orator in Germany; the Japanese had already moved into Mukden, and Sir John Simon and Henry Stimson were "consulting" by transatlantic telephone. But on the other hand there were no Iron Curtains, and a man with stout legs and enough gall could start out from the Paris *Herald* or *Tribune*, work on Anna Louise Strong's *Moscow Daily News* for a hitch, then proceed to George Bronson Rea's *Manchurian Daily News*, to the *Peking-Tientsin Times*, Dr. Fox's *North China Star*, four English-language dailies in Shanghai, or just take his choice of Honkong, Bangkok, Penang, Singapore, Manila and way points.

"Somebody ought to write a book about those days, and about the kind of world we could have had. There were Duke Larsen of Mongolia, the mad Baron Ungern von Sternberg somewhere in Turkestan, Sir Charles Bell in Lhasa, Ginsberg Y. Fong who sold Sunkist oranges in Shanghai, and a lot of rascals and gun runners, scientists and useful people, all of them gradually stitching the world together.

"What I am driving at is that only people with a decent respect for the rights and foibles of other people can produce happiness in this world. Temporarily we are threatened by a robot revolution, which insists upon cramming everybody into little cages labeled liberal or reactionary or socialist or fascist and such, until all the pleasure and understanding of life is gone.

"This is the sum of what I've seen and felt in fifteen checkered years as a correspondent in Asia, the South Pacific, Africa, Europe, and Moscow. Temporarily, no doubt, I'm home at KGW—*The Oregonian*, trying to tell Americans and two sprouting sons that people are people everywhere."

The Monopoly Of The Mind

JOSEPH B. PHILLIPS was the *New York Herald Tribune* correspondent in Moscow from 1935 to 1937. He covered the first of the Moscow treason trials and traveled extensively in Karelia, the Caucasus and the Ukraine.

In 1944 he was assigned as a colonel in the Military Mission to Moscow and later was placed on inactive duty to become Special Assistant to Ambassador W. Averell Harriman. In that capacity he was responsible for the co-ordination of Allied and Russian propaganda to enemy and occupied countries and was in charge of the Moscow outpost of the Office of War Information, which distributed the magazine *America*, published news bulletins, and attempted to conduct literary and cultural exchanges.

Before going to Moscow in 1935, Mr. Phillips had been a correspondent in Paris and London and, for five years, in Rome. From 1937 to 1941, he was Foreign Editor and Managing Editor of *Newsweek*, and he returned to that magazine after leaving Russia in 1945. Mr. Phillips is a member of the Editorial Board of *Newsweek*, as well as the author of the weekly column, "Foreign Tides," published in that magazine.

Mr. Phillips at present lives on the Hudson River at Spuyten Duyvil, New York, with his English wife, to whom he was married in London toward the end of the war. He was born in Paducah, Kentucky, and was graduated from Virginia Military Institute in 1921.

The Russians Have No Word For Her

TRACEY PHILLIPS (Mrs. Joseph B. Phillips) arrived in Moscow in January, 1945, five months after her husband. "No other year in my life," she writes, "has been so exciting, so frustrating, so interesting, so informative. When I arrived, the Soviets were scraping the bottom of the barrel, which had never been overflowing with the good things of life. My husband took me directly from the airfield to an apartment over which he was extremely excited. He impressed on me how exceptional it was for a foreigner to be able to rent an apartment in a Russian apartment house and surrounded only by Russians. Most of

the other foreigners, were forced to live in either their Embassies or some building set aside for foreigners. By the time we reached our door I was feeling smug, queenly, and several cuts above other women. Half an hour later, I turned a speculative look upon my husband.

"There was no heat at all in the apartments. There was no gas, no hot water, sometimes no water at all. Electricity came on, theoretically, at six in the evening and went off the next morning. Once I went to the telephone to dial a number and couldn't budge the thing because it had frozen overnight.

"It was my slight task, with the hindrance of a bitterly antagonistic maid, to warm the apartment, see that three meals a day were bought and cooked, refurnish the place, entertain Russians and foreigners several times a week, and work for the Office of War Information in the morning. I was in Russia for just less than a year, and a few weeks before we left our home was habitable and almost cosy. Most of what I saw in Russia I despised, but I want to go back. A year isn't anything like the length of time needed to say, 'I have been to Russia.'"

Soviet Unpreparedness For World Leadership

WHEN, AT THE beginning of World War II, a New York newspaper told LELAND STOWE he was too old to cover the war for them, Mr. Stowe promptly went to the *Chicago Daily News*, which sent him abroad to become one of the outstanding reporters of the war.

Mr. Stowe served with the armies of seven different countries, reported from forty-four different nations and colonies, and won international attention for his scoops from Norway and Sweden during the Nazis' invasion of Norway. The pace required to cover these events—at one time eight hours' sleep out of ninety-three; hiking miles through the snowy mountains of Trondheim; picking up food where he could—rather explains why that New York paper was skeptical of sending a man of Stowe's age, then thirty-nine, abroad. They didn't, unfortunately, take Mr. Stowe's family background into account, for vigor is apparently a family trait. (At seventy-seven Mr. Stowe's father still rises at 5 A.M., drives ten miles to work, and swings an axe during part of his eight-hour day.)

Mr. Stowe received his B.A. from Wesleyan University and joined the *Worcester Telegram* in order to learn about life so he could write fiction. Liking reporting more than fiction, he stayed on. On one assignment he met an attractive and successful lady dentist whom he soon married. They have two sons.

Since 1927 Mr. Stowe has covered most of the important international conferences; he has become acquainted with most of the European premiers and statesmen; he has seen the rise and fall of many European governments, and has seen at close range the many world-shaking events which led up to World War II. His background of the world scene is almost unrivaled among today's observers. His keen perception,

bold prognostications, and plain outspokenness make him an esteemed speaker on, and contributor to, publications about the field of international affairs. He is the author of four books on these subjects.

How Are They Doing On The Farm?

JOHN STROHM's roots are in the prairie, but his interests are international. Born on a farm on the banks of the Wabash, he is both an agricultural expert and a world traveler and observer with a deep interest in the common people of other nations.

In 1936, a year out of the University of Illinois, Mr. Strohm started out with a suitcase and portable typewriter to spend a year free-lancing around the world. He lived with a Chinese family, visited Borneo, interviewed Gandhi, was in Spain during the civil war, and studied the Hitler Youth in Germany.

In 1941, as an editor of the influential *Prairie Farmer*, Mr. Strohm made an extensive writing and broadcasting trip through eighteen Latin-American countries, which resulted in his first book. He saw the birth of the United Nations in San Francisco and served as President of the American Agricultural Editors' Association.

Visiting the peoples of a dozen European countries in 1946, Mr. Strohm wrote for a newspaper syndicate and twenty farm magazines and did broadcasts for CBS. After vainly trying for six months to get a Russian visa, he sat down in Berlin and wrote out a wire to "Premier Stalin, Moscow," saying he would appreciate the opportunity of meeting the common people of Russia. Ten days later he was flying to Moscow on the first leg of a trip of many hundreds of miles through the U.S.S.R. His syndicated stories about "The People Behind the Iron Curtain," whom he visited on their farms, in their homes, and in their factories, were carried by newspapers here and in other countries. This reporting won him the Sigma Delta Chi Distinguished Service Award for Foreign Correspondence, in 1946.

Author of a book on Russia, *Just Tell the Truth*, Mr. Strohm is now Associate Editor of *Country Gentleman* and publisher of four weekly newspapers in northern Illinois. He lives with his wife and four children at Woodstock, Illinois.

The Making Of A Russian

SONIA TOMARA, one of the first accredited American women war correspondents, who flew a bombing mission, covered the invasion of Italy, and once went casually to sleep when her plane was lost in the mountains of inner China, is often described by her friends as being modest, objective, and hard to catch making rash generalizations.

That Miss Tomara is qualified to generalize on matters of the foreign political scene is evident from her background. Born and raised in Leningrad (then St. Petersburg), Miss Tomara managed to get a degree in chemistry in Moscow before the revolution caused her to go to

Constantinople. From there she went to Paris, where she worked for *Le Matin* and later the Paris bureau of the *New York Herald Tribune*, where she rose from secretary to reporter to correspondent. During the thirties Miss Tomara reported from Paris, Rome, Berlin, Warsaw, and the Balkans. During the war she covered the CBI, Egypt, Italy, Normandy, and Alsace-Lorraine, to name but part of her coverage. Her latest assignment is in Germany, where she is correspondent for the *New York Herald Tribune* and is also near her husband, Judge William Clark, who is legal consultant to the American Military Governor in Germany, and whom she married in the Fall of 1947 in Paris.

Miss Tomara has contributed to the editorial page as well as the front page of the *Herald Tribune*. She has received awards from the New York Newspaper Women's Club and from the Army, in recognition of her outstanding work. She is always in demand as a speaker because of her brilliant, informed, and objective analysis of foreign events. She was, however, rather surprised when, during the war, the *Stars and Stripes* interviewed her and referred to her as a celebrity. Miss Tomara didn't care to have her opinion swallowed because of her glamorous background. "Being a reporter," she said, "I have no sermons to preach. As soon as you start preaching you stop reporting."

Twilight Sleep

CRAIG THOMPSON early in 1945, went to Moscow for a two-year hitch as *Time* and *Life* correspondent. People who hear him say it, usually express astonished disbelief when youngish Mr. Thompson (forty) says he has already finished his first quarter-century of newspapering. The answer is that he got an early start. His first job, as a copy boy, was on the Montgomery, Ala. *Advertiser*, at fourteen.

In 1928, Mr. Thompson joined the staff of the lamented *New York Morning World*, subsequently transferred to the *New York Times*, where he spent thirteen years. In 1943, he shifted to *Time* magazine and he is still there.

Mr. Thompson spent two of the war's early years (before and after Pearl Harbor) on the London staff of the *New York Times*.

"Mama, What Shall I Say"?

EDITH W. THOMPSON is also Mrs. Craig Thompson. She accompanied her husband to Moscow, and although not a journalist by profession, she nevertheless took over his duties in the Soviet capital on several occasions when he was away from his post. Her interest in Soviet education stemmed naturally from her desire—which eventually went unfulfilled—to put her teen-age son into a Soviet school.

We Intervened In Russia

HENRY C. WOLFE's experience in world affairs goes back to his arrival in France, April, 1917, as an American Field Service volunteer. After serving on the French and Italian fronts, he joined the U. S. Army.

In the postwar era he returned to Europe as an officer of the Hoover Commission's Russian unit. After the Smyrna disaster, Mr. Wolfe directed American Red Cross operations in western Greece. Later he served in Constantinople with the American Committee.

In the twenties Mr. Wolfe visited the Balkans, Danubia, the Baltic States, and the Weimar Republic. He was one of the first observers to foresee the danger inherent in the Nazi movement and, before Hitler came to power, pointed it out in newspaper and magazine articles.

In *Harper's Magazine*, June, 1939, his "Europe's Secret Nightmare" predicted the Nazi-Soviet pact which was to startle the world three months later. In the July, 1939, *American Mercury*, his "Hitler Must Fight" told why war was inevitable. In *Harper's Magazine*, March, 1941, his "Keep An Eye On Russia" anticipated the Nazi-Soviet conflict by three months. In a lecture at New York Town Hall, one month to the day before Pearl Harbor, he predicted a Japanese blitz against us.

Mr. Wolfe has authored three books. *The German Octopus*, a 1937 blueprint of Hitler's plan to subjugate Europe, got the author barred from Germany. *Human Dynamite*, published by the Foreign Policy Association, analyzed Hitler's manipulation of Europe's minorities. *The Imperial Soviets*, published in 1940, forecast the Soviets' present policies of expansion. On page 225, for example, there is a map of Greece and Turkey captioned: "Russia's Path of Empire to the Mediterranean."

In World War II, Mr. Wolfe was a war correspondent in the ETO. He has been decorated by France, Greece, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Brazil.

Russia's Most Successful Experiment

WILLIAM ZUKERMAN was the chief European correspondent of the *Morning Journal* of New York between the two World Wars, from 1920 to 1941. He traveled widely in practically every country in Europe, including Soviet Russia, Poland, Rumania, Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Germany. He lived mostly in England. He has contributed articles to *Harper's Magazine*, *The Nation*, the *New York Times*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Readers' Digest*, *London Quarterly Review*, *Fortnightly* and other American and British journals. At present he is in New York writing features for his paper. He also conducts a weekly column in *The American Hebrew* of New York and in other Jewish publications. He is considered an authority on the Jewish position in Europe, on which he has written a book, *The Jew in Revolt*, published in London. As an escape from journalism, Mr. Zukerman turns occasionally to fiction. His philosophic essays cast in fiction form, short stories, fantasies, and fables have appeared in *Menorah Journal*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Antioch Review* and other experimental literary journals. Stories of his were included in *The Best American Short Stories*, in Whit Burnett's anthology, *The Seas of God*, in *The Book of Jesus*, and other collections.

What makes the Soviets tick?

AS WE SEE RUSSIA

By Members of the
Overseas Press Club of America

"Russia and its direct effect on the peace and welfare of the United States and on the free peoples of the world is the most imperative problem confronting mankind today. This is a book which boldly accepts that premise. It could not have been produced by any other group of men and women in the world today," says Bob Considine, President of the Overseas Press Club of America, 1947-1948, in his Preface.

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Aspirations: The nature, motives and effect on the peoples concerned, of Soviet expansion; Russia in international affairs.

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The authors of this illuminating book have lived and worked in Russia and Russian zones, and have individually won imposing reputations throughout the realm of journalism as painstaking, honest, courageous American reporters.

"These men and women," Mr. Considine writes, "are a unique group. The composite impact of their words is a genuine contribu-

(Continued on Flap II)

(Continued from Flap I)

tion to free peoples whose governments' foreign policies appear often to waver and tack. Herein, the essentials about Russia and Russians are nailed down securely by able hands. This is a book whose sum of information — while arrived at by twenty-five different processes — is not beset by the din of grinding axes

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Members of the Overseas Press Club of America —

DEADLINE DELAYED

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